LIFE



DUTCH GIRL

MARCH 19, 1945 10 CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION $4.50

REG. U. S. PAT OFF.





Little Trudy Tucker SINGS before her Supper

LITTLE FOLKS sing before their suppers 'cause *that's* when they step all chuckling and rosy-sweet from the bathtub into the gay-toned, deep-piled *kindness* of a big Cannon towel. BIG FOLKS aren't so different. . . .

Dad solos at dawn when his shower turns him out to an exhilarating wrestle with Cannon's matchless *toughness*. . . . Big Sis trills while dressing for her party because the *smartness* of a Cannon matched set rejuvenates our old war-weary bathroom. . . . Mother hums a little song of contentment 'twixt bath and bed because all the comfort and beauty she has just enjoyed are included in Cannon *quality* that's easy on the up-keep. . . .

For all of them, and for you, Cannon promises BIG SURPRISES in glowing new shades, textures, matched towel sets and designs as soon as our war commitments allow. Because Cannon is the world's largest maker of towels, these will be priced for every purse and purpose. So you can plan to stock your new bathroom towel shelves lavishly and well. Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth St., New York City 13.

TRADE MARK CANNON

CANNON TOWELS

CANNON SHEETS CANNON HOSIERY

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IMPARTIAL POLLS ARE FEELING THE PULSE OF POST-WAR DEMAND



A NATIONAL MAGAZINE asked its readers what radio they will buy after the war



A METROPOLITAN NEWSPAPER surveyed future radio demand in seven surrounding states



A SMALL TOWN WEEKLY polled thousands of readers on post-war radio preference



A FICTION MAGAZINE GROUP questioned readers on expected radio purchases by brand name

By an average of 3 to 1 . . .

America Chooses Philco FIRST

over any other make of radio!

IMPARTIAL consumer polls are feeling the pulse of post-war buying demand. And from all over the country, the evidence keeps coming in . . . *Philco is America's first choice in radio by an average of 3 to 1 over any other make!*

This is an expression of America's satisfaction with the quality and performance of the seventeen million Philco radios it has bought. And it is a reflection of America's confidence in the future achievements of Philco leadership in radio and electronic research.

For twelve straight years, the products of its laboratories made Philco the overwhelming leader of the radio industry . . . the world's largest radio manufacturer. Today, those laboratories are working all out for Victory, producing the radar and electronic miracles of modern warfare, adding to the sum total of man's knowledge in electronic science.

When Victory is won, a finer Philco radio and radio-phonograph will be the legacy of this war research . . . finer in tone, performance and quality . . . richer in the joys they will bring you from radio and recorded music. Yes, tomorrow, Philco leadership will fulfill the obligations of America's *vote of confidence* today!

Tune in! RADIO HALL OF FAME

Every Sunday, Philco honors leading stars of radio, stage and screen. Tune in 6 to 7 P.M. E.W.T., Blue Network

Follow through to Victory . . .
KEEP BUYING WAR BONDS
KEEP THE BONDS YOU BUY

PHILCO

Famous for Quality the World Over

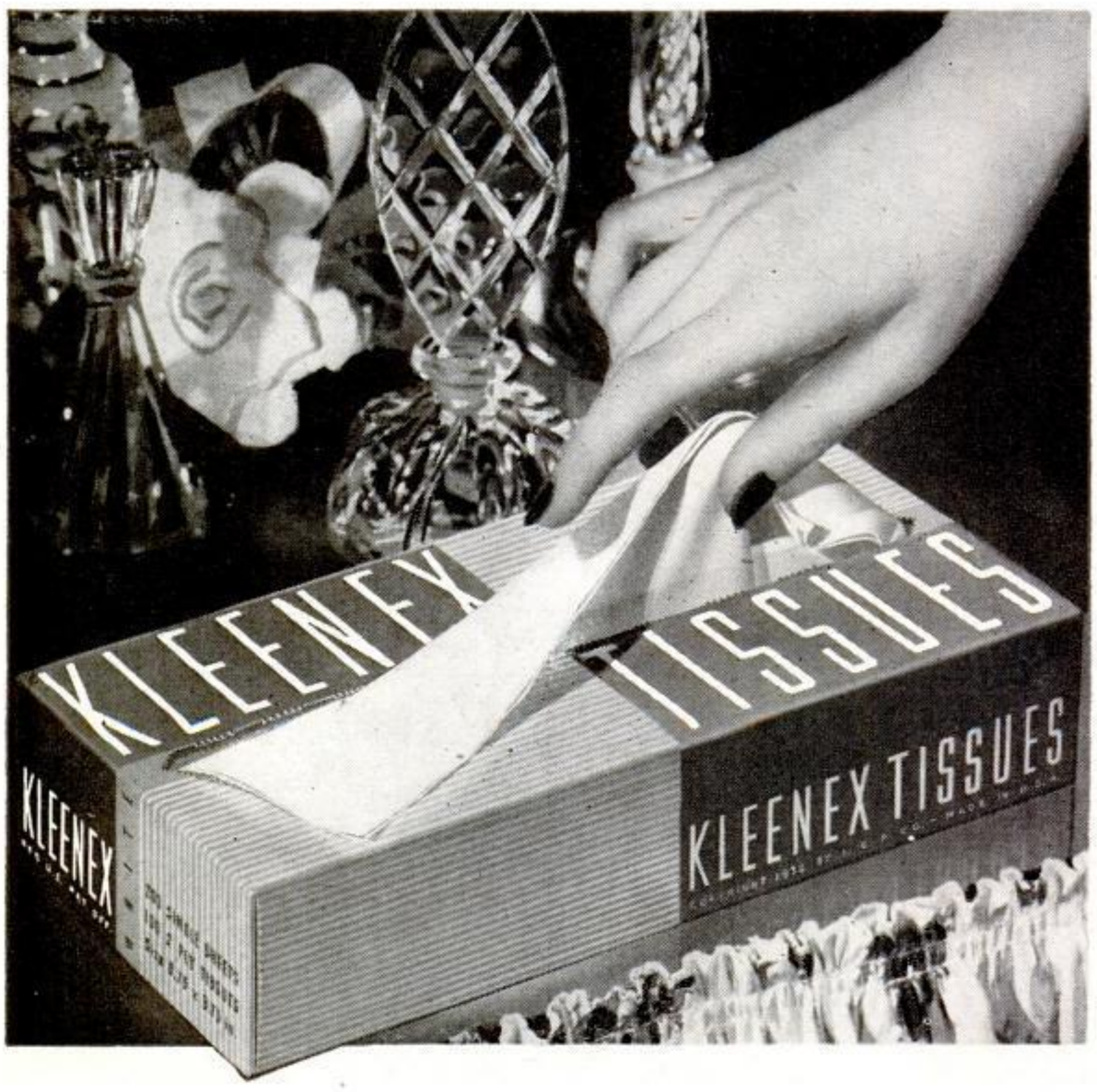


This One
PK3Z-FZC-HGS7

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A special process keeps Kleenex

Luxuriously Soft – Dependably Strong



Only Kleenex has the Serv-a-Tissue Box that serves up just one double-tissue at a time!



YOUR NOSE KNOWS— THERE'S ONLY ONE KLEENEX

In these days of shortages we can't promise you all the Kleenex you want, at all times. But we do promise you this: consistent with government regulations, we'll keep your Kleenex the finest quality tissue that can be made!

There is only one KLEENEX*

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

GRANDI

Sirs:

It is with deep regret I read in LIFE (Feb. 26) the despicable self-defense of Dino Grandi, a man known to the Italian people as "Satan." He and his companions are to be thanked more than Mussolini for the plight Italy is in now. They are the "untouchable entourage," which is the scourge of every man who makes himself a dictator, an entourage which, once it gets the upper hand, uses the dictator as a puppet for its own ends.

Now, after he has brought on the country I was born in a disgrace that never in history will be erased, he dresses himself like an angel to save his real satanic soul and does not even have the decency to keep quiet.

I feel deeply, terribly deeply, as I am a descendant of that man who helped create a united Italy.

JOSEPHINE GARIBALDI ZILUCA

Greenwich, Conn.

Sirs:

One week (Feb. 19) the readers of LIFE were privileged to read a great story by Carl Mydans and the following week (Feb. 26) a stinking, lying story by one of the leading criminals in history. It just doesn't make sense.

MAX TUKMAN

Washington, D. C.

Sirs:

After reading Grandi's statement, one can better understand the intrigue and seesawing that went on before and during the time that Italy was in the war. It also shows how little the Italian people had to say in regard to going to war and against whom—it made little difference to the dictator or his advisers.

Count Dino Grandi is as much to blame for Italy's troubles as Mussolini. He changed sides only when he saw the jig was up. I would put him in the same category with Ribbentrop, who no doubt will change sides when he sees the jig is up with Germany.

MAX FRIEDLANDER

Utica, N. Y.

(continued on p. 4)

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Smart

to have around you

ALL ELASTIC PARIS GARTERS

You'll enjoy complete comfort in Paris Garters, tailored of high quality, gentle stretch, long wearing elastic. See the new Spring styles now at all fine stores—55c and $1.00. Remember there is no substitute for Paris style, value and service. When you can get the best, at the price of the next best . . . we leave it to you, what's best? You can always trust Paris—the dependable trademark that has stood the test of time.

You'll enjoy wearing All Elastic Paris Free-Swing Suspenders and Paris Belts. Always higher in quality than price.

A. STEIN & COMPANY · *Chicago · New York*

PARIS GARTERS
NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

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Of all the De Soto cars ever built, 7 out of 10 are still running

Rain or shine, Mother never fails them. Neither does the family car. De Soto cars are rolling up 100,000 miles . . . 200,000 . . . even more. Because in all our 17 years in business we've had this thought foremost in our minds: *keep making a better car.* That's why we've kept pioneering with so many famous features . . . things like floating power, fluid drive, superfinished parts, safety-steel bodies. Today, De Soto manufacturing skill is going into bomber sections, airplane wings, guns, and other war goods. But when we're making cars again . . . better decide on De Soto. It's the car that's *designed to endure.*

DE SOTO DIVISION, CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Tune in on Major Bowes' Program every Thursday, 9:00 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern War Time

BACK THE ATTACK—BUY MORE WAR BONDS THAN BEFORE

DeSoto

DESIGNED TO ENDURE

Copyrighted material



ONE OF A SERIES OF PORTRAITS BY DOROTHY THOMPSON INTERPRETING AMERICA'S ATTRACTIVE WOMEN

You're the typical American girl

You know the true secret of glamour. Of being wise and sweet at the same time. Of looking smart yet natural. For You especially Kayser is planning enchanting new fabric gloves, hosiery, underthings and lingerie.

Be Wiser . . . Buy KAYSER buy war bonds too!

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

Sirs:

In LIFE's daring and useful journalistic coup Dino Grandi quotes himself as telling the Fascist Grand Council, "The Italian people were betrayed by Mussolini on the day when he first began to Germanize Italy."

Thus Grandi brings into the open an historically important aspect of the great argument: "Who is to blame?" To those who, like myself, have known Grandi and Fascism since the early 1920s, Grandi's apologia is a clever bid for the support of those in England and in America who once considered and, in some cases, still consider that only the pro-German aspects of the disease of Fascism are abhorrent.

There was no moral, no ideological quarrel between Grandi and Mussolini, and the sound of the small kettle calling the big pot black is merely nauseating. All Grandi's prating about democratic practices and ideals of peace is transparently the insincere hypocrisy of a little fawner. He says "most of us" meant Fascism to "encourage trade unions and democratic practices." What arrant nonsense!

Yet probably the most bitterly amusing part of the Grandi article is his picture of the king and Grandi working together to save the constitution. Grandi says, "The Italian troops came back from the Greek war resolved on Mussolini's downfall, confident that Italy was ripe for revolution and they found that the Germans were in. Rommel's men were pouring across Italy to stop Wavell at Benghazi. The Gestapo were everywhere." Lies! I was in Italy at the time and know that the Germans were not in until very much later. Italy was not only not ripe for revolution then, but has not had real revolution yet.

If the Japanese Ambassador in Washington in 1941 is not a war criminal, then Grandi as Italy's Ambassador to London is not a war criminal. If he is, then Grandi is.

PERCY WINNER

New York, N. Y.

● To able Percy Winner, for many years A.P. and I.N.S. correspondent in Fascist Italy, a cheer for puncturing one of Grandi's pretensions. His views and those of others support the warning with which LIFE introduced the article.

Last fortnight in the House of Commons Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden disclosed that Britain had not submitted the name of Dino Grandi to the War Crimes Commission. When an M.P. pointed out that Grandi had been an early member and consistent supporter of the Fascist party, Mr. Eden replied, "I would not think that that in itself fell within the definition of war crimes."—ED.

DOGS

Sirs:

When I saw that grand and noble Doberman, Champion Dictator von Glenhugel, being overlooked as Best in Show at Westminster (LIFE, Feb. 26) in preference to Shieling's Signature, that bundle of fur with stumps having some resemblance to a dog, I felt the judges need judging—by alienists.

For me, I like dogs that are dogs.

WILNA WENDT

Pewaukee, Wis.

Sirs:

Pug Champion Ohio Clipper is incorrectly identified in LIFE as Tracy Air Chief Roxy.

As owner and breeder of Champion Ohio Clipper, no one (not even LIFE)

(continued on p. 6)

THIS POSTWAR WORK APPROVED



Postwar's already here—*for them.* They're returned veterans, sweating out the time until body—and soul—are healed enough to take up life again.

The Red Cross is helping fit them to get out and grab hold—to be happy, proud and useful citizens.

***Many would come out hopeless misfits,* but for the help, encouragement and advice of the Red Cross and others during hospitalization and afterwards.**

So add generously to your contributions, for this important new phase of Red Cross work. Remember, it's not just a gift, but an investment in living for someone *you* love.

★ ★ ★



OUR POSTWAR WORK FOR YOU MUST WAIT — *because that veteran up there has buddies "out there" who need more precision optical and electronic instruments. But you'll be glad you waited for Universal's improved photo and ciné equipment.*

The Improved CINÉMASTER 8mm. Movie Camera

There's only one flag we're prouder of!

UNIVERSAL CAMERA CORP.

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • HOLLYWOOD

Peacetime Manufacturers of Mercury, Cinémaster, Corsair Cameras and Photographic Equipment

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"If I'm gonna have to wrestle— I'll dress for it!"



1. **PAT:** What now, little girl, a muscle exhibition for the office gang?

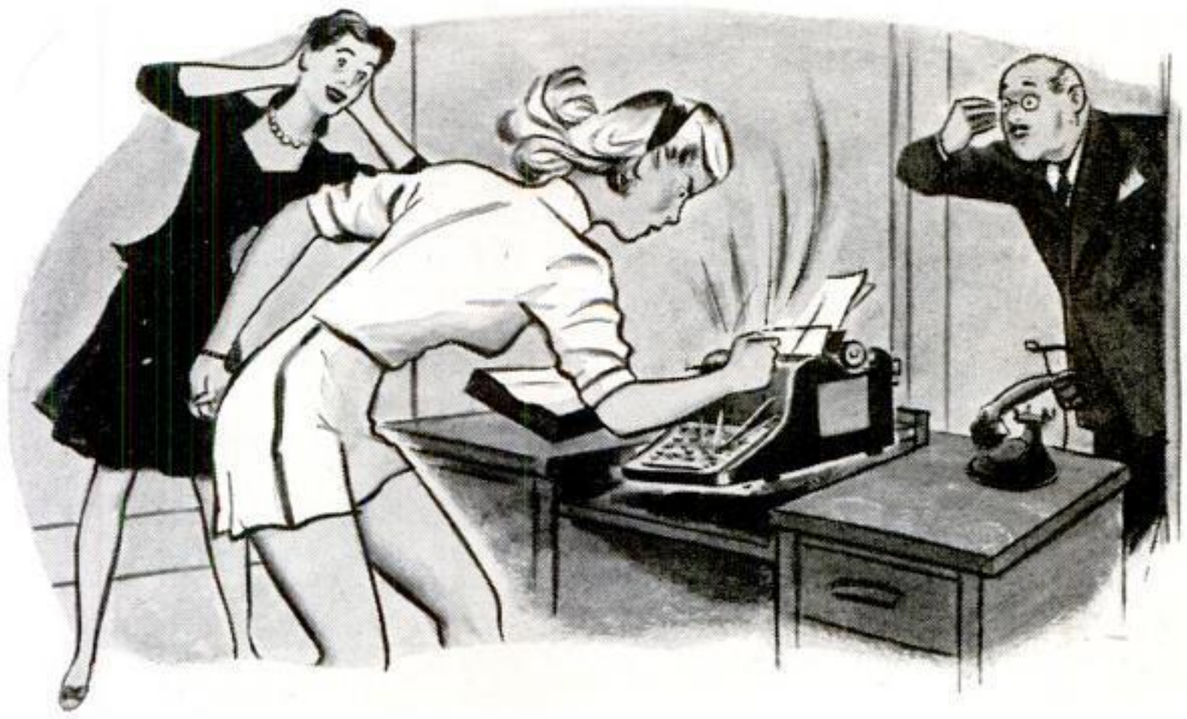
KAY: Worse'n *that!* Every day, a wrestling match with this typewriter! Two falls out of three, and no holds barred!



2. **PAT:** F'r example, what?

KAY: F'r example, this. In order to set a margin on this mechanical gargantua, I must first get out a book of rules, make all kinds of adjustments, close my eyes, and hope for the best!

PAT: You poor *thing!* Now if that were a Royal, it would be a case of "sighted margin, set same!" With Royal's MAGIC* Margin, you just flick a lever, and *kazoom!*—margins are set *automatically!*



3. **KAY:** And I suppose you are going to tell me that with a Royal one does not have to keep jabbing thusly to strike even one itsy-bitsy letter?

PAT: That I am! That I am! All *I* do on my Royal is turn a little dial, and Royal's Touch Control sees to it that the key pressure responds to my *personal* touch!



4. **KAY:** But do my troubles end there? No! When I press the shift key, the carriage bobs up and down till I feel like a monkey on a stick!

PAT: Not with a Royal, my pretty unfortunate! On a Royal, *only* the type bar segment moves. Which totals up to easier typing, better work, and fit as a fiddle at five o'clock!

KAY: Please do not stoop to low heckling . . .

PAT: Can't a girl gloat? But . . . chin up! I'm sure that soon as it's possible, The Boss will get *you* a brand-new Royal—which may be sooner than you believe. *Then* you can go back to dressing like a *gal!*



Attention, all you lucky people!

Just because Royal is the most durable typewriter engineering science has produced doesn't mean you should *neglect* it! Have your Royal man give it a Wartime Check-up. And even though a Royal has the strength of Atlas, treat it kindly . . . and put all *your* extra strength into things like digging up money for more War Bonds!

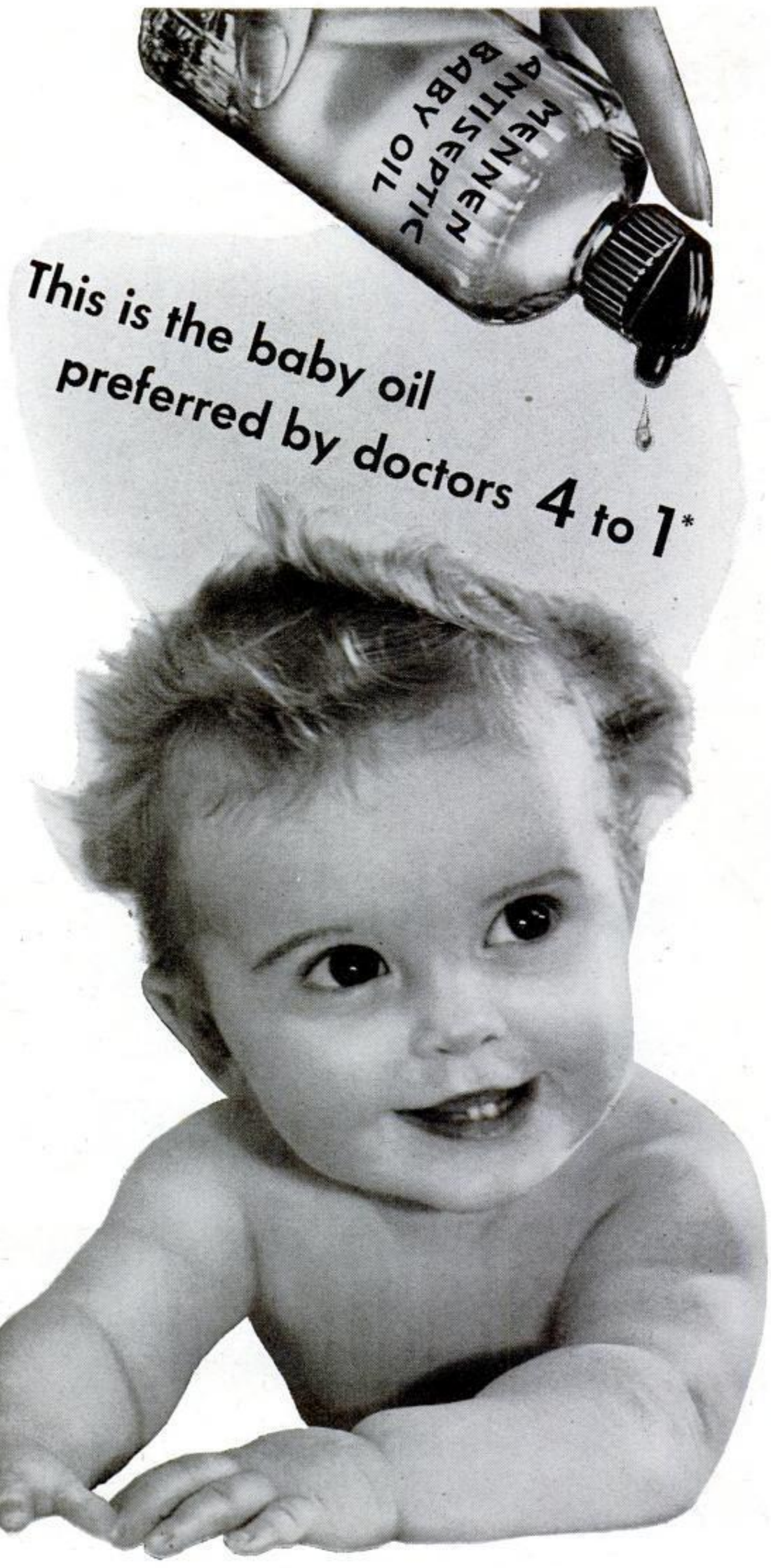
ROYAL

World's No. 1 Typewriter—

*Registered U. S. Pat. Off.

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This is the baby oil preferred by doctors 4 to 1*

To help keep your baby's delicate skin smooth and healthy, use the baby oil that has shown wonderful results on *millions* of babies during the past 12 years . . . Mennen *Antiseptic* Baby Oil! That's why most doctors say *Mennen* is best. Experience proves that daily use of mild, soothing Mennen *Antiseptic* Baby Oil on your baby will help prevent diaper rash, scalded buttocks, urine irritation and many other skin troubles. Makes baby smell so sweet, too. Buy the new Money-Saver bottle.

*According to surveys

* **4 times as many doctors** prefer Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil as any other brand.

* **Over 4 times as many hospitals** use Mennen Oil as all other baby oils and lotions combined.

* **Mothers buy more Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil** than all other baby oils and lotions combined.



MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY OIL

Most baby specialists also prefer MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY POWDER*

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

can doubt that I know my own dog. Besides, my towel which can be seen in the right-hand corner is of unusual design and I am quite sure there was no similar towel in the pug stalls.

ZULA HUBER

Toledo, Ohio



IS HE ROXY OR CLIPPER?

Sirs:

I was delighted to find the picture of my pug, Tracy Air Chief Roxy, in your "Westminster Show" story. It is the best likeness of the little fellow I have ever seen. He looks so natural, posed with his favorite pillow, made of pale green toweling.

MAUD TRACY

New York, N. Y.

● It's a wise owner who knows her pug. LIFE itself throws in the towel.—ED.

GEORGE LOTT, CONTINUED

Sirs:

The medical service of the Army is indebted to Ralph Morse and to LIFE for the story "George Lott, Casualty" (Jan. 29), the most accurate and most comprehensive reporting of the care of battle casualties that I have yet seen. Not a setting has been staged—they are all exactly as I have seen them many times—and no important step in the care, treatment and evacuation of George Lott has been omitted.

The selection of the case to be followed was based entirely upon the character and severity of the wound. My only advice to Mr. Morse was that the wound should be sufficiently severe to require the best effort of the medical service. Since, unfortunately, the subject had to be some American boy, we in the medical service are proud that he was a medical soldier of an infantry battalion. It may interest you to know that George Lott and all his comrades in the front-line medical service are denied a combat badge and combat pay. But they still retain the privilege of being shot up just as badly as the infantrymen they serve.

MAJOR GENERAL PAUL R. HAWLEY
Chief Surgeon, U.S.A.

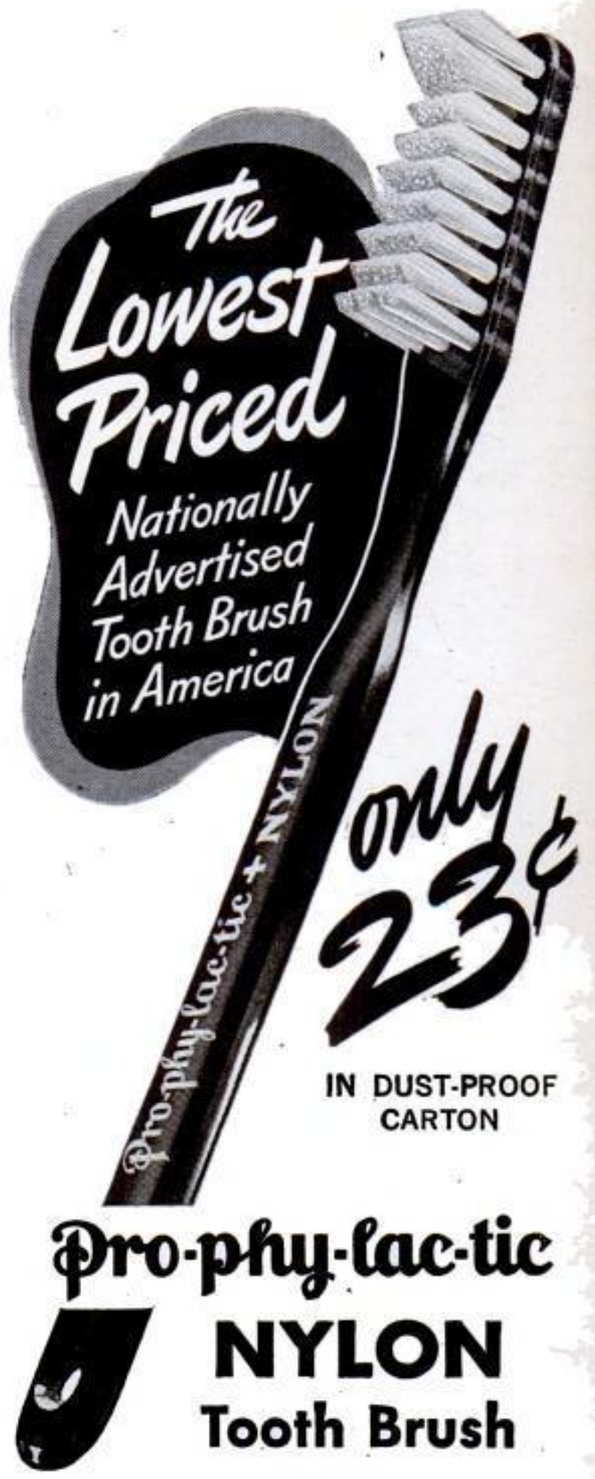
Headquarters, ETO

FURLOUGH NIGHTGOWNS

Sirs:

Your article and pictures on "Furlough Nightgowns" (LIFE, Feb. 26) disgusted me. If the article was meant to infer that the average soldier and sailor pictures his wife looking like a strumpet, I wish to say that it is an infamous lie. The majority of our married men overseas would shy away from their wives if they would have to be lured back into "love" (sic) by the obscene display of harem lingerie. The woman who designed that stuff and sold it for a mere $69 each must have a low estimate of our American men and a still lower conception of the bond between husband and wife. I am naive enough to be convinced that our American wives are still miles removed from the demimonde class. As to those men who buy that type of gown for their wives, I can safely predict that as soon as the shallow soul of such wives peers through the

(continued on p. 8)



Pro-phy-lac-tic NYLON Tooth Brush

Easy Way to GREATER BREATHING COMFORT



Cold-Stuffed Nose Feels Clearer in Seconds!

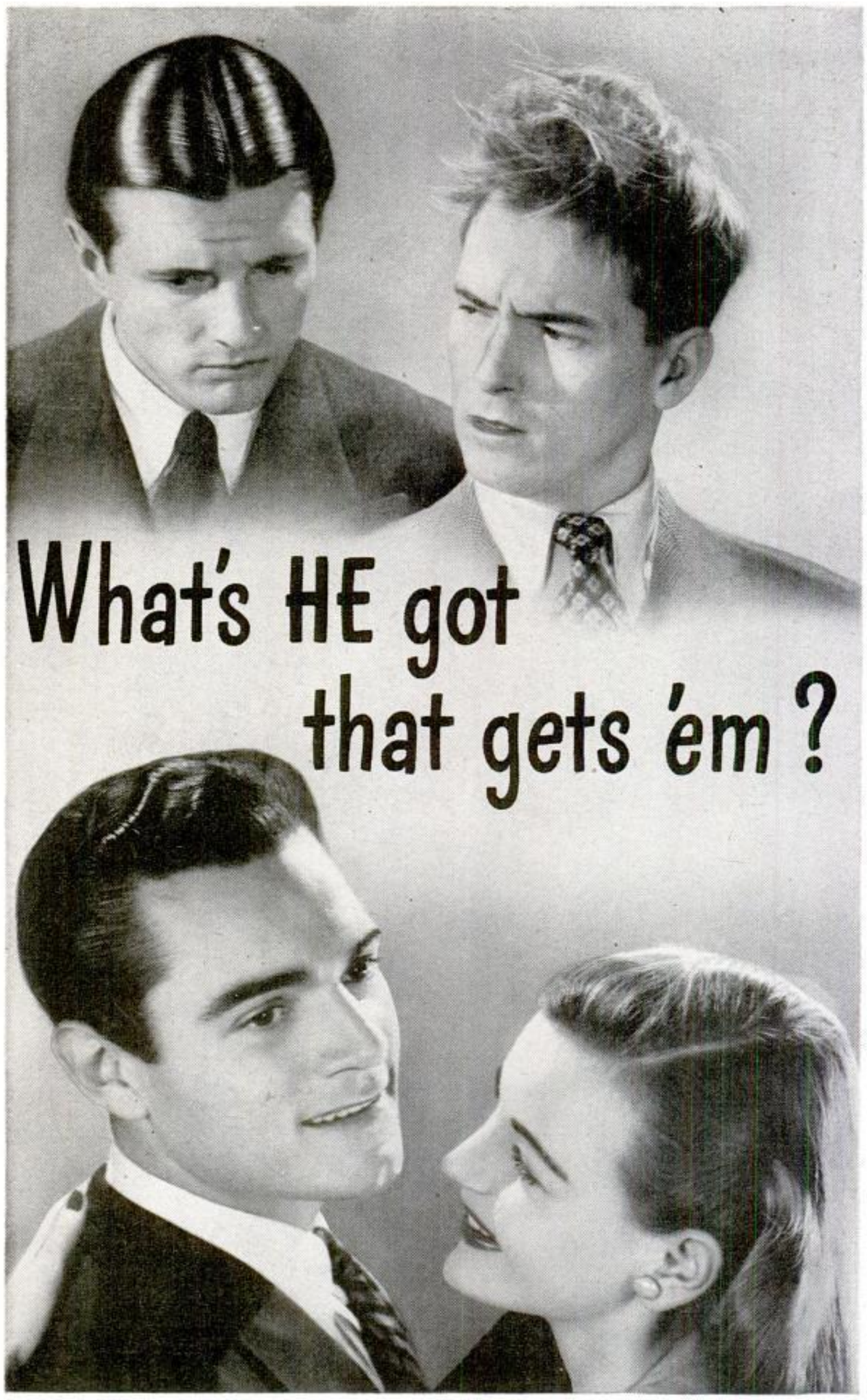
At home, at work, no matter where you are, no matter what you are doing, this handy Vicks Inhaler is always ready to make a cold-stuffed nose feel clearer. It is packed with medication that brings greater breathing comfort in a hurry. Easy to carry in pocket or purse—and you can use it as often as needed. Try it.

VICKS INHALER



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"It's better-groomed, handsome looking hair, chum!"

Girls certainly favor men with better-groomed, neat looking hair. So why not try Kreml Hair Tonic—one of the most satisfactory hair dressings of all times.

You see Kreml is *especially* made to make unruly hair lie down and *stay neatly in place* all day long. Yet it never ridiculously plasters hair down—it never leaves hair looking "greasy" or feeling dirty or sticky.

Instead, Kreml leaves scalp *so clean* and *refreshed*. It makes hair look as if it had some "body" to it—so naturally lustrous—so neat and handsome—yet so *masculine* looking.

That's why so many of America's best groomed men say Kreml is just the "right-balance" dressing for their hair.

Kreml also effectively relieves itching of dry scalp and removes untidy dandruff flakes. Ask for Kreml at your barber shop. Buy a bottle at your drug counter. Use it daily for *modern, handsome* hair grooming!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

KREML HAIR TONIC

Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy
Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp—Removes Dandruff Flakes

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

sheer fabric, the divorce courts will have a long line of applicants forming on the left.

DAVID VAN LEER

Holyoke, Mass.

GOOD GERMANS?

Sirs:

I removed this photograph from an album I happened to pick up in the rubble littering the floor of a concrete



25 YEARS OF TROUBLE AHEAD

bunker recently vacated by the Germans.

The photography is distinctly amateurish but the picture tells a positive story and explains why we can look forward to 25 years of trouble, not from the Nazi party but from the German people. These boys could be yours or mine physically, but their minds have been thoroughly poisoned by Nazism—and apparently they love it.

Let those of our people at home who still believe there are "good" Germans examine the faces of these boys and then provide us with a formula for separating the gold from the base metal.

MAJOR ROBERT L. SLOSS

Holland

7TH-GRADE WOLVES

Sirs:

In your article "Three Little Movie Girls" (LIFE, Feb. 26) you said that they were not exceptionally pretty. In the opinion of a couple of 7th-grade "wolves" (us), Peggy Ann Garner is!

A-r-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-w!

CHAD ROBINSON
MALCOLM JUDD

Rochester, N. Y.

Sirs:

It's about time you printed a pin-up girl like the picture of Peggy Ann Garner, which can be gazed upon by us little guys.

DICK DAVID

Easton, Md.

"THE LOOK" AND THE VICE PRESIDENT

Sirs:

The picture of Vice President Truman with Miss Bacall on the top of the piano (LIFE, Feb. 26) is something beyond my understanding. Who is the Vice President of these United States and who is Miss Bacall?

RICHARD A. MANDELBAUM, M. D.

Yonkers, N. Y.

Sirs:

To find the Vice President of our United States in such a pose was certainly disgusting.

ELSIE M. BROOKE

Ardmore, Pa.

Sirs:

Everyone needs relaxation, yes, but after all!

CLYTA SHAW

Monmouth, Ill.

(continued on p. 11)





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MARGOT • *Sling-back tie in durable alligator print on calfskin. Foot shortener, smooth fitter!*

Vitality SHOES





Twice as smart **to wear Vitality Shoes, because one pair doubles for work or dates. Also twice as smart to vary one good suit with two scarf-bows. Wear one bow to work, then change to another for dinner or dates. You're smart *twice!***

Twice as Smart

Twice as smart to wear Vitality Shoes because they're smart two ways. Smart *first* in the distinctive styling clever women demand. Smart *second* because Vitality lasts give the smooth, heel-gripping fit that lets you walk and walk with thrilling ease. Vitality quality, Vitality inner construction assure you comfort, permanent shape and lasting fit.

Sold at finer stores throughout America.

DUCHESS • *Beauty plus quality! Open toe, perforated, patent leather pump grips your heel, flatters your instep.*

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS

Vitality SHOES $6.95

Vitality Open Road Shoes for Outdoor and Campus Wear $5.50 and $6.00

Complete Range of Sizes and Widths

VITALITY SHOE COMPANY • DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY • ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI



Peacetime Power *with a* Wartime Job!

When Cadillac discontinued motor car production, its engine assembly line continued to roll. For the famous Cadillac V-type engine, and Hydra-Matic transmission, had been adapted to war.

This Cadillac "power-train" was first used in the M-5, a light tank designed by Cadillac under the direction of Army Ordnance technicians. Thousands of these tanks—as well as its companion, the M-8 Howitzer Motor Carriage—were produced by Cadillac, and are fighting in battles all over the world.

Finally, out of this experience, came the M-24—the powerful, hard-hitting weapon illustrated above.

The M-24—like its predecessors—is powered by two Cadillac V-type engines, driving through two Cadillac Hydra-Matic transmissions. Actual battle experience has proved these to be the most practicable power units ever used for tanks of this type. As a result, these power units have been adopted by the Army as standard for all light tanks.

The Cadillac-built unit that powers the M-24 tank has been vastly improved over its peacetime prototype. It is of the same basic design, but it has been hardened and toughened to meet demands that would never be made of an automotive power plant.

Every Sunday Afternoon . . . GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



LET'S ALL

BACK THE ATTACK

BUY WAR BONDS

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Jungle Combat Tortures Engine Oil_

BUT LUBRICANTS BY THE MAKERS OF MOBILOIL STAND UP!



NO COMPROMISE with quality for Uncle Sam! Engines that face jungle heat—grueling combat—*must have the finest protection!*

That's why the makers of Mobiloil have been asked to supply literally millions of barrels of special, high-quality oils and greases for U. S. war machines.

Can you afford anything less than the finest protection for your war-essential car? Change your oil now to quality Mobiloil—from the same refineries that supply our Armed Forces!

And—like the Army—*see to it* that your car keeps rolling this summer with *regular, scientific servicing!*

Get complete Mobilubrication at your Mobilgas dealer's. This service protects gears, and every chassis part, *scientifically*. You get the *right* lubricant, in the *right place*, in the *right way*... plus a thorough check-up of spark plugs, air cleaner, oil filter and other often-neglected parts. For longer gasoline mileage, for longer car life—Mobilubricate NOW! Older cars need better care. *Get it* at Mobilgas dealers!

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Mobilgas
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_And Complete Mobilubrication

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WEAREVER

Zenith

By America's Largest Fountain Pen Manufacturer



$1.95

$2.75

Pen and pencil set, illustrated at right, in rich gift box.

The Key to Pen Quality

TELESCOPE PRECISION

Like many other fine instruments, the 1945 Wearever Zenith is fashioned with utter precision . . . the uncompromising standards of precision applied to the making of a fine telescope. Telescope Precision! Its value is reflected in the skillful "C-Flow" feed, the accurate 14-carat gold point, the balance and beauty of ruby-topped Wearever Zenith.

See . . . try . . . buy the Zenith. Made by David Kahn, Inc.



Copyright and patented 1945—David Kahn, Inc.

at all stationery counters

WEAREVER Refill Leads

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

LOOK-ALIKES

Sirs:

This is my wife, Roseann—not "The Look."

Hair, eyes, full mouth, nose, general contour of the face—just alike. And that ducking of the head. My wife has always



A RINGER FOR "THE LOOK"

done that. I didn't like it when I first met her four years ago. I thought it made her look like a boxer in the ring.

LIEUT. O. C. SWEET

Clearwater, Fla.

Sirs:

This is not General Eisenhower at the age of 15 months. It is a picture of my grandson.

JOHN F. SAINSBURY

Sioux City, Iowa



A RINGER FOR THE GENERAL

Time, LIFE, *Fortune* and the *Architectural Forum* have been cooperating with the War Production Board ever since Jan., 1943, on the conservation of paper. During the year 1945 these four publications of the Time group are budgeted to use 73,000,000 pounds (1,450 freight carloads) less paper than in 1942. In view of resulting shortages of copies, please share your copy of LIFE with your friends.



It's a sweet moment when you discover Munsingwear's "Supersmoother" slip. Softly the specially cut wonder bodice gives the ease larger bosoms want, the fullness smaller ones need. Without a ripple, the extra-fine knitted rayon falls into place every time. Munsingwear-designed, Munsingwear-made, a "Supersmoother" keeps its shape and beauty to the end. At better stores everywhere.

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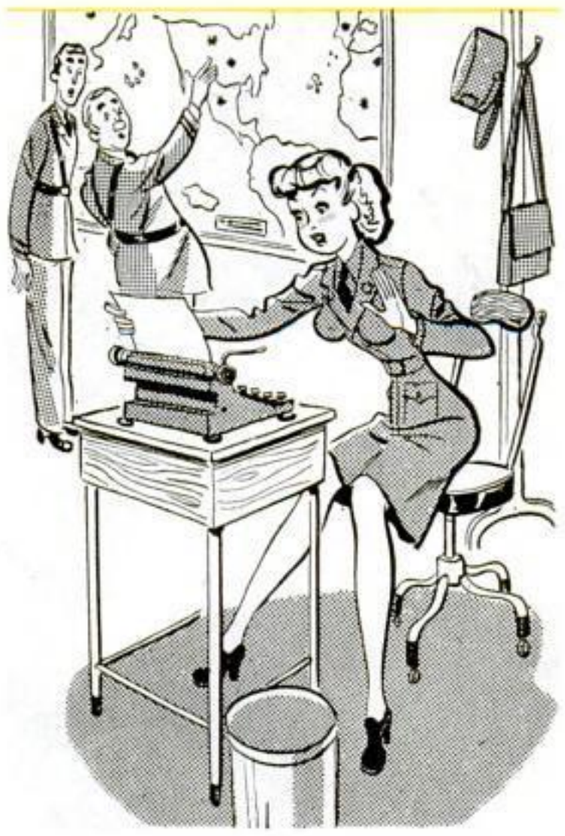
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SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

. . . A SOLDIER CARTOONIST MAKES A WAC HIS HEROINE



"GOODNESS, I'VE PUT THE 12TH ARMORED DIVISION ON THE WRONG CONTINENT!"



"GEE!—IT FEELS WONDERFUL TO GET INTO A HOT TUB AGAIN"



'LOOK WHAT I'VE GOT!"



"DO YOU THINK THERE IS ANYTHING WRONG WITH MY CHASSIS?"



"IT WAS AWFULLY NICE OF YOU BOYS TO GIVE US YOUR SEATS"



"HEY SOLDIER!—YOUR SLIP IS SHOWING!"





"ER—AHEM!"



"NOW, DON'T FORGET— DON'T KEEP HUBERT OUT TOO LATE!"

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In U. S. Army newspapers all the way from Washington's Pentagon Building to the front-line trenches a pert young figure known as "Winnie the Wac" serves as a combination cartoon character and GI pin-up girl. Winnie is an Army Ordnance Wac who appears in 1,200 member papers of the Army's Camp Newspaper Service. Although she has been a Wac for one and a half years, her attitude toward soldiers is far from military, as the cartoons below suggest. This spring she will be the heroine of a book to be published by David McKay Co.

Winnie the Wac is drawn by Cpl. Vic Herman, who learned cartooning by copying comics at age 3 and at 25 is now attached to the pictorial branch of the Army's ordnance school. In peacetime he was an illustrator of Borden's "Elsie the Cow."

ALL CARTOONS © VIC HERMAN



"LATRINE—COMPRENEZ-VOUS?"



"HE KEPT THREATENING TO KISS ME—
BUT HE NEVER KEPT HIS PROMISE"



"MY BOY FRIEND KNITTED IT FOR ME"



"COLUMN RIGHT!—MARCH!"



"GOODNESS! THEY'RE GOING TO DRAFT WOMEN!"



"ISN'T HE CUTE?"



"IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE OUTFLANKED!"



"I'VE GOT A DATE WITH A GI WHO SPENT
18 MONTHS IN THE SOUTH SEAS!"



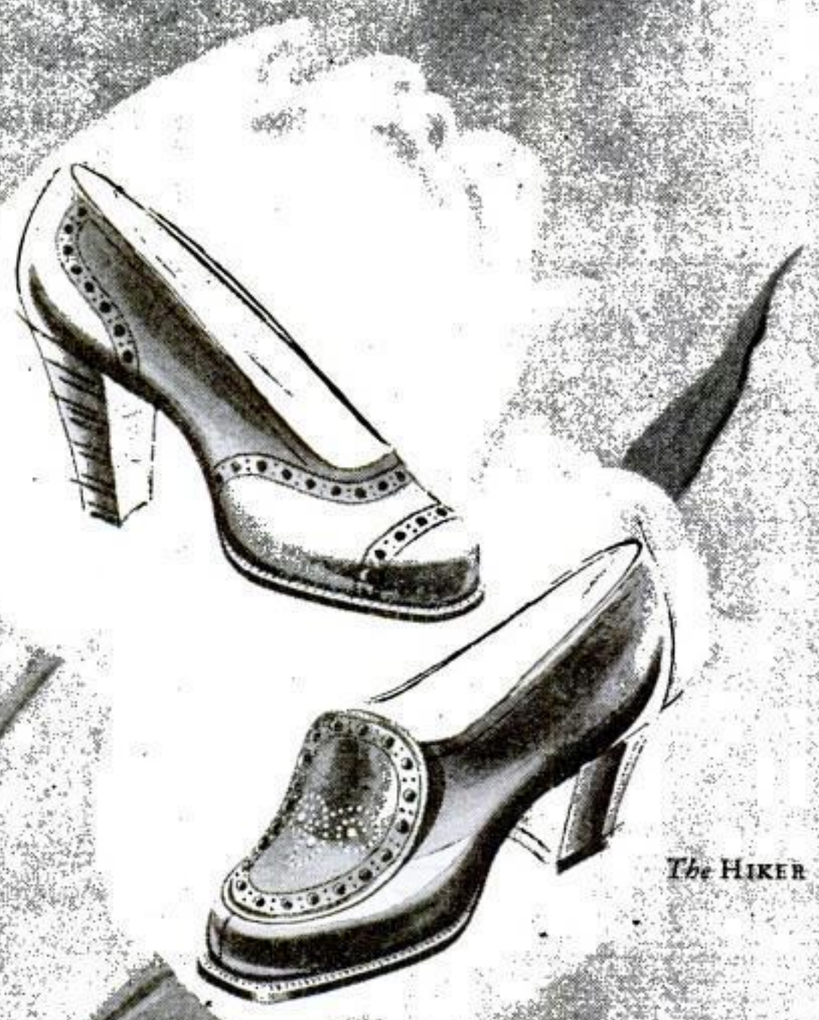
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SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



"Winnie's" model is WAC Pfc. Althea Semanchik, 23. When *Winnie* won contest at Aberdeen Proving Grounds, Althea represented her in trip to New York.



Vic Herman, shown here portraying Winnie in camouflage unit, is stationed at Aberdeen, where he is hero of all WACS. He draws *Winnie* in spare time.

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In American Sporting Prints



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Murrytown Ties come to you in Wembley's wartime fabrics. Wembley is now designing new effects in Nor-East Non-Crush fabric—America's favorite—for the day when larger quantities of this fine, imported cloth are again available.

Meantime, your favorite store may have limited supplies of Wembley Nor-East Ties. Ask for them—at better stores everywhere.

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LIFE'S REPORTS

"IN GOD'S OWN COUNTRY"

This is a Nazi's eye view of the U.S.A.

Last September, shortly after the liberation of Paris, a U. S. Army corporal from Boston named Werner M. Dienes found among the papers left behind at Gestapo headquarters a Nazi propaganda book published in Berlin in 1942. The book, *In Gottes Eigenem Land* ("In God's Own Country"), was written by one Dr. E. Ahlswede who claimed to have lived in the U.S. for ten years. From Dr. Ahlswede's ridiculous Nazi portrait of America, curiously compounded of half truths and distortions, LIFE presents these translated excerpts.

About the standard Americans these points may be stated:

1) They believe everything they see in print.

2) All of them have the same opinions and use the same "snappy sayings."

3) They grin all day long.

4) All of them chew gum and reserve one cavity (or acquire one) in which the gum occasionally finds a resting place.

5) All of them wear Ingersoll watches (standard price, $1.50).

6) All of them eat griddlecakes with syrup and grapefruit for breakfast.

7) All of them bluff. That is, they try to feign a higher standard of living than they actually possess.

8) They always are in a terrible, insane haste and rush to the office at a speed of 40 mph. Having arrived there, they stare out of the window for three quarters of an hour or tell each other stories, mostly about girls, jazz queens or new cocktail recipes.

●

The American regards himself as the crown of creation. His pride borders on the divine. Wherever he sits, there is the roof of the world. ("I'm sitting on top of the world," you can hear every day.) He always speaks to the entire world. ("I'll tell the cockeyed world.")

The American baby knows, even before he learns how to walk, that he marches at the head of civilization. America has the highest mountains, trees and buildings, and the biggest apples, potatoes and grasshoppers. America has the noblest and most upright people on earth, and it has the most crooks and the most outrageous robberies. It has the greatest human inventions, the most numerous murders per year and per head of population—and an American is deeply offended if you doubt one of his claims—that the U. S. is "God's own country!"

●

The average American absolutely lacks any sort of moral feeling. From childhood on, he has been weaned on tough, bloody stories of the wild West and on gangster tales. Accordingly, he knows no compassion. The true American nature consists of such hard-heartedness and lack of consideration as we just cannot comprehend.

As soon as Americans get to know each other, that is, the instant they have been introduced, they yell at each other by their first names and, if possible, by a nickname. On this occasion four out of five Americans will slap the other fellow on the shoulder with the palm of his hand, as if with a carpet beater.

When an American is introduced to a young lady for the first time, he acts in the very same manner, only he slaps her shoulder somewhat less vigorously—lest he beat a hole in her blouse before the evening has even begun.

If you ask the host how many guests he has invited, he says: "Two Dicks, one Harry, three Toms, one Willie, one Mabel and two Susies will drop in tonight."

●

Generally speaking, the American woman is a disaster. While the European woman complements the man, the American woman wants to be equal, or even superior, to him—both being unnatural and even senseless. She plays fast and loose with her married life; on the aver-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Early to bed hasn't made you wise!



If she were wise to a slick trick named Mum—she'd be dancing the night away!

NO LOVE—no luck at snaring herself a date. A looker like that! And she owes her long and lonesome evenings to a fault she's not even aware of. Yes, she's guilty of underarm odor.

If only she'd realize this: a bath washes away *past* perspiration. But it takes a dependable deodorant like Mum to guard a girl's daintiness against risk of underarm odor *to come*.

Half a minute with Mum—and gone is the risk of offending. You're safe. You're sure for the day or evening ahead. And there's nothing better than serene and certain charm to boost your popular appeal. Mum, the smoothie, won't harm skin or injure fabrics. So smooth it on before or *after* dressing. But do it *today*.

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—*Mum is gentle, safe, dependable...ideal for this use, too.*



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MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

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age, gets two to seven divorces; and, as the saying goes, she "flies from flower to flower and lands on weeds." For 20 years she runs herself ragged; at 40 her nerves are shot and she winds up in a bridge club or a religious group.

She is very simply and primitively constructed, like a cheap Ingersoll watch, and she is as transparent as a windowpane. Her appearence is quite horrifying: from fingertips to toes, a layer of paint and lacquer, corresponding to the war paint of the Indians.

The American male is the prototype of the henpecked husband. The woman rules—her word is his command. It is customary over there for the man to push the baby carriage. He also must help put the children to bed. He must work regularly in the household. All this, of course, he must do after he has slaved all day long and comes home at night, played out if not groggy.

•

In the U. S. A. children receive no upbringing whatsoever. In general, they form little "gangs" even at the age of 8 years, unless they are blessed with wealthy parents, and then they are brought up by a Negro nurse.

Children in the U. S. A. go to school by no means as regularly as those in Western Europe. Yet America is wealthy enough to send them to school until they are 16 years old so that they might at least learn their own mother tongue, the elementary principles of science and the barest facts about other countries. But even the most primitive things remain untaught. The education of the Yankees lags behind their material progress by decades and some States are mentally behind western Europe by at least 20 years.

•

I was often a guest in the home of a young friend of mine who lived in Buffalo. His father was a German who had come over when young; his mother was American, a 100% Babbitt. Family life with these Babbitts was so typically American that I have chosen it as an illustration.

First of all, the house was lacking in all family privacy. Apparently Buffalo houses have curtains only at the front of the house; from the sides one could look from one's own bathroom and toilet into the neighbors'.

The family sat in rocking chairs on their front porch and conversed with their neighbors on their front porches. At the top of their voices they discussed family and business secrets, yelling them across the street to the rocking-chair seesawers in the opposite houses.

One evening the Babbitts gave a party. To begin with there were folk dances and songs, interspersed with ballroom dances. What an incredible noise! They were like African jungle Negroes! In a long line, with one's hands clutching the person in front, we slunk around the room in a senseless way following the leader who was completely out of step. At the same time the dancers roared one of the two songs that America has, "There may be flies on some of you guys . . ." and "For he's a jolly good fellow . . ." The former is probably more characteristic of the Yankees for its deeper meaning is that there are flies on all other nations, but there are no flies on Americans.

•

At the homes of numerous very poor families, whose children were pale, undernourished and in need of medical treatment, I saw a Ford in front of the door, and in the apartment I found a radio for $200, a Frigidaire for $350, even diamonds, furs and books which were bought on a dollar-down basis, or rather, which still remained to be bought.

Our cleaning woman in the office always drove up in her Ford, hung up her fur coat and took off her diamond ring before she began to scrub the floors and crawl underneath the sofa. On the street she looked "like a million dollars."

•

If the Americans, this mixture of peoples run together from 100 different countries which has "united" in the States, dare to commit the most impudent of all impudences and call themselves the bearers of culture—this heap of human rubbish of which only 20% of all lawyers are able to speak their own language, and I, as a German, speak better English than 90% of all New York physicians—if these lowest representatives of the white race, these connecting links between black and white with their Negro manners and Indian souls, these inhabitants of a land without music and without the beginnings of culture—if they have the nerve to declare that they, as the only nation, stand on the highest level of culture, then I just can't go on.



"I think my form's improving since you got rid of your '5 o'clock Shadow'!"

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Sometimes There's Quite a Crowd

Maybe you don't realize it, because so many Long Distance calls go through so promptly.

But sometimes, in some places, there's an extra heavy rush and all available circuits are in use and people are waiting.

Then the operator will make this wartime suggestion — "Please limit your call to 5 minutes."

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Smart Easter Couple

FOR HER—FOR HIM—A FINE BILLFOLD IS A SMART EASTER GIFT



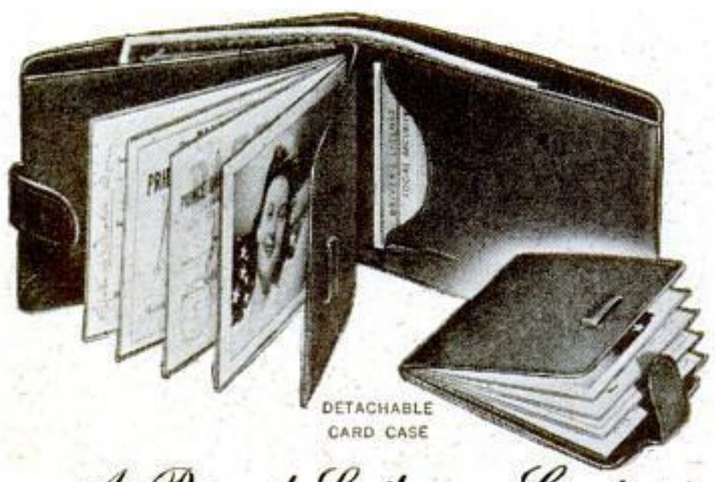
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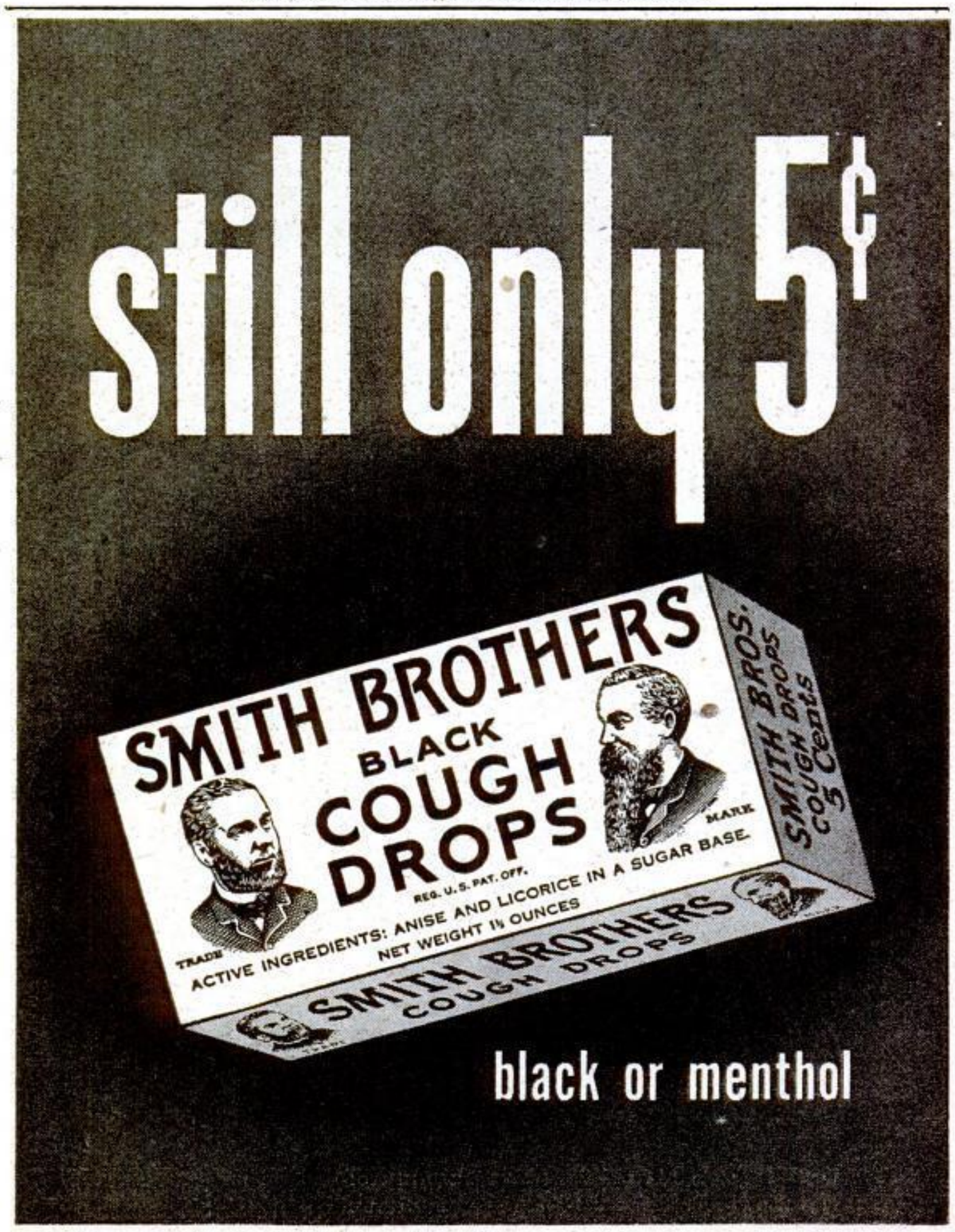
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LIFE'S COVER

No more cheerful face has ever faced disaster than that of the rosy Walcheren Islander, Maria Huysman, who appears on LIFE's cover. The story of her people's latest encounter with the sea is shown on pages 75–83. The gold spirals at Maria's forehead, insignia of her district, are held in place by a gold band circling the head. Her coral necklace is also traditional Walcheren wear and the cap is of Walcheren design.

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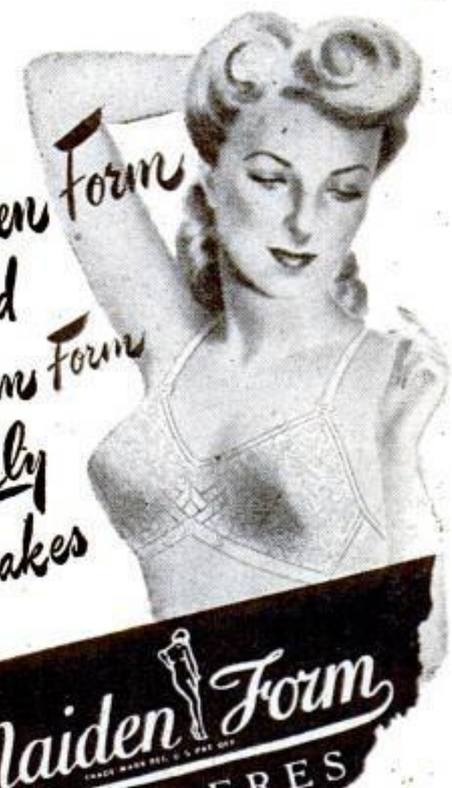
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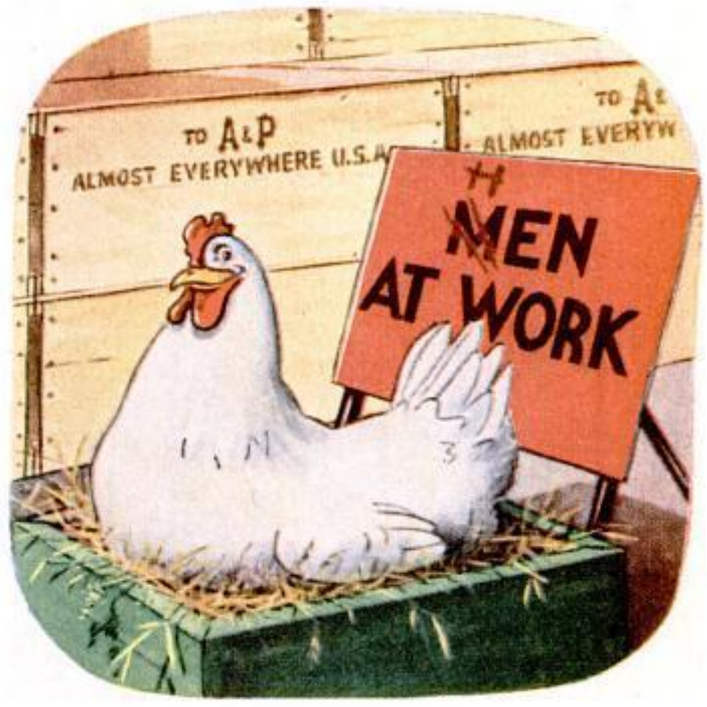
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Since I met Jane Parker of A&P,
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And salutes my economy . . .



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For I'm producing for A&P,
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ASSOCIATION OF
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LIFE

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LIFE'S PICTURES

Last November George Rodger went in with the British on the invasion of Walcheren Island. A few weeks ago he returned to photograph the aftermath of the battle there—the broken dikes, the sea-flooded farms (*see pp. 75-83*). His pictures take their place beside other unusual Rodger photographs such as those he took last March when Vesuvius erupted after the Americans had taken Naples, and the flight from Burma in 1942 over the roadless Naga Hills (LIFE, Aug. 10, 1942). This year the route Rodger took has become famous as the Stilwell Road.

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106, 107, 108, 109—MYRON DAVIS
110, 111, 112—GABRIEL BENZUR

ABBREVIATIONS: BOT., BOTTOM; CEN., CENTER; LT., LEFT; RT., RIGHT; T., TOP; INT., INTERNATIONAL; A.P., ASSOCIATED PRESS; M-G-M, METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER; USAAF, U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES

To men and women of 40 who want to RETIRE SOMEDAY ON $150 A MONTH



THE OTHER NIGHT, when we stopped in on the Johnsons, we found them poring over road maps at the dining room table. We couldn't *help* being curious. And we were really excited when Jim Johnson explained.

"I'm getting set to retire," he said. "When the war's over, Mary and I are going to load the car and do some traveling. We'll head south—or west—maybe stop for a while at one of the beaches. You see, I'll be 60 then, and we're going on a lifelong vacation with pay!"

I was frankly envious. Jim worked in my office. I knew he'd never made much more money than I am earning now. And I couldn't see how *I* could ever hope to quit work and take life easy. How could *he* afford it?

"You must have struck it rich, Jim!" I said.

Jim shook his head. "Not at all," he said, "and Mary and I had too much fun *living* to do much *saving*, either. To tell you the truth, when I was your age, I thought a retirement income was something only rich people could enjoy. Certainly I had no idea *I* could manage it!

"But our future worried me. I didn't want to go on working all my life. And, besides, what if I *couldn't*? What if something happened to me—how could Mary get along?

"That was bothering me when, one day, I read an ad. It told of a plan by which a man with fifteen or so good earning years ahead could assure himself of a retirement income for life. You didn't have to be rich. You didn't need to have any large savings. It was called the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. And since I was in my 40's—about your age—this Plan seemed made for me.

"I investigated. Yes, this was the answer! Soon after, I qualified for a Phoenix Mutual Plan. It guaranteed me a check for $150 a month, every month, starting at age 60. And it was not an income for myself alone, but for Mary, too. Also, it protected her and the children with life insurance if I shouldn't live to retirement age. And it even provided a monthly income if, before age 55, total disability should stop my earning power for six months or more."

The Johnsons looked so happy they gave me an idea. *We* could do as they did. A Phoenix Mutual Plan could make *our* future just as bright, and just as secure as theirs.

This story is typical. Thousands of men and women are discovering that a Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan can open new roads to happiness. Why not find out how you can get an income for life?

Send for Free Booklet

Send the coupon and receive, by mail, a free booklet which describes a number of Phoenix Mutual Plans. Assuming you qualify at a young enough age, you can get any retirement income you want—from $10 to $200 a month or more—beginning at age 55, 60, 65 or 70. Similar Plans are available for women. So don't delay. Don't put if off. Send for your copy *now*.

ESTABLISHED 1851

PHOENIX MUTUAL

Retirement Income Plan

GUARANTEES YOUR FUTURE

PLAN FOR WOMEN

PLAN FOR MEN

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
622 Elm Street, Hartford 15, Conn.

Please mail me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet, describing Retirement Income Plans for women.

Name_____
Date of Birth_____
Business Address_____
Home Address_____

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
622 Elm Street, Hartford 15, Conn.

Please mail me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet, showing how to get a guaranteed income for life.

Name_____
Date of Birth_____
Business Address_____
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War conditions prove that every

FORD

IS BUILT TO "TAKE IT"

GIVES MORE SERVICE

GETS BETTER SERVICE

On the roads today millions of Ford cars and trucks, new and old, are proving over and over that Fords are built to stand up. Ford owners tell us their cars and trucks *give* more service on the road —*get* better service from the dealer.

Through the years, Ford has set the service standards for the industry. Besides developing special labor-and-time-saving machines and equipment, Ford also led the way in factory training of men for specialized service work. Ford owners appreciate this. That's why, when service is needed, Ford owners bring their cars "back home" to the dealer who knows the car best.

FORD DEALERS OF AMERICA

More than 30,000,000 Ford, Mercury and Lincoln cars—and Ford trucks—have been built.

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LIFE

Vol. 18, No. 12 March 19, 1945

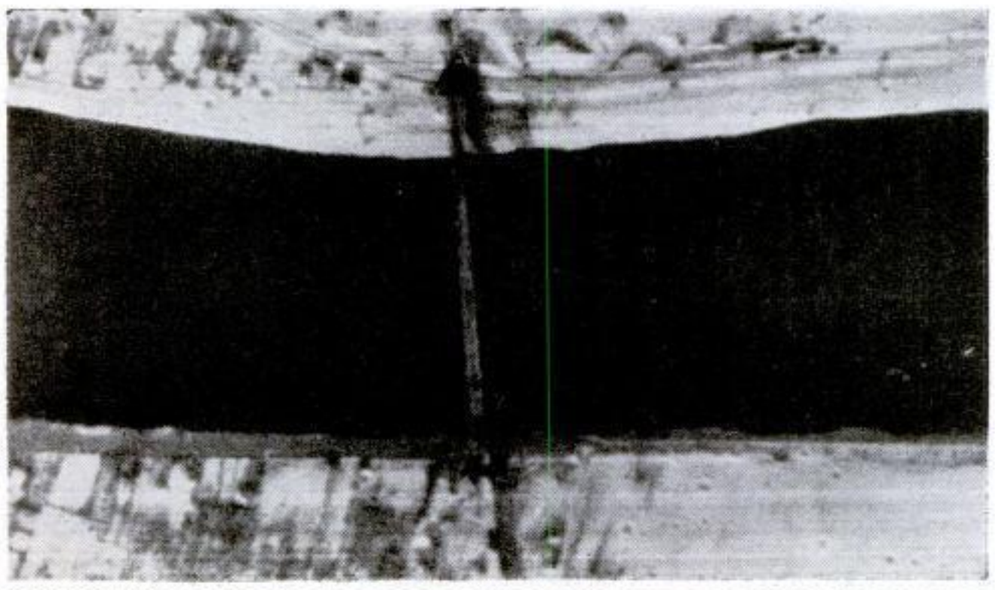


This is the Ludendorff Bridge at Remagen, looking backward across the Rhine from the eastern end. Prisoners said the Germans planned to blow up the bridge at 4:00 p.m. on March 7. At 3:50 the first American, Sgt. Alexander A. Drabik, reached the German end of the bridge with ten riflemen. A few minutes later Lieut. John Mitchell found the main explosive charge under the bridge and ripped out the wires. The bridge was built for railroad traffic, so the engineers have laid planks along the tracks to make a road for trucks and tanks.

THE GERMANS CRUMBLE IN THE WEST

The strain of crisis opened a hole in Germany's western defense last week. The German army, disorganized by the speed of the Allied rush to the Rhine, began to make mistakes, like a boxer who has been hit in the head too often. At nearly all the Rhine crossings the Germans destroyed the bridges but at Remagen, south of Cologne, something went wrong. Before demolition squads could set off their charges a company of U. S. armored infantry was across Ludendorff Bridge (*above*). There were few Germans on the other side and an armored division quickly spread out on the east bank of the river. When the Germans reacted with counterattacks it seemed too late. Germany's last main line of defense in the west had been penetrated.

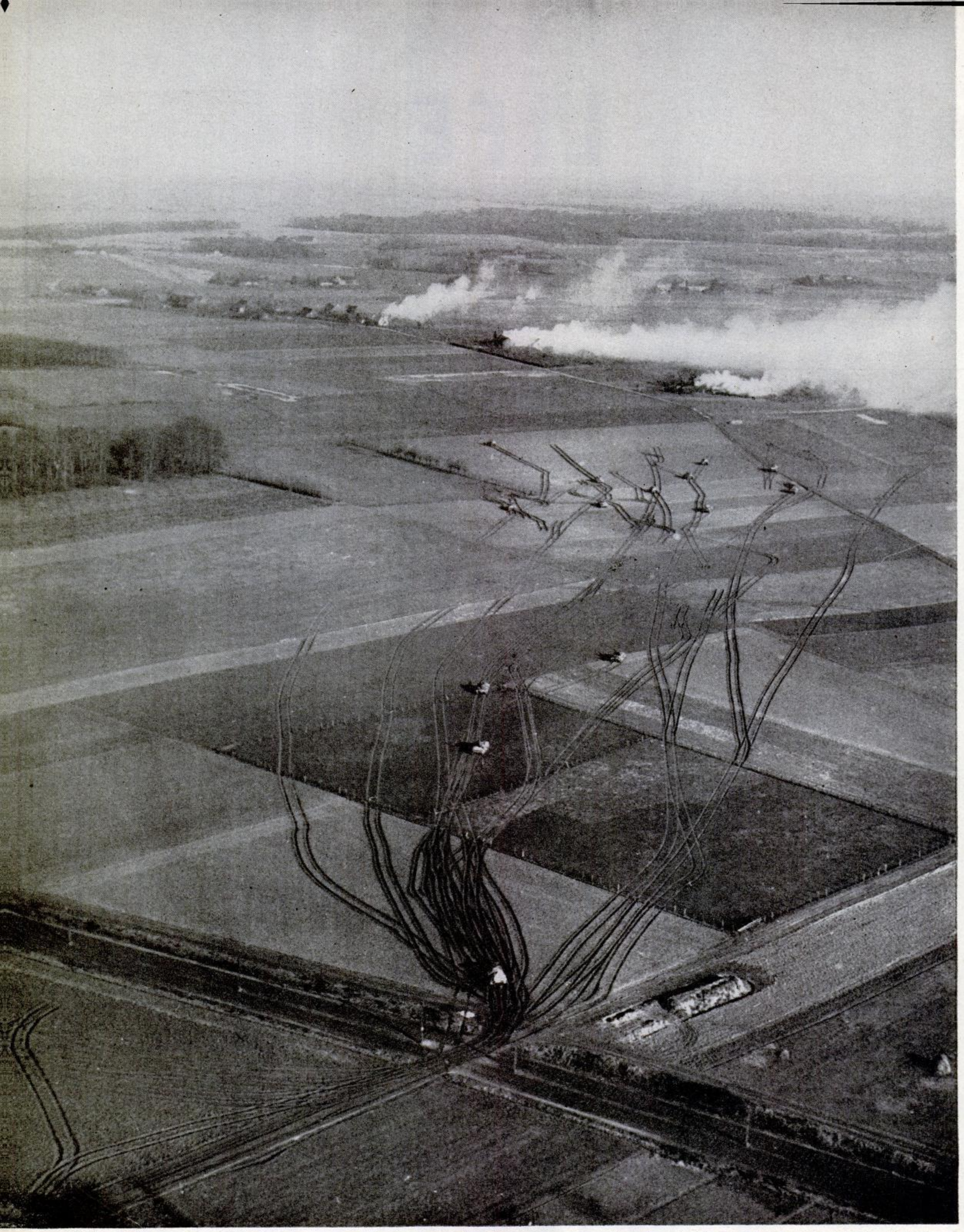
The crossing of the Rhine at Remagen was the climax of a smooth, professional job by veteran U. S. divisions. The U. S. drive across the Cologne plain from the Roer River had expertly swarmed through a close-knit German defense system (*see following pages*). The Germans were able to pull out some of their best troops but they took heavy losses in the men and equipment which were left behind to hold off the Americans. To the north and south of the battle on the Cologne plain other Allied gains cleared all but a few Germans from 150 miles of the west bank of the Rhine all the way from Nijmegen to Coblenz.



THE LUDENDORFF BRIDGE CROSSES THE RHINE WHERE IT IS 400 YARDS WIDE

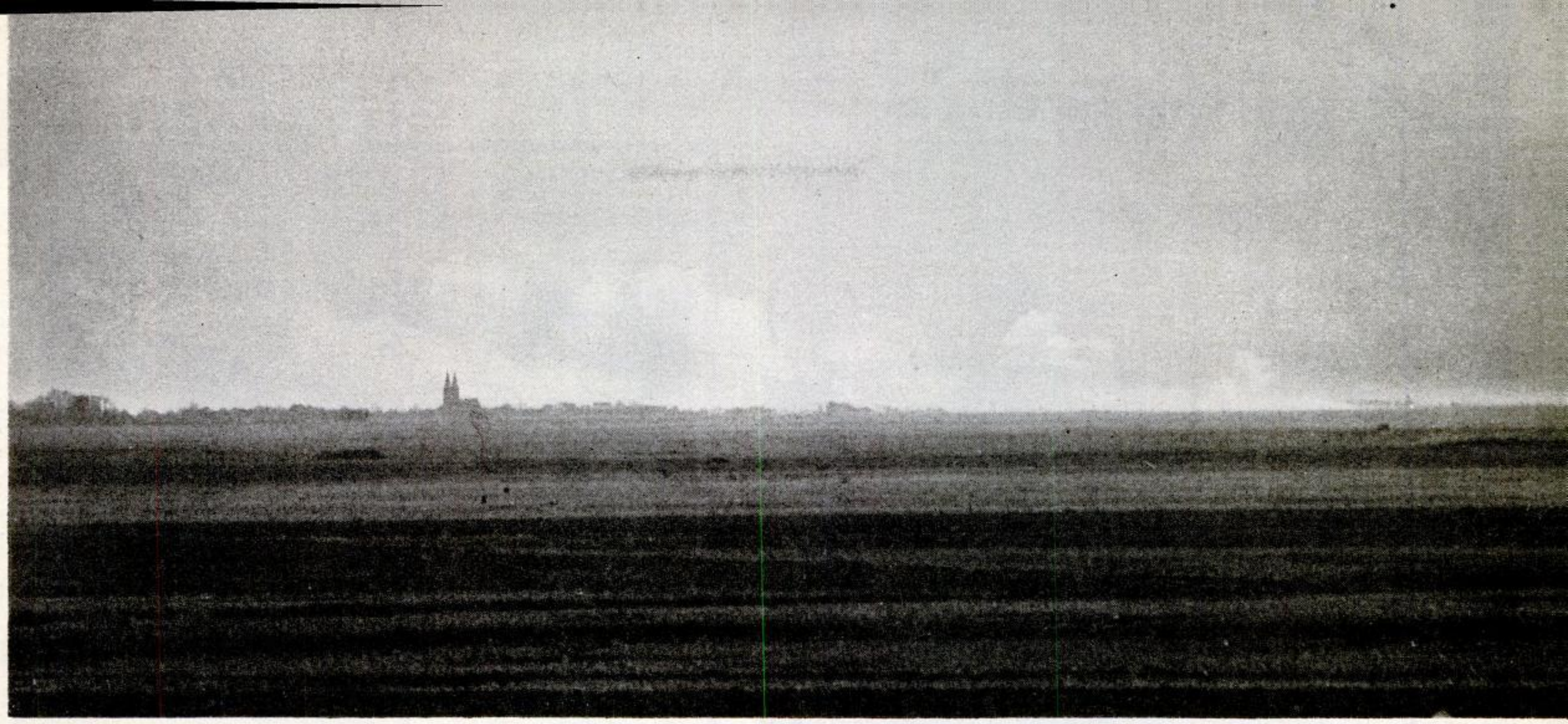
As the Russians timed their new Oder offensive to coordinate with the attack from the west, there were hoarse cries of panic inside Germany. Col. General Heinz Guderian, the army chief of staff, said hopelessly, "The situation is well-nigh intolerable." Joseph Goebbels insanely proclaimed the war would "lead up to a furioso in its final stage and then end suddenly and rashly" in German victory. There were other signs of breakdown. Strange stories appeared in German newspapers telling of thousands of slave laborers and prisoners melting into the population without a trace. New draft laws were decreed mobilizing all males between 16 and 62. The final chemical decomposition of the Third Reich seemed to have begun.

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Ninth Army tanks fight across fields 4,000 yards from the Rhine. The houses beyond the tanks have been set afire by U. S. dive-bombing and shells. Behind the houses German self-propelled guns have opened fire on the tanks. The pattern of tracks in the fields shows the tanks were running along a road and fanned out in a single formation to deal with the self-propelled guns.

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ON THE FIRST ARMY FRONT THE DOUBLE TOWERS OF COLOGNE'S CATHEDRAL APPEAR ON THE HORIZON. SMOKE FROM THE U. S. ARTILLERY BOMBARDMENT DRIFTS ACROSS THE CITY

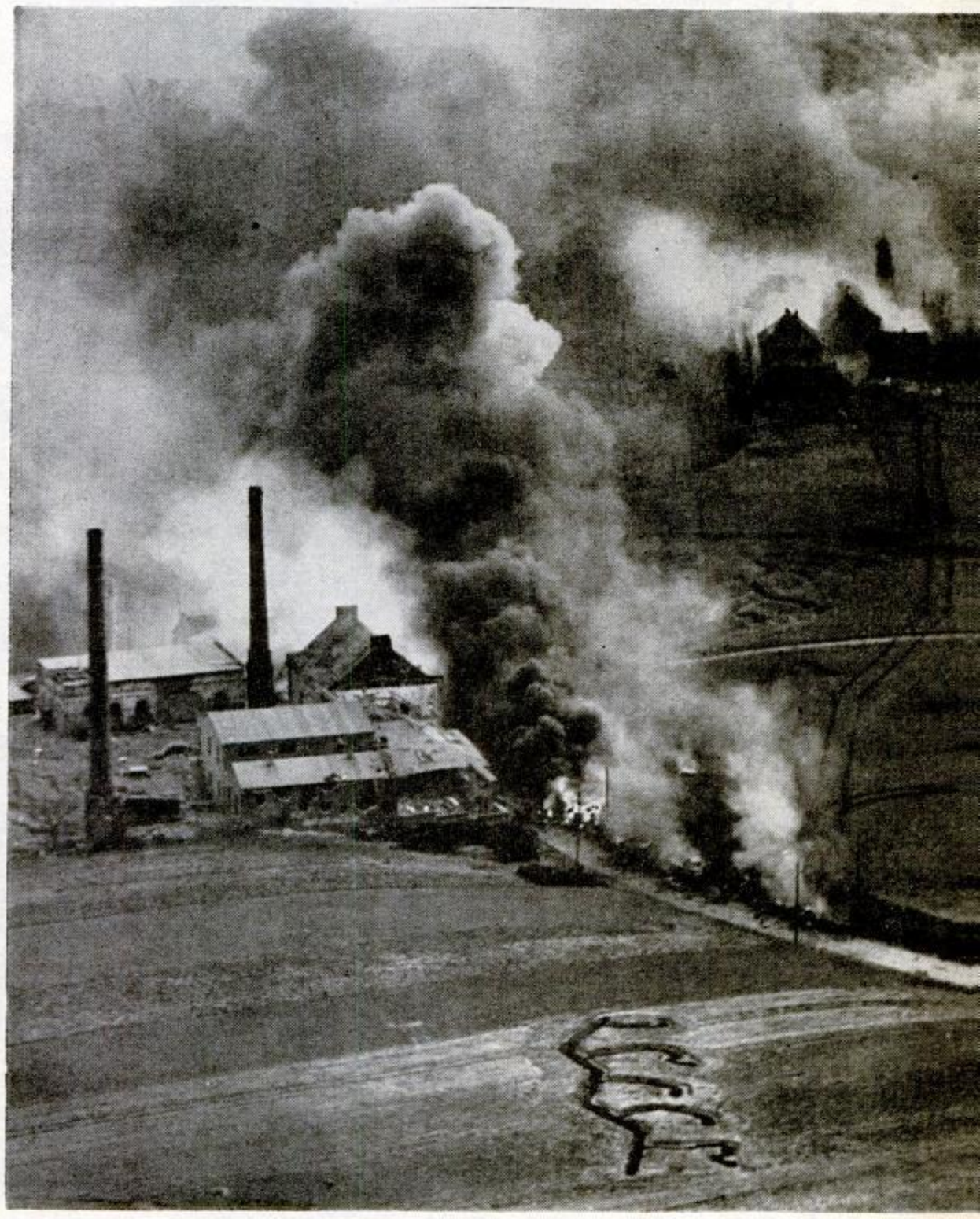
U. S. SPEARHEADS BATTLED ACROSS SMOKING COLOGNE PLAIN TO REACH THE RHINE

Before U.S. troops crossed the Rhine at Remagen, the U.S. First and Ninth Armies shattered the main German defenses before the river with a mass of men and tanks. It was the most powerful demonstration of arms in U. S. military history. A thousand tanks were used in General Simpson's Ninth alone. The tanks worked in herds (*see opposite page*) to break lanes through the German zone of trenches and fortified stone towns.

South of the Ninth Army the First Army drove into Cologne (*see next page*). Then one of its armored divisions rolled 20 miles up the west bank of the Rhine to the crossing at Remagen. The Ninth had not crossed the Rhine at the end of last week, but it was in position to do the Germans serious damage. Its artillerymen had set up 250 big guns along the river opposite Duisberg and had begun to shell all of the Ruhr Valley within their range. This included the vast Krupp works at Essen, already almost flattened by air attacks.



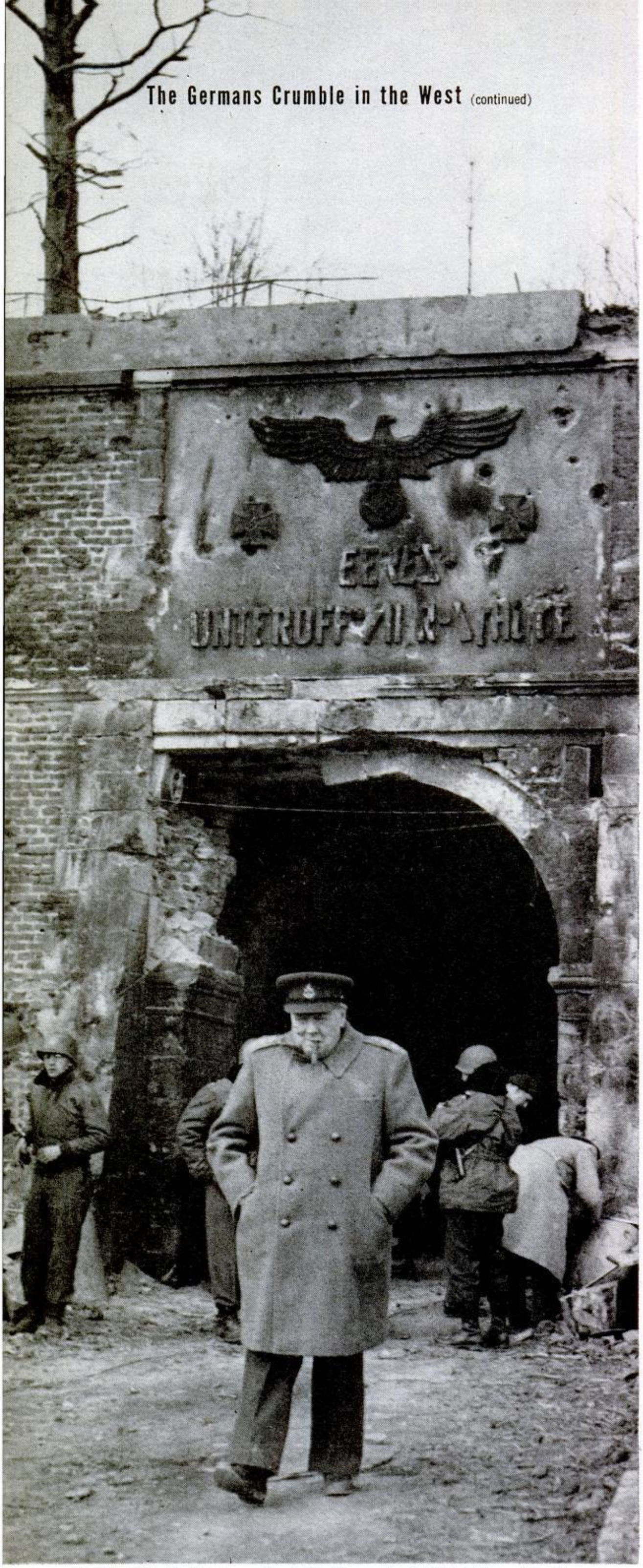
A fortified town on the Cologne plain is surrounded by zigzag trenches. In the distance columns of smoke mark the battle line. The German guns in towns like these swept the flat fields with deadly fire.



A U. S. motorized column was caught by German tanks on a road near the Rhine. The column was hit from the flank as it followed the first tank spearhead to reach the river.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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A visitor to the front, Winston Churchill walks out of a Jülich building used by Germans as a noncommissioned officers' school. Churchill said "One good strong heave" would win the war.



In ruined Cologne the bridges have all been dropped into the Rhine by demolitions. At right center is the skeleton of the Main Railroad Station. Far right: the cathedral.

UNDERGROUND COLOGNE

From the bomb-ruined city of Cologne, on the day of its capture, TIME *and* LIFE *Correspondent Sidney Olson reported:*

Through the chill drizzle we saw a sign: "You are entering Cologne, courtesy of the Spearhead Division, the 3rd Armored." We drove past it and on into silence and emptiness. When your jeep stopped you heard nothing, you saw no movement down the great deserted avenues lined with empty stone boxes. In this city of 800,000 people no one now seemed alive. Probably some 30,000 still are living here but they are underground, safe from the terror of Allied airpower.

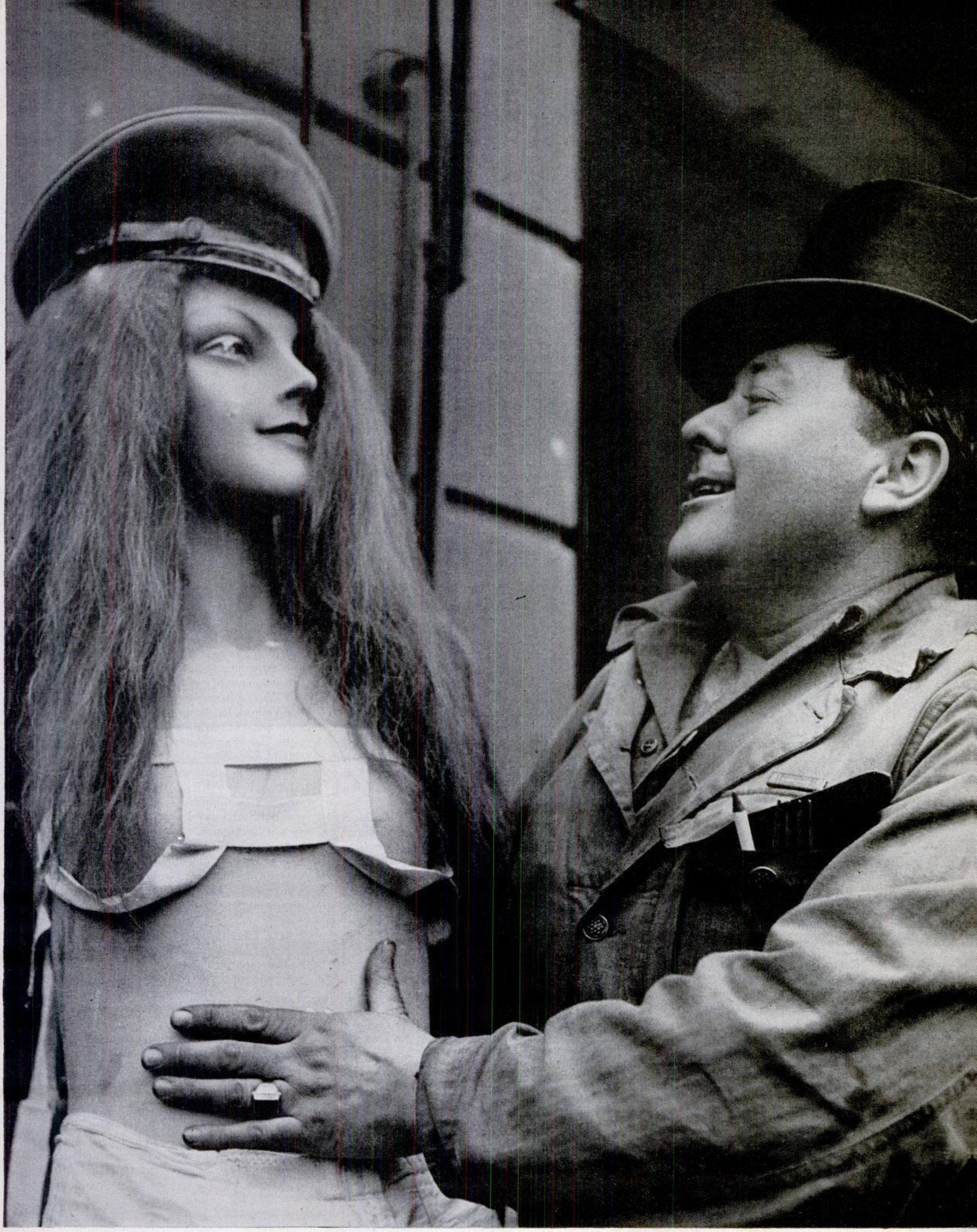
The people of Cologne live and work in a long series of cellars, "mouseholes," opening from one house to the next. When the bombs smash up the empty stone boxes above them, the people merely shrug and go to the cigaret store three cellars away, through the long winding caverns, to get tobacco to smoke in their lamp-lit, whitewashed stone basements. When you live underground you don't have much need for streets any more, so you just let the rubble from one bombing after another choke up most of the streets until they are fantastically impassable.

The Germans we saw, hundreds of them in their caves, were universally pale, indifferent, adequately dressed and glad that the war is over for them. One thing you notice is how they creep upstairs now when the heavy bombers pass, watching with shrinking relief from doorways as the bombers sail on past. The fear of airpower is so deep in them that you will see little children with their heads buried in their mothers' aprons shuddering, or peeping fearfully up at the terrible skies.



During Cologne fighting U. S. tanks work in the streets to clean out snipers hiding in the ruins of the city. In the background is the shadowy outline of cathedral's towers.

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This Rhine maiden is a clothing-store dummy fitted out with flowing hair and a German officer's cap. Cpl. Harold Goodden, of New Castle, Del., addresses her as Lorelei. American soldiers are forbidden to "fraternize" with real German girls. Fraternization is hard to prevent, partly because most Germans who stay behind when Americans come are not fanatical Nazis.

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EDITORIAL

CHAPULTEPEC

THE STATE DEPARTMENT'S NEW TEAM HAS AN IMPORTANT WORKOUT. THE SCORE: SUCCESS

U. S. diplomacy has just come through a very tricky international conference, and come through well. Twenty American republics talked for two weeks in Chapultepec Castle near Mexico City. Any inter-American conference has its pitfalls; at Chapultepec they were partly concealed by two long shadows, one cast from behind by Yalta and one from before by the coming United Nations conference at San Francisco. The clouds were still there at the end of the conference, but every pitfall was avoided and it didn't rain.

As Secretary Stettinius remarked in his opening speech, he had left Yalta only 10 days before, flying 24,000 miles in two weeks "on the business of war and peace." He arrived as a spokesman of Yalta's Big Three, *Los Tres Grandes*, whose seeming intention to rule the world has deeply disturbed most Latin Americans. After two weeks of diplomatizing at Chapultepec, Stettinius had strengthened rather than compromised U. S. membership in the Big Three. Yet Pan-American unity had been strengthened, too.

For this feat of diplomacy, credit goes to much careful spadework and smart behavior by Stettinius and his new team, who are living down their nickname "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." It goes also to Assistant Secretary Nelson Rockefeller, whose four years of good-willing in Latin America are bearing fruit. The diplomats at Mexico City, impressed anew by Rockefeller's sincerity, found his Spanish good and even his *abrazos* (embraces) convincing. Credit goes also to the famous good manners and tact of all Latin Americans and to a general eagerness to agree. An "arm-in-arm" mood, set by Stettinius, prevailed throughout the conference.

The Powerful Pariah

The toughest parts of the agenda were two: first, to unite as far as possible behind Dumbarton Oaks and explore its relationship to hemisphere security; second, to agree—or at least not to lose tempers—over the powerful pariah of the conference, Argentina.

Argentina was excluded from Mexico City because the U. S. so ruled. To do this we had to resort to a low diplomatic trick.

Ever since the fall of Argentina's Ramirez government in 1944, the U. S. State Department has been openly hostile to the pro-Nazi dictatorship run by the militarists Farrell and Peron. First we withdrew recognition and then, without consulting our Good Neighbors, we imposed economic sanctions, which didn't work. Our performance was just about as "unilateral" as Russia's toward Poland, though seemingly less effective. Last October Argentina, as any member can, invoked a meeting of the Pan American Union for an open discussion of her case.

The Pan American Union is 55 years old. Starting as a mere information bureau, it has slowly but surely developed into a sort of potential government, the legal headquarters of our hemisphere "amphictyony" (technical name for a league of neighbor states). Latin Americans, who have a highly developed sense of international law, value the Pan American Union. But when Argentina tried to use it, the U.S. highhandedly vetoed the meeting and induced Mexico to summon the Chapultepec Conference instead.

Thus the conference began amid the ruins of Pan-American consultative machinery. And although Argentina was not present, her flags flew all over the city and her name was on every delegate's lips. Most Latin Americans don't like Argentina's behavior any better than we do; in addition they fear it, for Argentina has nearly 200,000 men under arms and is building 30 bombers a month. Yet Argentina is the historic magnet of all antigringo sentiment, and "intervention"—a fair term for our behavior—is the word that has always raised antigringo sentiment to fever pitch.

Her friend Paraguay tried to move Argentina's case from last to first place on the agenda. This would have touched off fireworks and put the U.S. on the spot. But the move was gracefully squelched by Mexico's Ezequiel Padilla and, by the time the Argentine question came up, all the other important work was done. Resolutions had been passed (to kick out Nazi agents, etc.) whose effect was to isolate Argentina still further and to put the whole hemisphere behind the terms on which she would be readmitted to decent society. That done, the conference sent a polite message to Argentina, hoping she would see her way clear to come around.

Even the ruins of the Pan American Union were rebuilt by the conference and made stronger than before. Its headquarters remain in Washington, but its machinery, thanks to pressure from Señor Padilla, is no longer so firmly under the U.S. thumb.

Up from Monroe

The chief obstacle to the development of a true American amphictyony has been the great inequality of power between members who are juridically equal and equally proud. Steering a neat course between these rocks, the Chapultepec conference sent the delegates home feeling at once more equal and more secure.

What helped most was the "Act of Chapultepec". As first proposed by Colombia, this called for mutual guarantees against all aggressors, neighbors or not. In other words, if Japan or Argentina attacks Chile, the U.S. and every other Good Neighbor comes to Chile's defense. The delegates were set to pass this in a rush of enthusiasm. Senator Austin of our delegation got it postponed overnight while he, Senator Connally and others watered it down. As passed, it commits us to defend one another's borders for the duration of the war only. A permanent treaty is "recommended" for after that.

The Act of Chapultepec, the first true American collective-security system, is the culmination of 122 years of the Monroe Doctrine's growth and change. The Doctrine's original purpose was to insulate the Americas from European politics. By one of history's ironies, the Act of Chapultepec stipulates—at U.S. insistence—that its guarantees shall be "consistent with the purposes and principles" of the new world-wide security system outlined at Dumbarton Oaks. In other words, for the sake of wider peace, we are letting European politics in.

To get the Monroe Doctrine recognized in the League Covenant, Woodrow Wilson made serious concessions in Paris. Stettinius, on the other hand, made concessions at Mexico City to win Pan-American approval for his League, Dumbarton Oaks. He did get "approval in principle" and he allayed the worst Latin fears that the U. S. is too preoccupied with Europe. Yet, when he gets to San Francisco, the problem will hit him again.

The problem is not that Latin Americans oppose a world organization; most of them were in the League when the U. S. stayed out. The problem is that Dumbarton Oaks, so far, does not resemble the League enough. Latins see it as a fig leaf for the Big Three and a menace to a thing they treasure: the juridical equality of all sovereign states.

Thus the Brazilian Foreign Minister, Senhor Velloso, baldly predicted that Stettinius was trying to line up a solid bloc of American votes for San Francisco, in case Russia should demand a vote for each of her 16 so-called independent republics. No doubt there is enough anti-Russian sentiment in Latin America to mobilize such a bloc. But that was not Stettinius' idea at all. If our regional security system were to take such solid form as that, we could scarcely demand a voice in the security arrangements on Russia's borders or in Britain's "sphere of influence." The world would simply be divided three ways and San Francisco need not be held.

Where Equality Works

The essence of our regional system is its voluntarism. Our Good Neighbors drew up 90 pages criticizing Dumbarton Oaks. Stettinius neither met the criticism nor joined his name to it. He merely beamed, welcomed it and praised its authors, in tune with the conference's arm-in-arm mood. But he also reasserted an old Pan-American principle: "all states are equal before the law."

When he comes to press for more recognition of this principle with his Yalta friends, Stettinius will find that he has forged himself a new weapon. It is a demonstration that in his part of the world, when assisted by patience, good manners and mutual faith, equality works.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK:

When not working, delegates to the Inter-American Conference in Mexico City went to the races, to huge parties and receptions. Most important reception was given by Mexico's president, Avila Camacho, in his ornate Palacio Nacional. Delegates waited in uncomfortable chairs under heroic painting showing Nicolás Bravo, a Mexican hero, pardoning soldiers who had killed his father. Then delegates lined up, shook Camacho's hand and left.

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Inter-American Conference delegates relax in huge ballroom of Palacio Nacional during President Avila Camacho's reception

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The Speaker of the Assembly, Oswald D. Heck, Republican, took the floor for the first time in his nine years as speaker. He favored the measure. This occurred during the six-hour debate before the final Assembly vote.



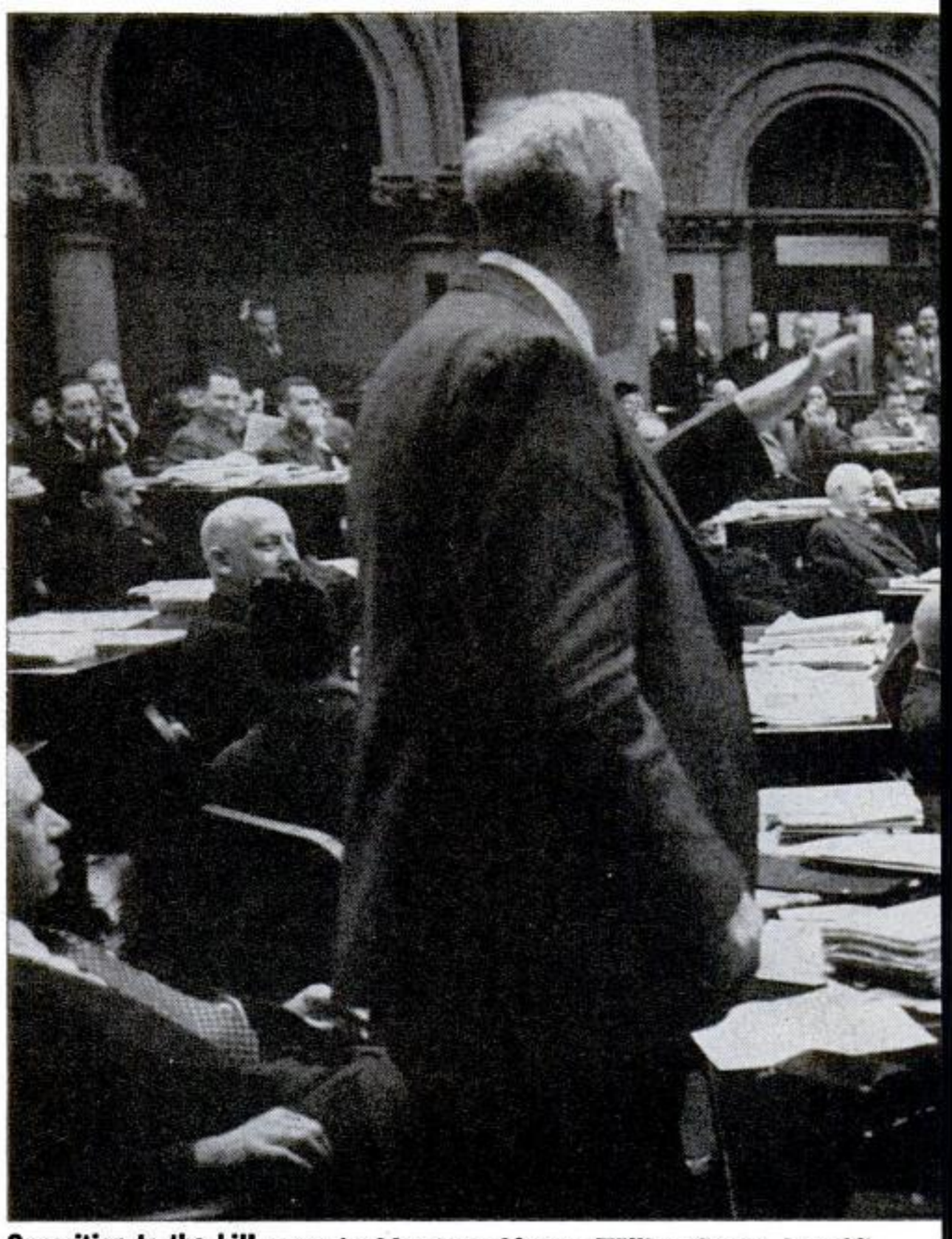
Assemblyman Bernard Austin, Democrat, spoke on behalf of the bill. At an earlier public hearing, proponents swamped opponents by weight of numbers.

NEW YORK LAW BANS

Legislature passes first U.S. bill forbidding

Last week the New York Legislature passed an epochal piece of social legislation. This was the Ives-Quinn bill which makes it illegal to keep anybody out of a job because of race, religion or color. An attempt to prevent intolerance by law, the bill aroused grave discussion but received bipartisan support and was passed with few negative votes. Governor Dewey was certain to sign it. These photographs, taken on the floor of the Assembly, show the final debate.

Under the Ives-Quinn Act, employers, employment agencies and labor unions are forbidden to discriminate against applicants for jobs or membership. Employers are forbidden to discriminate against employes in advancement. A five-man commission will police the law.



Opposition to the bill was voiced by Assemblyman William Stuart, Republican (*left*), in debate with Democratic Minority Leader Irwin Steingut (*standing,*

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Assemblyman from Harlem, William E. Prince, Democrat, also supported the bill during the long debate. The assembly vote was 109-32, the senate vote 49-6.

JOB DISCRIMINATION

discrimination because of race, creed, color

Penalty for ignoring commission's directives: $500 fine, a year in jail.

The bill had its origins a year ago in commissions appointed by Dewey to study job discrimination. Strongly supported by Negro, Jewish and Catholic groups, it was opposed by some employers and unions, who said it was unenforceable, and by some liberal-minded people who feared it would increase intolerance, not extinguish it. No one, however, criticized the bill's intentions in debate. New York is the first state to adopt such legislation. Massachusetts is now considering a similar bill and Congressional committees are studying ways of making permanent the Federal Employment Practices Commission, whose purpose is much the same as that of the Ives-Quinn bill.



at extreme right). Stuart declared, "Under this bill you could not discriminate against a Communist in employment," warned it would revive Ku Klux Klan.



Co-author of the bill, Assembly Majority Leader Irving M. Ives, Republican, who wrote the law with Senate Minority Leader Elmer F. Quinn, defended its terms. During the debate Assembly members sent out for food.

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BERCHTESGADEN

U.S. fighter bombers pay a visit to Adolf Hitler's mountain home

The buildings shown in the picture above are part of Adolf Hitler's fabulous estate on a mountain outside Berchtesgaden. This is the spiritual core of the Nazi world, yet when U. S. Thunderbolts flew over it last month there were no German planes in the air and little antiaircraft fire. The fliers did not attack it, since Allied air planners have long been aware that there is nothing above ground worth attacking. Their mission was to strafe rail yards in the town. One man nevertheless dropped two empty gasoline tanks as a gesture.

Among these buildings Adolf Hitler once entertained Chamberlain and Schuschnigg. Which of them is Hitler's own Berghof is hard to tell because the area has been built up and camouflaged since the last foreigner was there. In any case Hitler spends little time at the Berghof now. His favorite retreat, reached by an elevator shaft that is almost as high as the Empire State Building, is on the top of near-by Mt. Kehlstein.

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TOKYO

B-29 attacks burn out big patches in Hirohito's snow-covered city

The snow-covered city above is the industrial heart of Japan and the sacrosanct home of Emperor Hirohito, whose palace is off to the right of this picture. In February it was the target of a new air campaign by B-29s, attacking for the first time in fleets of more than 150 planes. One raid, made the same day as the second Navy strike against the city, came in a snowstorm. Reconnaissance planes brought back pictures which showed great blotches in the snow where bombs had burned out 240 blocks, largely in the Ueno district. The biggest burned-out patch straddles the important Ueno railroad station. Below the station is Ueno Park, famous for its lotus blossoms. In early times the Japanese thought this part of Tokyo was unlucky and called it *Ki-mon*, or Devil's Gate. A 17th Century shogun built the park to show them it really wasn't. Now it may take more than a park with lotus blossoms to convince people of Tokyo that *Ki-mon* is not unlucky.

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Eggs stand on end in Chungking

THE MYSTERY OF THE UPRIGHT EGGS DISSOLVES WAR TENSION IN CHINA

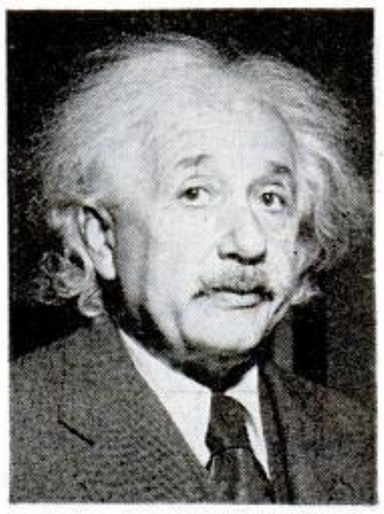
by ANNALEE JACOBY

In China, as anywhere else, interminable war and insoluble difficulties must break sometimes in a burst of sheer triviality. In its eighth year of war, the Chinese capital last month turned its fascinated attention to the proposition that eggs will stand on end. The controversy eventually involved Dr. Einstein. A full first-hand report on the egg mystery is given here by LIFE*'s correspondent in Chungking, Annalee Jacoby.*

CHUNGKING

Eggs in Chungking stand on end. They are standing on end on lawns, on walls, on dance floors and on diplomatic dinner tables. There is no more doubt about it. Most of Chungking's population has stood them.

Just when this first happened, no one knows. The earliest records of the event are to be found in *Secret Kaleidoscope* and *Know What Heaven Knows*, two Chinese books of certain antiquity but undetermined date. The legend goes like this: one day each year —a day of variable date like the American Thanksgiving—and at a certain hour, winter goes and spring comes. This day is called *Li Chun* or "Spring Begins." For an hour before and an hour after the season's change, eggs will stand on end.



Skeptic Albert Einstein

Not everyone in China knows this, not having read what heaven knows. But one who does is Mr. Yang Hsou Chen, an officer of the Chinese Ministry of Information. Mr. Yang is the man behind the current egg boom. Like any father interested in giving his children a liberal education, he mentioned that eggs would perform during the first hour of spring.

Spring was expected this year at 1 o'clock on the 22nd day of the 12th lunar month, or Feb. 4. By noon that day Yang's yard bloomed with standing eggs. Wei Hsiao Meng, aged 12, looked across from the yard next door and told her father, Jimmy Wei, who holds a unique position in relation to foreign correspondents. He combines the functions of chief censor, trouble shooter, World Almanac and Peter Pan.

Jimmy promptly stood up more eggs in his own yard than Yang had stood. Walter Rundle of United Press watched suspiciously. Rundle stood several himself and went away trying to remember just what happened between Christopher Columbus and the egg.

Next to walk by were Richard Baker and Anthony Dralle, professors in the Chinese government school of journalism. They took turns at balancing with good results. Dralle crushed one egg and satisfied himself that it was raw and unstuffed.

Jimmy Wei then moved to a bigger audience on the lawn of the neighboring Press Hostel. He found newsmen for the most part uninterested since this was a gray Sunday morning which followed Saturday night. Two small dogs were appreciative but they seemed more hungry than scientific, so Mr. Wei retired to his own yard and stood up more eggs, 21 in all.

Several private experiments followed. The eggs were fresh, said those who ate them the next morning. The yolks were not broken nor was there glue on the shells. No wire, rocks or other supports were used. The earth was smooth and hard. There was no getting away from it, the eggs stood on end.

Several correspondents sent the story to their newspapers. More overlooked the whole thing. As one explained simply, "Do I want the home office to think I'm crazy?"

The next morning news came from America that Rundle's story saying eggs stood on end had been read by Albert Einstein and that Einstein doubted it. But since the books said eggs would stand for only two hours each year there seemed little to be done about it.

For the first time, however, the Chungking hen got some attention. Almost every open-front shop keeps a single hen tethered by the leg. Hens live on wooden floors, on gravel piles or in mud puddles. Some wondered if the knowledge that eggs now cost $25 Chinese had not perhaps gone to the heads of the hens, who remember 1939 when the market price for their product was two cents. Three successive residents, when asked, "What do you feed the hen?" answered with sincere amazement, "*Ni hsou wei chi, ni hsih shih mo i-sze?*" or, "What do you mean, feed a hen?"

Except for local attacks on Einstein, nothing happened in the egg line for the next week. The local press said the Smithsonian Institution didn't believe the story either. Chungking was divided into two camps—those who had stood eggs and those who asked why the first group didn't just admit they were drunk. Then came word that every American magician knew the trick—that if the egg was shaken until the yolk broke it would stand. Rundle resented the idea that a broken yolk had been palmed off on him. On Feb. 11 he and Baker asked the hostel's cook for two eggs. To their joy the eggs stood as well as they had the week before. Being hungry by that time, they boiled one egg and fried the other. They reported that the hard-boiled egg, with its yolk unbroken, also stood on end until they ate it.

This revived the whole business of eggs and offered a welcome change from the Communist problem.

On Feb. 17 the director of the International Department of the Ministry of Information gave a din-

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Thirty-five eggs stand, without support, on battered lawn of Chungking's Press Hostel at a press conference held on Feb. 21. The egg at the left and the one in the back row are resting. Practitioners here are Executive Yuan Spokesman P. H. Chang (*with hat*) and Press Censor Yao (*right*). Egg in the foreground is standing on its small end.

ner party. He had ten guests and he gave each an egg. Eight of the ten made their eggs stand upright on the table.

On Feb. 21 the regular weekly press conference talked about currency stabilization, postwar planning and the Communist problem, then moved to the hostel lawn to stand up eggs. With 50 people looking on, Wong Wen Hao, head of the Chinese War Production Board and Minister of Economic Affairs, stood up an egg and said it was very interesting. Seventy-five eggs in all were stood some several times apiece, on earth, sidewalks and wooden steps. It had been planned to spell out in eggs, "Nuts to Einstein" but there were some who thought this undignified.

The first eggs to stand on dance floors were at the home of Martin Gold of the William Hunt Company. Seventy people looked on at the ceremony. Poles stood eggs, so did Russians and French. But perhaps the most thorough egg-standers were the Canadians. According to Ralph Collins, second secretary of the Canadian Embassy, four eggs stood on the embassy steps for ten hours. They were put in place at 8:30 in the morning. All were still erect at 6:30 that evening. This report, said Collins, will be submitted to the Canadian government.



Experimenter Sun Fo

Standing eggs did not have the official approval of the U. S. Army until they were mentioned at a dinner given by Dr. Sun Fo, president of the Legislative Yuan. Dr. Sun promptly called for eggs and the next course was delayed while every guest tried for himself. Major General Albert Wedemeyer, commanding general of U. S. forces in China, showed outstanding ability.

The correspondents then decided that the ideal picture would be the Generalissimo and Mao Tze Tung, Communist leader, watching an egg standing on a mirror. The picture was eventually taken, minus the Generalissimo and Mao Tze Tung.

Most of the Far East was convinced but no one had an explanation. Mystics admitted with regret that the old Chinese legend which talked about the one magic day each year had been knocked cold. A few mentioned lunar influences but all agreed that even a virile lunar influence would hardly last a month.

An expert emerged in the person of Dr. Wang Fu Shih, DSC, brilliant young graduate of Munich Technological Institute, holder of several electronic patents. Dr. Wang believed that a scientific explanation could be found for anything. He carried on extensive experiments and arrived at Press Hostel armed with test tubes, eggs and a theory. The reason, he said, is temperature and gravity. He explained that, according to all laws of mathematics, nothing can be balanced if its center of gravity is higher than its middle. Likewise nothing can be balanced on a single point. He then proceeded to take apart Einstein. A balanced egg is not an illustration of point contact, said Dr. Wang. He put lipstick on one egg, measured the mark it left after standing, concluded that the surface of contact is at least two square millimeters. Then he turned to the egg's center of gravity. In cold weather the egg's contents contract. This leaves a larger air space and lowers the center of gravity. In addition he believes that various parts of the egg have different expansion coefficients—the runny part gets runnier and the heavy part gets heavier. This makes it possible for a heavy yolk to sink toward the bottom. Dr. Wang believes that the egg would stand on the hottest summer day if first chilled in the refrigerator. This particular experiment will have to be done in America, however, where there are refrigerators. It may also be, he adds, that the hen's food at this time of year contributes to the liquidity of the egg. Liquidity, to sum up, is the secret of it all.

Dr. Wang was distressed to admit the exception. He had emptied one shell, he reported, and the empty shell also stood on end. This, he said, was difficult to explain. He was more distressed to learn that the hard-boiled egg, which is not at all liquid, would stand. And when photographers reported that their flash bulbs have been balancing easily for the past few weeks, he left to conduct further experiments.

And there the matter stands.

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BETTY GRABLE AND HARRY JAMES WATCH THEIR DAUGHTER VICKY, WHO IS HER FIRST CHILD AND HIS THIRD, BLOW OUT THE SOLITARY CANDLE ADORNING HER BIRTHDAY CAKE

GRABLE BABY IS 1

Vicky James grows up just as if her parents were ordinary folks

Since she last appeared in LIFE (May 8, 1944) Victoria Elizabeth, the daughter of Betty Grable and Harry James, has been busy growing up. She has increased her birth dimensions of 7 lb., 12 oz. and 19 in. to 24½ lb. and 29½ in. She has learned to walk.

On March 3 she celebrated her first birthday. It found her with eight teeth, light-blue eyes, reddish blonde hair that is beginning to curl and a vocabulary that includes da-da, mama and bye-bye. Five meals a day—four bottles of Pet milk and Dextro Maltose, plus feedings of baby vegetables and Pablum—keep her big and healthy. A special fence around the family swimming pool keeps her from falling in.

Her birthday was marked by a huge cake and by a phonographic recording. Told to "scare daddy" for recording purposes, Vicky obediently screamed. Daddy, whose band-leading has accustomed him to much louder noises from young girls, grinned happily.

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Yes, and BETTER TASTE! Chesterfield's RIGHT COMBINATION...WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS gives you REAL MILDNESS, COOLER SMOKING and a far BETTER TASTE . . . the *three* things that make smoking pleasure complete. *They Satisfy*

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RIGHT COMBINATION WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS

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How to "ring the bell" as a host

MAKING a truly superb mixed drink is an art. But it is a very simple art to master . . . and the rewards are rich.

The creation of a matchless drink actually requires no more time or effort than serving something that's—well, just another drink.

But, no matter how much care you lavish on the task, you cannot hope to achieve perfection unless you use a whiskey that contributes every quality that makes for perfection: *rich, velvety smoothness . . . delicacy of aroma . . . full, satisfying body . . . and, of course, gloriously magnificent flavor.*

The name of that whiskey—*the heart and soul of a perfect drink*—is Four Roses!

In order to help you make your mixed drinks very much on the special side, we have prepared a Four Roses recipe book, which is yours for the asking . . . (*except in States where such mailing is restricted*).

Simply send the coupon for your free copy . . . and see how easy it is to enjoy the distinction of being known as a top-flight host!

• • •

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies, 90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.

FOUR ROSES ***The same great whiskey as before the war***

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Please send me a free copy of your new 16-page Four Roses mixed-drink recipe book, "25 Drink Recipes that Ring the Bell."

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ARMY WRESTLERS ARE UNBEATEN. LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT LAND (FOREGROUND, FACING CAMERA), HEAVYWEIGHT STANOWICZ (SECOND LEFT) ARE INTERCOLLEGIATE CHAMPIONS

ARMY'S ATHLETES

Manpower and tough sports program give West Point best teams in U. S.

Last week the U. S. Military Academy at West Point completed a winter season during which its teams gave the best all-around athletic performance in the country. Six of its ten teams were champions, four of them undefeated in college competition. To make the record more glorious, Army easily swamped its only real competitor, Navy. The Army beat the Navy in basketball, swimming, track, pistol and gymnastics, while the Navy won only in fencing and rifle shooting.

One reason was obvious. In a wartime drought of athletes at other colleges, Army and Navy have had a glut of young manpower. But there was another reason: the Academy's comprehensive and strenuous physical-training plan under which every single cadet is required to compete in some sport. This regime was instituted 24 years ago by then-Superintendent Douglas MacArthur, who had played second base on West Point's baseball team when he was a student.

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Every day a better stocking

finer, stronger, prettier

PHOENIX hosiery

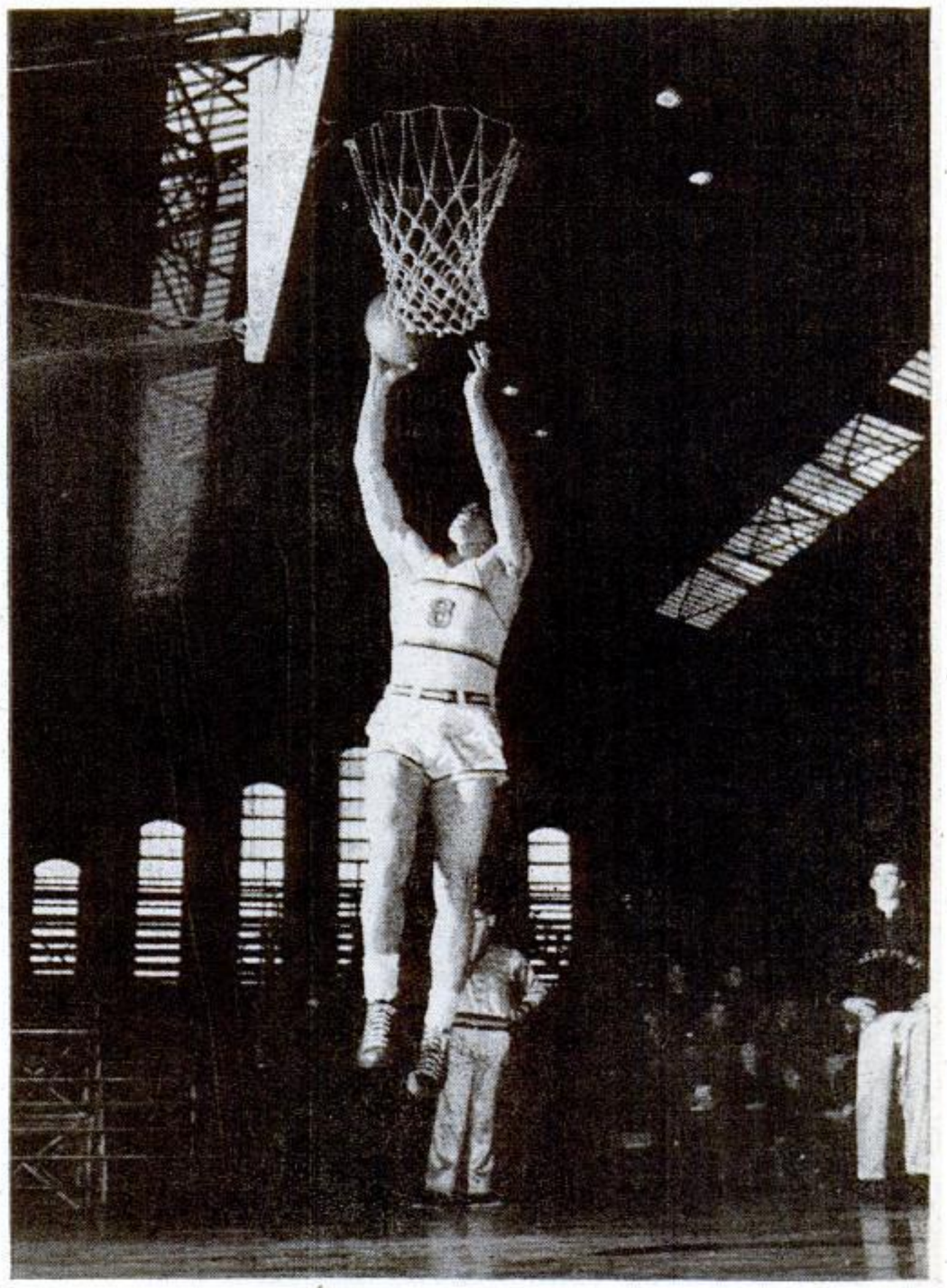
FAMOUS HOSIERY AT ITS BEST!

57 years of quality manufacturing.

Army's Athletes (continued)



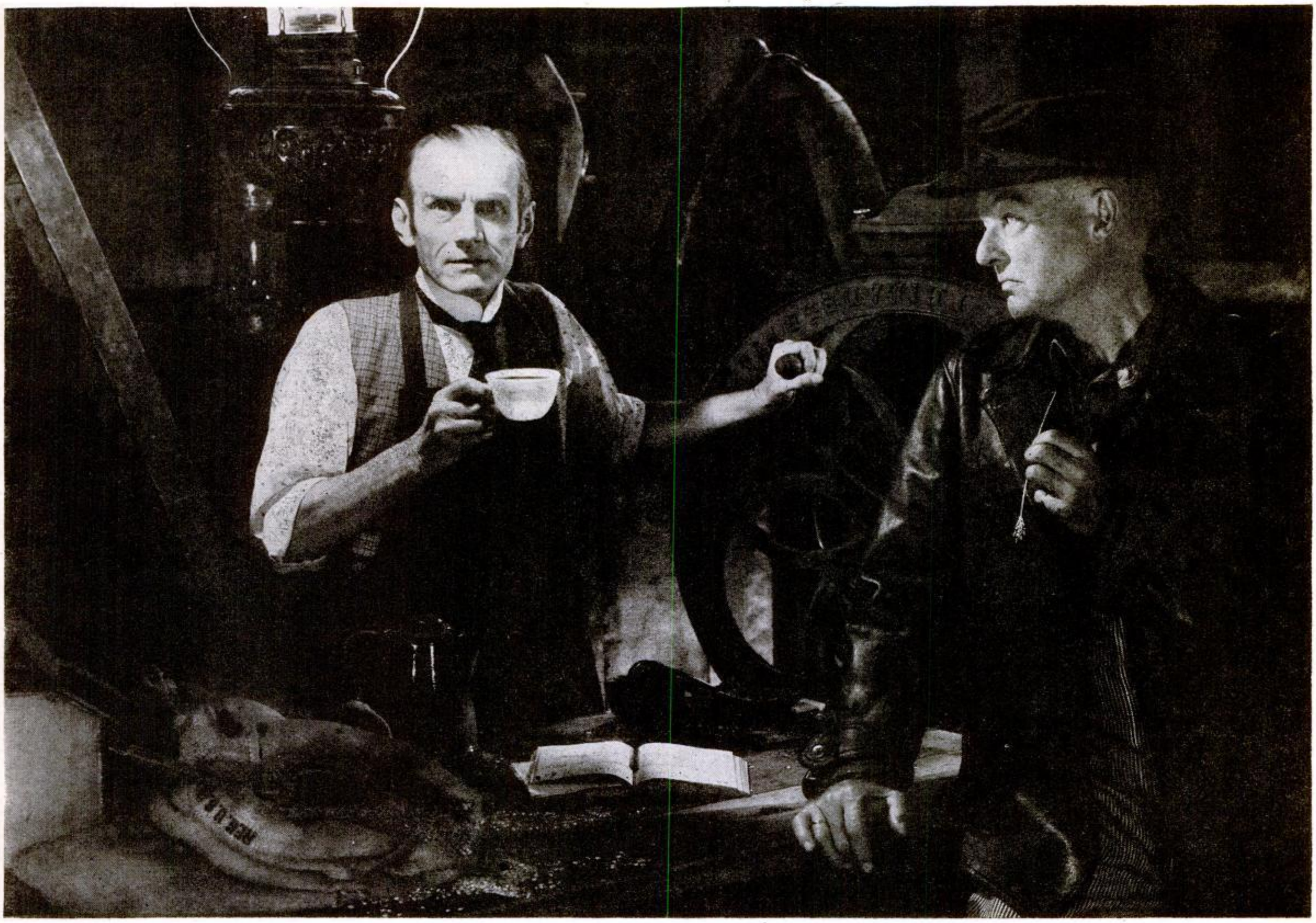
Star Fullback and Shot-Putter Felix Blanchard has a tremendous 220-lb. physique. This winter Blanchard decided to try the shot-put for variety. Though he had never done it before, he proceeded to win the IC4A meet with a heave of 48 ft. 3½ in.



Halfback and Basketball Captain Dale Hall, who co-starred with Blanchard in football last fall, and was one of the three backs to make a touchdown against Navy, is high scorer of the basketball team. This season he has averaged 14 points a game.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

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The grinder that ground out a thousand jobs...

A THOUSAND JOBS" is putting it mildly. And all because a middle-aged man, named C. W. Post, had an idea... an idea that called for the use of a second-hand coffee grinder, a discarded gasoline stove, an old white barn, and a borrowed $800—which he lost in the first year of the venture.

Out of the idea came Postum, the mealtime drink which Post peddled from horse and buggy, from store to store . . . the drink that grew from a business providing jobs for a few, to the great American mealtime drink that provides security for thousands.

Yes! Postum prospered! And, in prospering, created jobs where no jobs had ever existed before . . . work for farmers who produced more grain; work for railroads that hauled it; jobs for factory workers, work for wholesale and retail grocers.

These jobs provided pay and purchasing power, and helped create the prosperity that provided America with the highest standard of living that the world has ever known.

Today, everyone agrees that America's most pressing post-war problem is the making of steady, continuous employment for all who want to work.

Business can provide these jobs if we encourage today's C. W. Posts to put their ideas into practice . . . ideas that range all the way from building neighborhood businesses to expanding today's great industries . . . ideas for better products, for more products, for new products.

This is the way most Americans want their jobs to be made, through initiative and enterprise. But real success will depend on the rules and regulations under which business must operate. If these regulations result in the stifling of initiative, the discouragement of enterprise and the penalizing of its rewards . . . the alternative would probably be Government relief projects to make up the jobs, perhaps including even your job.

How many jobs business can make, and how quickly it can make them, depends partly on you. For you, through your opinions and your representatives, help make the rules and regulations under which business must operate.

Remember this . . . and whenever you're making up your mind about questions which affect business, ask yourself: "Will this measure help American enterprise make jobs?

In your answers may rest the future of your job, and the future of your country.

One big drop in the bucket

General Foods has 13,200 people on its payroll . . . 2,852 in the armed forces.

We will have jobs for our service people when they return. And in our company they will get a warm welcome and a generous restoration of all employee benefits as well.

Furthermore, through growth and development of our present products, and by launching new products immediately after the war, we expect to make many new jobs . . . jobs that don't exist today.

And remember, these are the plans of just *one* American business.

POSTUM  **IS A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS—AND AMERICAN ENTERPRISE**

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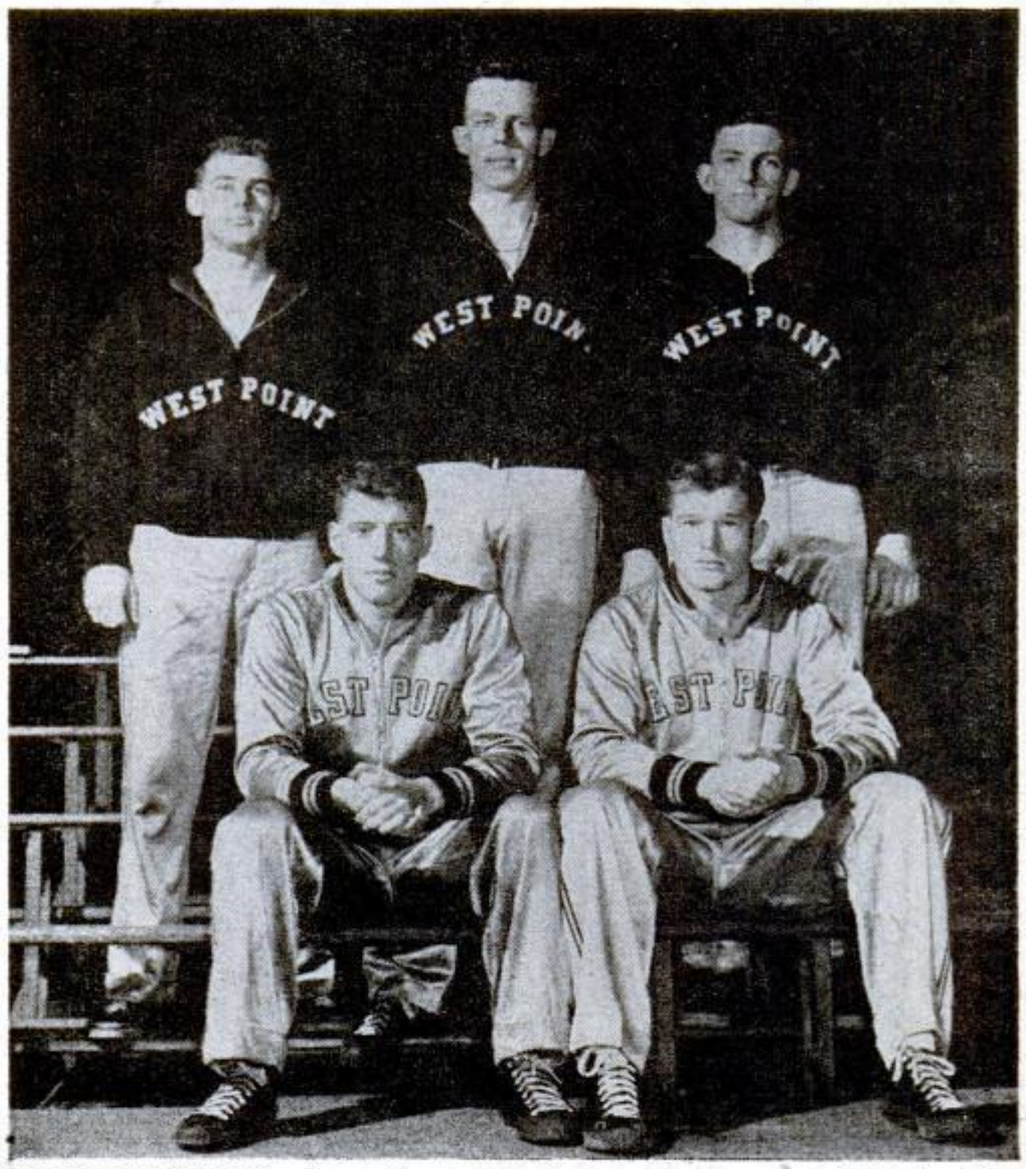
Army's Athletes (continued)



The indoor track team has not been defeated in any college competition this season. In New York's IC4A track meet the Academy team placed in 13 events and piled up a total of 73½ points, 25½ points more than the record for this 23-year-old meet.



The swimming team has gone through a season of nine meets without losing one. Last month West Point won a dual meet against the famed Yale swimming team, first time Yale had lost in 66 meets and five years of dual competition (LIFE, March 5).



The basketball team has lost only one game in more than two years. They beat the Navy team two weeks ago by the close score of 50–48. Shown in this starting line-up are (*seated, left to right*) Hall and Dobbs; (*standing, left to right*) Nance, Ekberg and Rafalko.

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It's that moment you've dreamed of, longed for, ached for . . . you and *your* man, home for keeps. Take down the stars, turn out the moon . . . you won't need them any more. Your eyes are aglow, your heart aflame. You were cold, you are warm; you were scared, you are safe . . . this is something old, something new, this is *forever*.

For today, tomorrow, and always, too, is the silverware we're planning for you . . . patterns as shiningly right as Community* has ever been, as precious as your dreams of tomorrow. Our craftsmen's hands have kept their skill, our designers' hearts are turning home. The day is drawing nearer, *the day will come*, when you'll have your house, *his* heart, and your own beloved *Community!*

*TRADEMARK

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THE FINEST SILVERPLATE



*Coronation Design

If it's Community . . . it's correct

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Bendix Radio will, of course, bring you the finest short-wave and static-free F. M. performance, and—when the time is ripe—television at its best. You can count on it, because Bendix Radio's background in radar, radio, and electronics is *unparalleled by any organization in the world.*

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CAROLINE O'CONNOR MODELS A WAC HAT WHICH LILLY DACHE HAS ENLIVENED WITH PINK ROSES AND BLUE AND GREEN RIBBONS. IT CAN BE WORN OFF FACE OR ON THE BROW

WAC HATS A LA MODE

Dache transforms discarded Army headgear into gay Easter bonnets

Since Dec. 1 the Treasury has been wistfully trying to sell 76,712 WAC hats. The hats became surplus property when the WAC discarded them for the plain overseas cap. They cost the U.S. $168,766 but the Treasury said it would listen to any reasonable offer.

As an experiment LIFE turned ten of the hats over to Lilly Dache, world-famed modiste, and asked her to see what could be done with them, using only inexpensive materials. Miss Dache herself snipped off visors or crowns or pie-shaped sections, then added ribbons, flowers and veils. In one surgical triumph she cut visor from crown, decorated each and made two hats grow where but one grew before. Her Easterlike results appear on these pages. No sooner had Miss Dache solved the surplus hat problem than the Army belatedly remembered that the hats are distinctive parts of a uniform and unsalable. Last week the Treasury was trying to find a way around this difficulty.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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Northrop Black Widow Night Fighter

PRESTIGE ESTABLISHED IN THOUSANDS OF COMBAT MISSIONS!

The Champion Spark Plugs you buy today for your car, bus, truck or tractor are blood brothers to the Champion-Ceramic Aircraft Spark Plugs which are setting such outstanding records for performance and dependability in our most powerful aircraft engines. This prestige and the same basic materials, precision workmanship and dependable performance that make Champion's record unique in fighter planes and bombers, insure a generous extra measure of performance and dependability in every engine. Demand dependable Champion Spark Plugs. Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo 1, Ohio.

DEPENDABLE

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

Buy More and More War Bonds Until the Day of Victory

WAC Hats à la Mode (continued)



ADDING RED NET, RED RIBBONS TO FRONT TWO THIRDS MAKES HAT A BONNET



EASTER BONNET EMERGES WHEN BACK IS SLICED, WHITE FLOWERS ARE ADDED



STAR SEQUINS, RED AND BLACK RIBBONS, LOWERED CROWN MAKE SPORT HAT

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VISORLESS HAT BECOMES PILLBOX. DÉCOR: RIBBON, GOLD STAR AND BRAID



WAC VISOR ALONE PLUS 54 INCHES OF GAY RIBBON MAKES THIS DRESSY HAT



THE REMAINDER OF HAT ABOVE MAKES A SECOND CREATION SHOWN ON P. 47

ADVERTISEMENT

VITAMINS

A "War Stamp" on your health?

Hard to measure, yet important to America's future, is the imprint that these war years are leaving upon civilian health.

Most civilians would probably contend that actually they are having an easy time of it. And so they are—as contrasted with the military, or with the populations of many war-torn countries.

Yet today, many Americans who have "never been sick a day in their lives" are suffering from nervous indigestion, excessive fatigue, irritability, loss of energy—all common results of the added tension of wartime living.

While these ailments cannot be entirely avoided, they can be held to a minimum if this simple rule is kept in mind: *additional strains on health demand that additional care be given its maintenance.*



ENERGY TO SPARE
but not without vitamins

Millions deficient!

Strangely enough, in this land of comparative plenty, one of the most neglected factors in health maintenance is diet. In fact, as shown by United States Government Surveys and other unbiased studies, literally millions of Americans—rich, poor and in-between—are not getting enough vitamins and minerals from their meals.

A recent study at a world famous technological institute reaffirmed the extent of these dietary deficiencies; showed that of the families tested, 9 out of 10 did not get sufficient vitamins and minerals from their meals to meet Recommended Dietary Allowances.

No real reason

If these deficiencies were difficult to avoid, their prevalence would be more understandable. Science has proven, however, that such deficiencies can be easily prevented.

Towards this end, many doctors today are recommending dietary supplements, and among these supplements perhaps the best known is Vimms. For unlike most vitamin products, Vimms contain all the



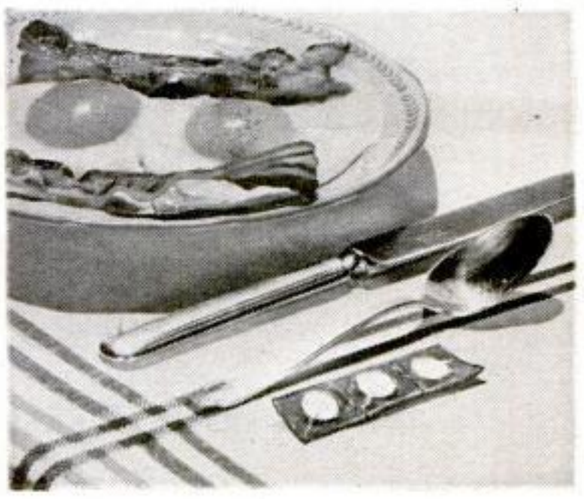
X-RAY RESEARCH
shows need for minerals, too

vitamins that are essential in the diet, and all the commonly lacking minerals as well.

Medical recommendations

Besides assuring an adequate vitamin intake (Vimms meet Medical Councils' recommendations for multi-vitamin compounds) Vimms supply Iron for good red blood, Calcium and Phosphorus for strong bones, teeth and body tissue.

Now, scientists found that if all the vitamins and minerals in three Vimms were made into a single tablet, it would be too big to swallow easily. That is why



MODERN BREAKFAST SETTING
full daily supply of vitamins and minerals

Vimms come in 3 small tablets to be taken daily—preferably at breakfast. Actually no one-per-day product gives you all the vitamins and minerals you get in Vimms. Moreover, Vimms are pleasant-tasting, have no aftertaste.

Three Vimms daily will raise the average diet up to or above the Recommended Daily Allowances, as adopted by the National Research Council.

VIMMS

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Why be Irritated?



Light an Old Gold!

Apple "Honey" helps guard O. Gs. from Cigarette Dryness

You walk off with a prize—when you discover Old Gold's extra pleasure and its special protection from cigarette dryness! . . .

For here's a delightfully mellow blend of many choice tobaccos—including a touch of rare, imported Latakia leaf for *extra flavor*. Plus the special moisture-protecting agent which we call Apple "Honey", made from the juice of fresh apples. This helps hold in the natural moisture, *helps guard against cigarette dryness.*

Try a pack . . . and see why Old Gold's popularity has tripled! (If your dealer's supply is short today, just ask again tomorrow. We're doing our best to keep up.)



KEEP ON BUYING
WAR BONDS

LISTEN TO
WHICH IS WHICH?
Wednesday Evenings CBS—and
THE COMEDY THEATRE
Sunday Evenings NBC

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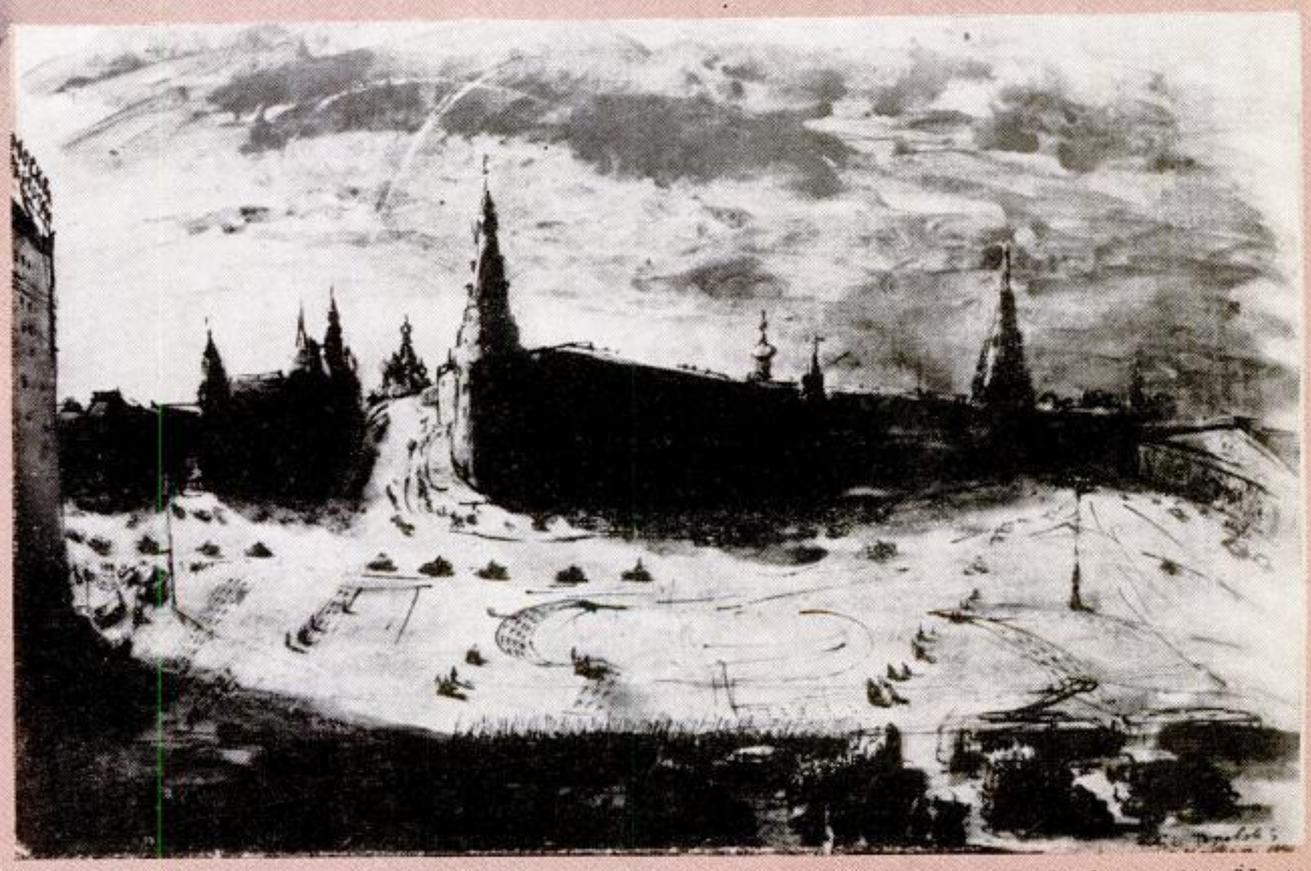
TOPOLSKI DRAWS RED ARMY "TATSHANKA" (HORSE-DRAWN MACHINE GUN) IN A SWIRL OF SEEMINGLY CARELESS LINES THAT GIVE FEELING OF SOLID BODIES IN WILD MOVEMENT

Feliks Topolski

POLISH ARTIST SKETCHES THE WAR ALL THE WAY AROUND THE WORLD

Probably no artist has seen so much of this war as Feliks Topolski, a 37-year-old Pole who found himself in England at the invasion of Poland. Since then he has drawn and painted the emotional essence of the London blitz, of reeling Russia in the autumn of 1941, of the American Army in England, the Near East, India, Burma, China, East Africa and Italy. Seen on these pages are some of his war sketches. Though Topolski is the official war artist of the Polish government in London, he has been one of the most powerful interpreters for the Soviet war effort. His lines are wild, whirling and deceptively wavering, but substantial, living, clearly seen figures emerge from behind the veil of emotion.





THE KREMLIN in Moscow, with Red Square dotted with men and tanks, is seen at the hour when Nazis approached in the autumn of 1941. At left is a Slavonic lecturer in Moscow's Pedagogical Institute.

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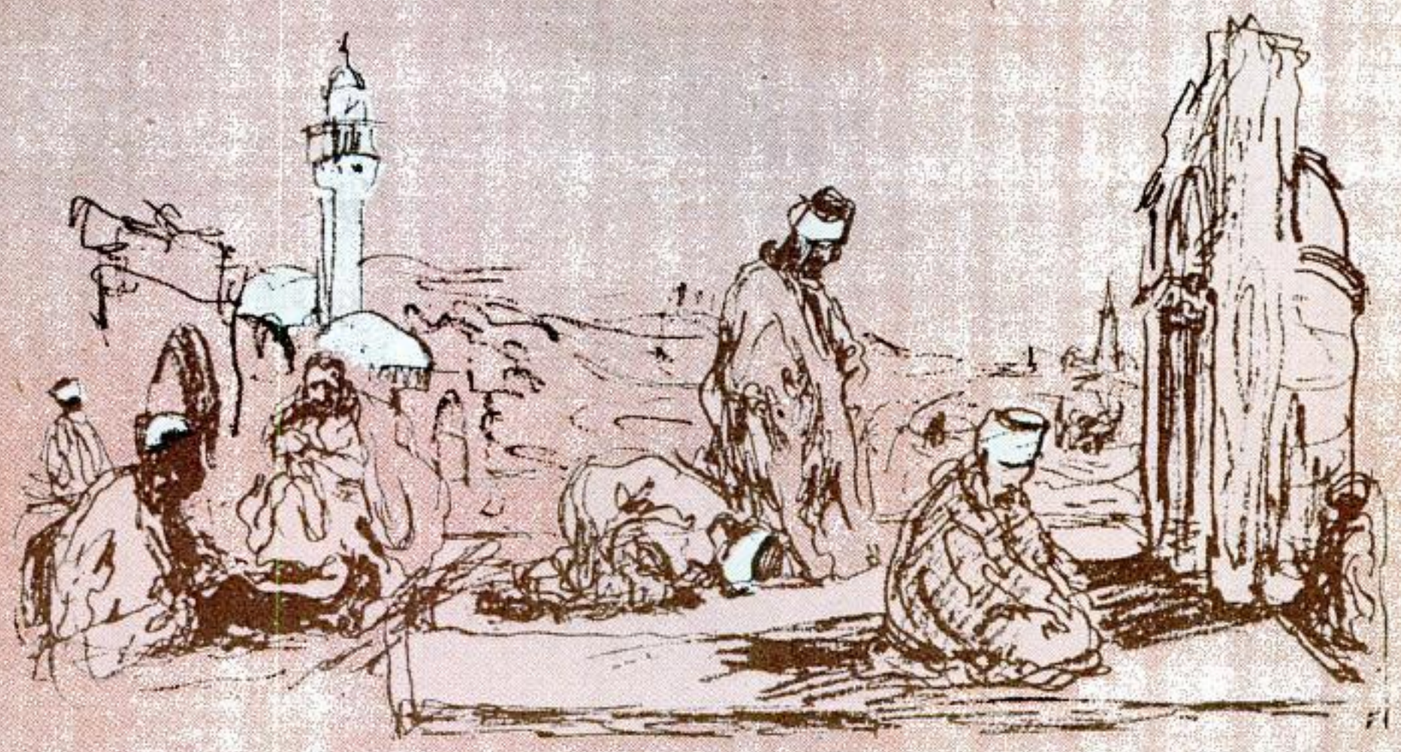
ACROSS DESERT PLAIN OF EGYPT'S UPPER NILE, THE CARRIAGES AND HIGH-STEPPING HORSES OF A WEDDING PROCESSION FOLLOW A BAND WHICH RIDES IN THE FIRST CARRIAGE



THIS IS THE NEAR EAST: A FRENCH SENEGALESE SENTRY AT HEADQUARTERS IN BEYROUTH, SYRIA; JEWS AT JERUSALEM'S WAILING WALL; VICHY OFFICERS SWAGGERING IN SYRIA



INDIA'S MOSLEM LEADER MAHOMED ALI JINNAH AT HIS HOME



PALESTINE ARABS PRAY AT OMAR MOSQUE IN JERUSALEM. THE DRAWING CATCHES DIFFICULT POSTURES

PEOPLE OF NEAR AND FAR EAST

Topolski, the Pole, is so far beyond nationality that each of these disparate peoples, separated by eons of fanaticisms, is seen as singly as if each alone existed. The arrogant and the humble of the world are rendered equally, without rancor or contempt, in the extraordinary sleight-of-hand of his casual and subtle line. Only such an artist could draw the peoples of this war, seeing all their courage, terror, humor, and pathos. Born in Warsaw in 1907, Topolski is a second lieutenant in the Polish Artillery Reserve, journeyed around the wartime world as the official artist attached to Polish diplomatic missions. In London he was sketching an old church by Sir Christopher Wren when a bomb blew up both church and Topolski, who survived. His work is now on exhibition in New York's Knoedler art galleries.



YOUNG RAJPUT MAHARAJA OF JAIPUR (LOWER LEFT), IN LIFE GUARDS UNIFORM, WATCHES DANCING GIRL





IN INDIA ARTIST SKETCHED JAIPUR'S ARMY OF RAJPUT HINDUS (LEFT) AND GANDHI, AFTER RELEASE, SITTING ON BEACH AT JULU (RIGHT) WITH ENGLISH FOLLOWER, MISS SLADE

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IN THE BATHS OF CHUNGKING, TOPOLSKI SKETCHES A PROSPEROUS CHINESE ENJOYING STEAM BATHS AND MASSAGE, GREAT LUXURIES IN THE WAR-WRACKED CHINESE CAPITAL



CHINESE REFUGEES ON THE ROAD, SOLDIERS AND AN AMAZING RAGGED COOLIE FILL TOPOLSKI'S CHINA SKETCHBOOK WITH A CAST OF SHREWDLY PERCEIVED CHARACTERS

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Pretty
Easter Shoes



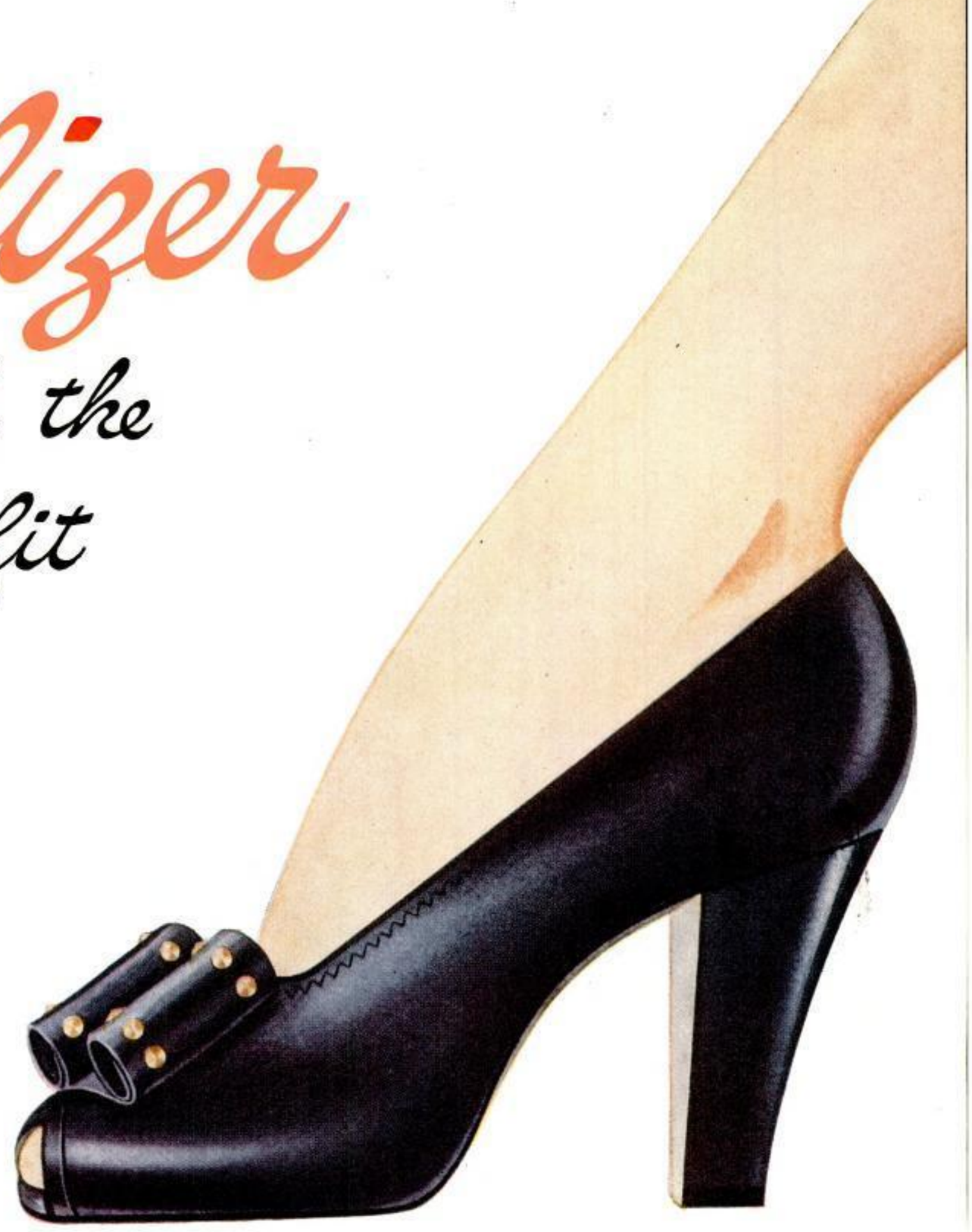
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Want to get somewhere quickly? To your suburban home? To another city a hundred miles away? You can do it some day in a Helicopter Sky-Cab, say well-known transportation companies—at rates just slightly higher than the cheapest transportation.

THE amazing helicopter—which ascends and descends vertically within a relatively small space—opens up countless new ways, new reasons for peacetime flight.

Mechanical problems presented by this type of aircraft are being solved in a continuous refinement and progression. Already, its value and versatility have been proved by the military services. And great railroad, bus and airline companies have applied for operating franchises covering some 100,000 miles.

Intriguing as it is, the helicopter is but one of the many remarkable aircraft types you'll be able to choose from in the new air age. There'll also be marvelously advanced fixed-wing types—sports planes, family planes, small amphibians, perhaps even a half-plane, half-auto. For long distance travel, you'll ride in faster, war-improved airliners—in big multi-decked stratosphere ships making New York to London an afternoon's hop. And keep an eye to the sky for giant Goodyear dirigibles—greater than any yet built—that will take you on smooth, comfortable, luxurious 'round-the-world cruises.

Yes, the era of peacetime flight is going to bring adventure and progress to you, to America, and to all peace-loving nations. But with it will come a responsibility that every American must share—

We must keep America first in the air!

Airpower will be the greatest single factor in permanent world peace. This means that America must maintain a great military airpower, great private and commercial operations—all backed by the air-mindedness of every citizen.

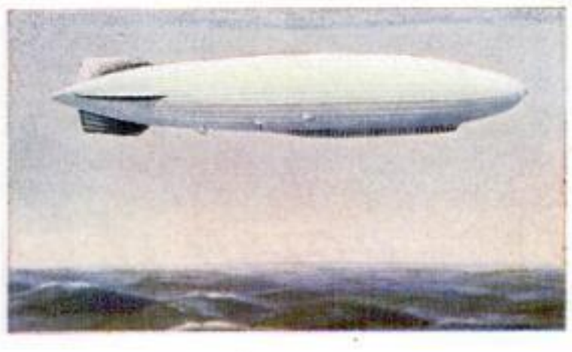
Just what can you do about it? First of all, be ready to accept the post-war Age of Flight. Encourage all air progress—Federal, State, and your own community's. Fly whenever and wherever you can . . . consider the eventual purchase of your own small airplane. Live and think aviation. *And never let America lose hold of its priceless air leadership—the support of future peace on earth.*

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Western Barbecue by FLETCHER MARTIN

One of a series of typical American scenes and customs painted by America's foremost artists



A barbecue on one of our great western ranches, clambakes on New England's beaches, ball games on a sand lot or in a big-league stadium . . . all these are America, the land we love, the land that today we fight for.

In this America of tolerance and good humor, of neighborliness and pleasant living, perhaps no beverage more fittingly belongs than wholesome, friendly beer. And the right to enjoy this beverage of moderation . . . this, too, is part of our own American heritage of personal freedom.

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NEARING RENDEZVOUS WITH PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, KING IBN SAUD PATIENTLY AWAITS LOWERING OF GANGPLANK AS DESTROYER CREW AND ROYAL PARTY STAND AT ATTENTION

IBN SAUD'S VOYAGE

U.S. DESTROYER CREATES NAVAL HISTORY WITH DECK FULL OF ROYALTY, SHEEP AND COFFEE-MAKERS

by ENSIGN W. BARRY McCARTHY, USNR

Our assignment was simply to proceed to Jidda, Saudi Arabia, and take aboard King Abdul Aziz Ibn Saud, then return to Great Bitter Lake with as much speed and secrecy as possible.

We left President Roosevelt's cruiser at Great Bitter Lake, midway through the Suez Canal, and steamed south into the Red Sea. At 10:30 on the morning of Feb. 11 we sighted Jidda, a flat, dusty collection of muddy-looking little buildings that sat huddled together on the sandy flat below the mountains. Far to the right, looking like a mirage, was one of the King's palaces. To the left a cluster of giant oil-storage tanks testified to the presence of Western industry.

We were moving in slowly, mindful of reefs, when word reached the bridge that a small boat was coming alongside. We stopped our engines. A rough wooden dhow, manned by three curious natives, tied up to us. One barefooted figure emerged and came bounding up our ladders. His face was a hard leather color and was framed in a cropped black beard. He bounded forward to our captain, who asked, "You are our pilot?"

"My name," he said, "Mohammed Ebraham Salamah. You want to go in, captain?" He didn't wait for an answer. "Very well, I very good pilot. I take you."

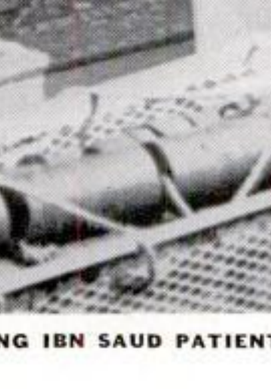
He began to move about as though the issue was settled and he was ready to take command. The captain's question stopped him.

"You were sent from the legation to meet us?"

Mohammed reached into his tunic, shoved a handful of papers into the captain's hand and launched into a sales talk:

"You know Blue Funnel Line, captain? Before war, I am pilot for Blue Funnel Line. Go all over on vacation—Holland, England. In England they tell me: 'Not go to New York, Mohammed. Not go. Too cold in New York.' Don't worry, captain, I'm very good pilot."

Then he turned to the other officers and, waving an emphatic finger high over his head, he cried, "My father pilot 46 years. My great grand-



Ensign W. Barry McCarthy is a deck officer on the American destroyer which carried King Ibn Saud to his recent meeting with President Roosevelt. Along with the other officers, he received a ceremonial Arabian headdress from the Arabian King. After posing for this photograph, Ensign McCarthy sent his regalia to his fiancée, who is a coed at the University of Southern California.

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IBN SAUD'S VOYAGE (continued)

father before that. But this first American warship come here. Wait I tell him tonight!"

We had to get into port and, since Mohammed was obviously a qualified pilot, it was agreed that we would trust him. Mohammed took command of the ship with a laconic pronouncement: "I think we go ahead now."

He bounded off to the wing of the bridge, shouting some unintelligible order to his boat crew. Then he took stock of our position. He wasn't interested in charts. He guided the ship by mountain peaks, reefs, marks on the beach and the color of the water. We felt sure he could have tasted it and given us the correct latitude and longitude.

Three miles from the beach the water became so shallow that we dropped anchor. Our captain and commodore went ashore to the American Legation and at 4 p.m. they returned in our whaleboat with the King's Minister of Finance and Deputy Minister of Foreign Affairs, who were to acquaint us with Ibn Saud's needs. One of the first things needed, it developed, was a small tent under which he could pray. But as they talked further, the proposed tent grew in size until it was agreed that the entire gun mount of Gun Number 1 would be covered with canvas. To the men on the bridge who saw it from above, this tent was known as the "Big Top," and to those who built it, it was "The Hotel." That night the wood and canvas were brought out to us by natives in sambouks and dhows. Our five-inch gun was pointed to the sky to serve as a kind of center pole for the tent.

Colonel William A. Eddy, the American minister to Saudi Arabia, told us that King Ibn Saud had desired to feed our entire crew and wanted to bring 85 sheep aboard, but he had explained that the ship was equipped to feed everyone. As a result His Majesty was taking only enough meat aboard to feed his own party of 48.

The following morning a small boat pulled alongside and all activity except work on the Big Top ceased. The boat was laden with 12 sheep which were handed over the side, one by one. Our stunned crew reacted with ingenuity. Several men quickly improvised a sheep pen by stringing ropes from one depth charge to another on the stern. Here, too, was stored the sheep's feed, and here during the trip they were slaughtered and bled, hanging from the flagstaff.

The sheep were followed by other boats bearing royal gilded chairs, bundles of hay, large kitchen pots and giant silver platters. There were about 10 boatloads of such personal belongings aboard when the King's entourage began arriving

King comes with coffee

Just before noon, when the King was due aboard, we fired two salutes, one to Jidda and the other to the King as he approached. The second drew an answering salute from an ancient fieldpiece which sounded as though it had fired its last shot. We broke Navy precedent by firing single bursts of 40-mm. antiaircraft shells instead of the usual five-inch gun salute. The crew manning the rails stood at attention as the whaleboat, piloted by an ecstatic Mohammed, pulled alongside. Then, to avoid discomfiture of the King, the entire boat was slowly hoisted up over the side. We noticed then that a charcoal fire was burning in the boat, heating the King's ceremonial coffee. The King's face was impassive, as if all this was usual procedure for him. He simply rose to his full 6 feet and 4 inches, stepped out of the whaleboat to the deck, followed by his brother, his two sons and the Deputy Minister of Foreign Affairs.

The King came forward to Colonel Eddy and shook hands with him and with the captain and commodore. Then the entire royal party retired to the tent. Thirty minutes later, with Mohammed waving and shouting goodbys from his small boat, we steamed away from Jidda. By sunset we were out of sight of land and, as we turned north, members of the royal party began to filter out of the tent and set up their coffee-makers at various points on deck. At the same time our quartermaster began making reports to the King on the proper relative bearing to Mecca. This he determined by taking readings from charts. With this information the King and royal princes under the tent and the other Arabs on deck would bow and say their prayers to Allah five times a day.

The weather was clear but the wind was from the north. This meant a white-capped sea all the way to Jubal Strait and up to the port of Suez. In any sea a destroyer is not a stable thing. Ibn Saud showed no effects from the ship's motion, but the members of his party were poor sailors. Our ship's force was to have its work cut out for it, washing decks and bulwarks each morning. On his first night aboard the King and all his 10 princes dined with our commodore. One by one, as the ship rolled and swayed, the princes rose and left, until only Ibn Saud and the commodore were left. The rest of the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

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His greatest danger—the "other fellow's cold"

One danger only you can guard your baby against is the "other fellow's cold." An ordinary cold, carelessly passed on, can be the start of a dread illness for your tiny baby; in fact, no other illness causes so many fatalities among infants as respiratory infections and their frightening complications.

The best possible way to protect your baby from the "other fellow's cold" is to see that he never comes in contact with it. But suppose a member of your family gets a cold—or you yourself?

Guard him with a protective mask

The next best thing to keeping your baby completely isolated from every person with a cold is to reduce the risk of contagion with a protective mask. Wear one yourself, if you have a cold, whenever you are near him and when you prepare his food . . . and make no exception to this rule for any other person.

Tissue mask quick and easy to make

If you do not have a supply of standard hospital masks on hand, you can easily make an emergency mask of tissue. Just take two thicknesses of ScotTissue, cover your nose and mouth, and pin or tie at the back of your head. Clinical tests prove that two thicknesses of ScotTissue effectively trap germs, and greatly reduce the danger of contagion.

Never before has it been so vitally important to keep your baby strong and well . . . to take these wise protective measures against the serious danger of respiratory infection.



Tiny hands, reaching out so trustingly . . . a symbol of how much your baby needs your strength and wisdom . . . a need that is greater than ever today when the world is faced with a serious medical shortage.



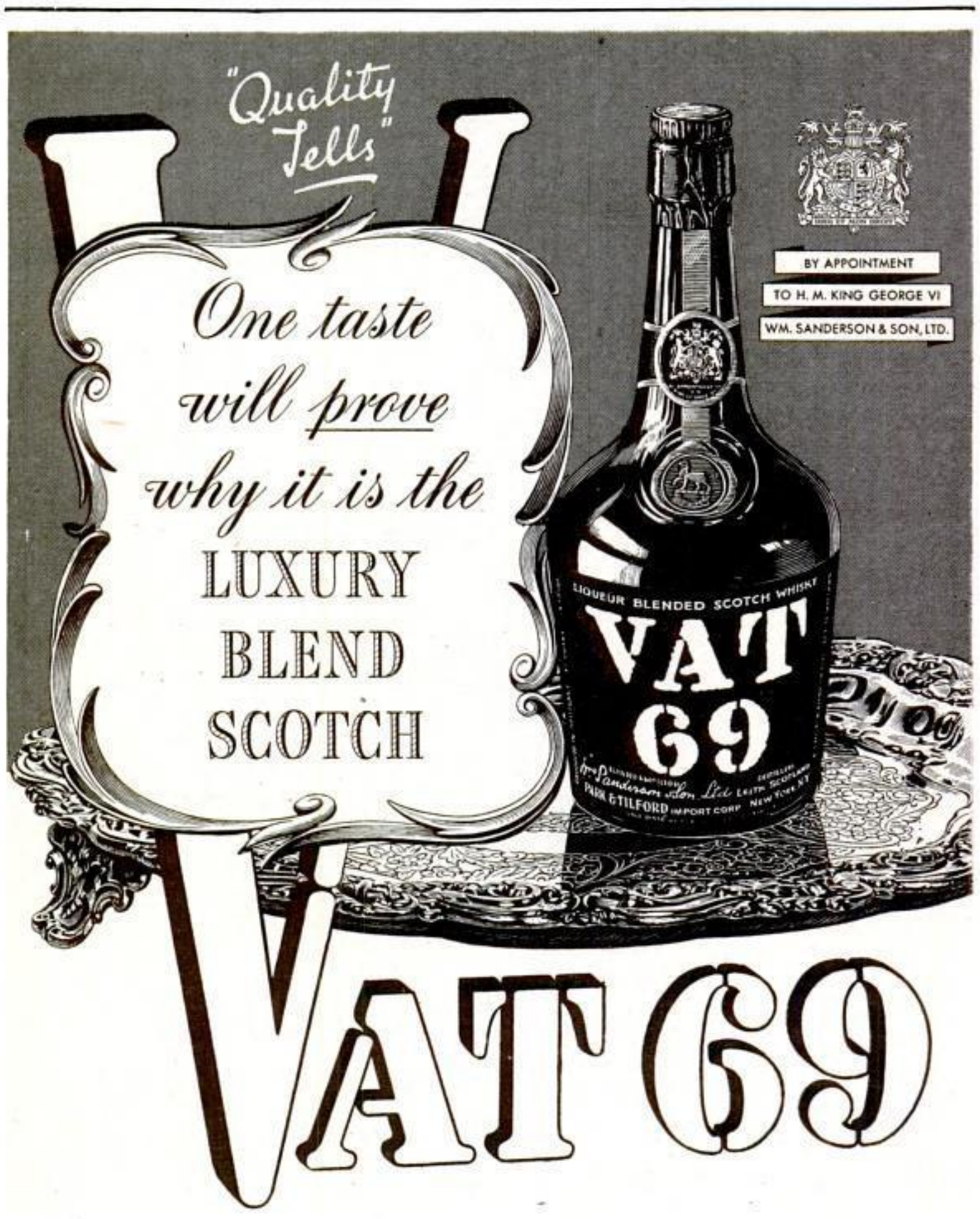
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IBN SAUD'S VOYAGE (continued)

royal party spent most of its dinner hour in eloquent postures at or near the rail.

That first night marked another departure from Navy doctrine. Usually blacked out at nightfall, the destroyer now glowed continuously on the forecastle with light from Ibn Saud's tent. About the deck, among the more sheltered places, the Arabs had set up small charcoal fires for coffee-making. One of the sailors on watch, making a routine check, came upon an Arab setting up his brazier with flaming charcoal in our handling room, the magazine where we kept ammunition ready for immediate use. With much arm-waving in the general direction of Mecca, he quickly convinced the Arab that we might all end up there unless he moved his fire. He moved it.

Absent from the royal party was the King's eldest son, Emir Saud, who had been left at home in Riyadh to act as king during his father's trip. They kept in close touch, however, through an ingenious transmitting arrangement. Mohammed Abdul Djither, Arabia's chief communications and radio officer, was established in our communications shack where, with the aid of our communications officer, he spent long hours merging his country's Arabic with the international code and marking a milestone in code with his opening and closing words.

"O.K.!" the ship would flash to Mecca, to open an exchange of messages.

"O.K.!" Mecca would flash back.

Then the message.

Finally, back from Mecca would crackle a parting, "O.K.!"

And the ship would sign off: "O.K.!"

One big concern as the Big Top was raised was the protection it provided from the waves. Ibn Saud had been offered the commodore's stateroom for a berth, but so pleased was he with the tent and its array of the royal rugs that he and his intimates decided to remain there all night. However, near midnight a high wave broke over the bow, washing under the tent, soaking the carpets and the sleeping royalty. From the bridge we saw them scurry out at the unexpected shower. That night and for the rest of the trip Ibn Saud slept in the commodore's stateroom. He would return during the day to hold court in the Big Top.

The King shakes hands

The following morning King Ibn Saud held a reception for officers on the torpedo deck. One by one we stepped forward to place our hands in his huge palm. He would nod his head several times as each officer approached and gesture with his right palm as though he were giving a blessing. Behind him as always stood his ten tall, lean bodyguards, chosen for their warlike prowess from the ten principal tribes in the Nejd hills of Saudi Arabia.

The entire reception took about ten minutes and we started to withdraw, when he insisted on shaking hands again. We hesitated but Colonel Eddy said, "His Majesty insists..." so we shook again. Then Ibn Saud sat back to watch us demonstrate our armament.

We fired depth charges, which rattle the ship. Although Ibn Saud couldn't have expected the terrific jarring that followed, his face was impassive. He didn't blink once but simply nodded reflectively. When we fired tracers his party buzzed with conversation and we took the opportunity to instruct the chief of the King's guards, Brigadier Sa'id Gaudet, and his adjutant in firing our submachine guns and .45 pistols. They were fascinated, but when they began to ignore the fact that the submachine-gun bullets could carry a mile and began spraying their fire exuberantly in no particular direction, we discreetly halted the demonstration and proceeded to lunch. There we learned that all the officers had been invited to dine that night with the King.

Meanwhile, in the galley, the royal interpreter was required to unscramble the King's cooks and ours. Arabian and American food was getting mixed up and the cooks of the two nations were getting even more confused as they gesticulated over which half of the galley belonged to the Eastern and which to the Western world. Finally, a rigid line was established and the cooking went on in comparative quiet.

After lunch we had scheduled showings of two movies, *Janie* and *Best Foot Forward*, in the Big Top. The royal party acted like tickled children. Between the two films they rushed back and forth, chattering excitedly, waving to one another and shouting. They were goggle-eyed at the elaborate color, lilting rhythms and M-G-M dancing girls of *Best Foot Forward*. A sensation was caused by one sequence in which Lucille Ball's gown is ripped off. The Arabs nudged each other in the ribs, their voices buzzed excitedly and they smiled broadly. So did we.

At sundown the 17 officers filed in under the King's tent for the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 64

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IBN SAUD'S VOYAGE (continued)

banquet. The food was spread on a huge white tablecloth laid over the carpet. On a platter that was easily three feet square was a huge mess of rice and lamb piled about two feet deep. Around it was a series of smaller platters heaped with chopped potatoes, onions, tomatoes and other vegetables. As we entered, Ibn Saud was standing to shake our hands—the third handshake that day. We squatted on our haunches, native style, and watched the King as he dug into the food with his right hand, the Arabian custom. We tried to follow suit but found that we had to use both hands.

All around us were the King's bodyguards and porters, most of them having difficulty concealing the smiles which were inspired by our clumsy attempts to eat Arab style. Behind the King stood Abdullah Ibn Abdul Wahid, Chief Server of Ceremonial Coffee, who held the royal coffee cups until they were needed, and Abdul Rahman Ibn Abdul Wahid, the Second Server of Coffee, who held the water from Mecca—only water that Ibn Saud drinks. Beside them stood another native whose job seemed mainly to be holding the King's water glass.

Between mouthfuls of the highly spiced food and between gestures of the right hand with which he casually commanded the movements of his servants, Ibn Saud carried on a conversation through Colonel Eddy. The colonel would say, "His Majesty wishes his American friends to know that he appreciates the opportunity of living with them." Then he would concentrate again on his food. After dinner, a luxurious hammered-metal bowl filled with rosewater was passed from hand to hand. In the center it had an island equipped with Lux toilet soap. The servants also passed around what we thought was a small whisk broom about four inches long. When Ibn Saud reached into it, plucked out a straw and began probing his teeth with it, we realized that this was the Arabian toothpick. Most of the officers saved the toothpicks as mementos.

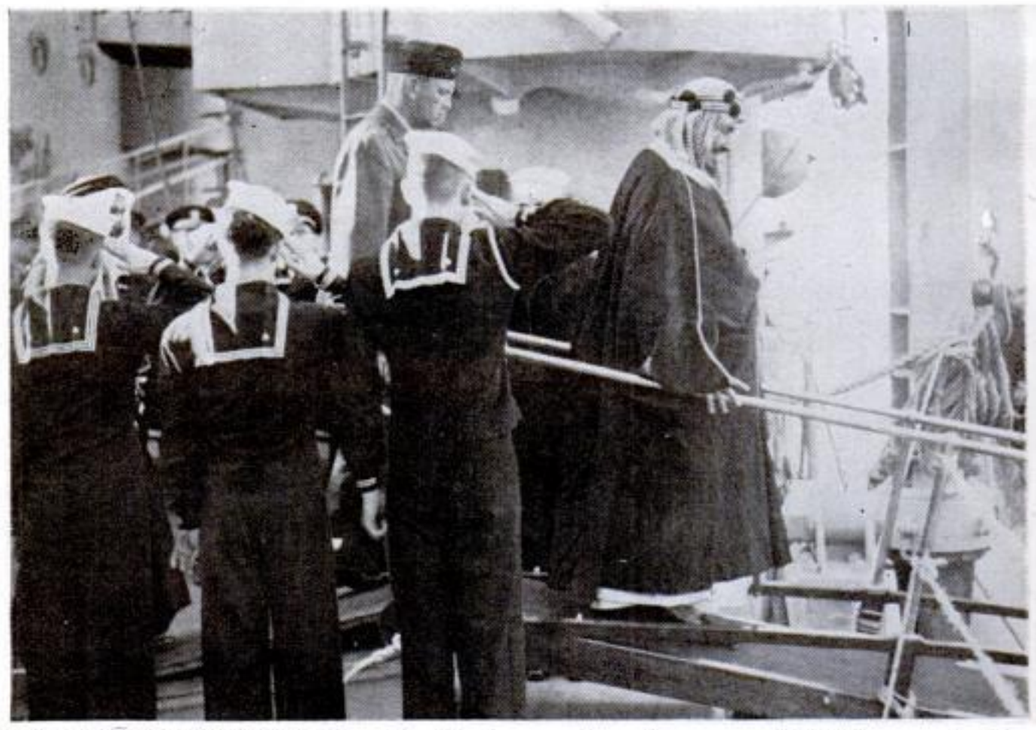
His Majesty sleeps at the movie

Later, we all sat back to watch our third and last movie together, *The Fighting Lady*. For the first five reels the King seemed extremely interested, talking constantly with his interpreter but shifting uneasily at the constant gunfire. At the fifth reel, however, he fell sound asleep.

On the morning of Feb. 14, as we neared our rendezvous point under a clear sky, the tent was folded and the sheep corral was taken apart. The rugs remained down, however, and King Ibn Saud's royal chairs were turned to face the direction of the President's cruiser.

As we made our way through Great Bitter Lake we were called together by Sheikh Yussuf Yassin, Deputy Minister of Foreign Affairs, who announced that all the officers and crew were to receive presents from His Majesty. Twelve thousand dollars in Egyptian currency were to be distributed, with $40 for each seaman and $60 for each petty officer. All the officers were then presented with royal ceremonial costumes consisting of gold headdress and a soft cashmere shawl.

At 11 a.m. we drew alongside the President's cruiser in complete silence except for the bosun's piping. The cruiser lowered her gangway as her crew and ours stood at attention. Ibn Saud slowly drew himself up out of his royal gilded chair, stepped forward a few paces and walked firmly and smilingly up to his historic meeting with President Roosevelt.



After date in Suez Canal, King Ibn Saud returned to destroyer which later took him to meet Prime Minister Churchill. Arabian monarch sailed home on British destroyer.

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"Darling, I *must* warn you — Mother will show you the door!"

Suppose you were visiting your new mother-in-law for the first time. Suppose your husband told you — but wait! It's not what you think.





1 "So you are Bob's Mary! Welcome home, my dear. You children must be starving after that long train ride. Just drop your things anywhere and come right on out in the kitchen. I'll fix you a snack in a jiffy!"



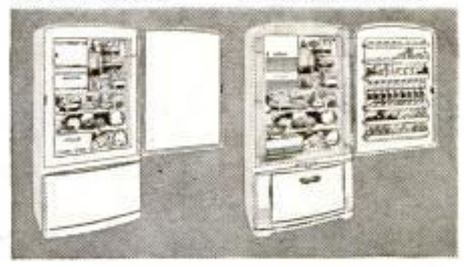
2 "Bob, you idiot! So this refrigerator door is the door your Mother shows me! It's wonderful! All that extra food where you can reach it so easily! Bob, we *must* have a Crosley with the Shelvador* for our new home!"



3 In the Bob-and-Mary dream kitchen of tomorrow there'll be great times! Bob with veteran appetite, will lead raiding parties on the front-line ranks of Shelvador* food. Mary will prepare meals "on the double" — the double array of front-row food in the Crosley Shelvador*. Yes — the Crosley Shelvador* is worth waiting for.

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REMEMBER: New Crosley Refrigerators with the Shelvador* will give you every modern improvement in home refrigeration PLUS the exclusive, patented Shelvador*. No other refrigerator can give you the Shelvador* — none can be truly complete without it.



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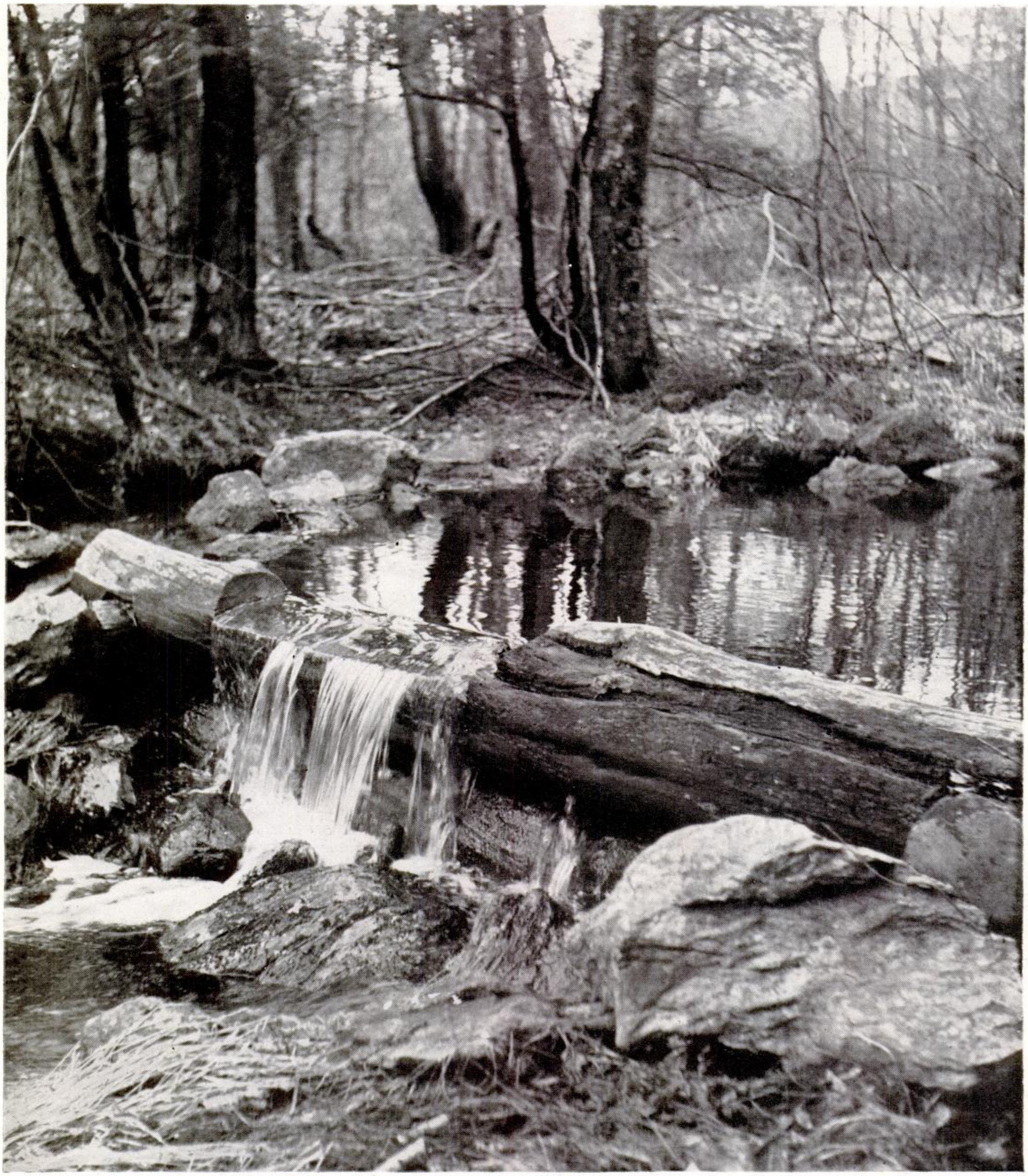
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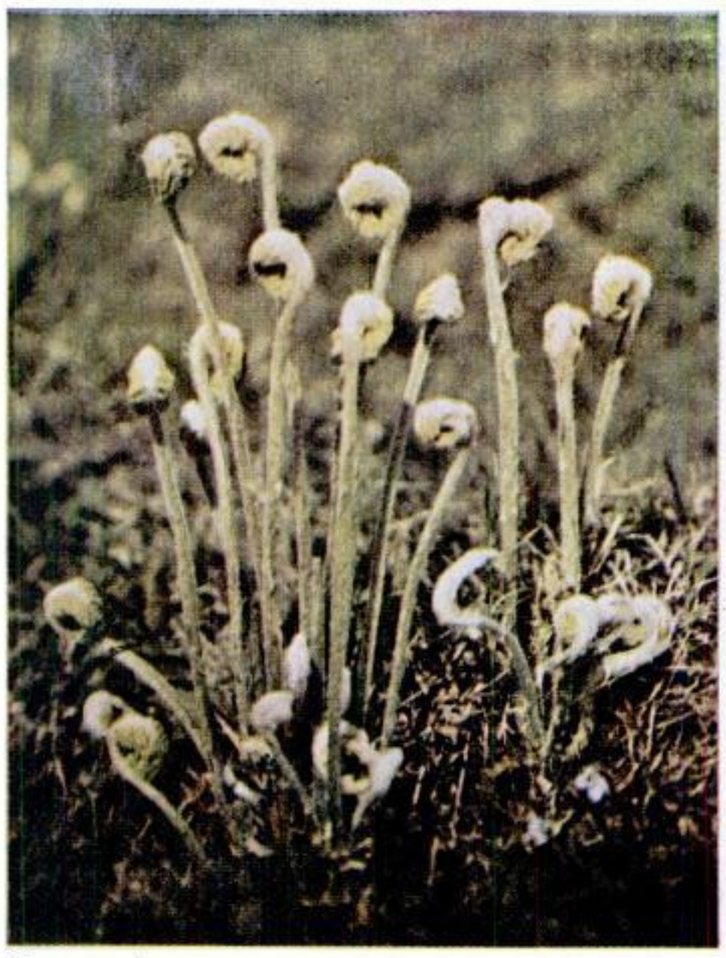
THIS IS THE KIND OF PLACE WHERE SPRING FLOWERS COME FIRST. AT THIS TIME TREES CAST NO SHADE AND THE MOIST RICH SOIL ALONG THE BROOK IS OPEN TO THE SUN

Spring Wildflowers

By now the spring sun has brought the violets into full bloom in Texas, opened the Hepaticas in Indiana and brightened the woods in Washington with golden buttercups. In most of the country the moss has already begun to show green, the tree buds have swelled to the point of bursting and the skunk cabbage has poked its speckled shell up through the wet, swampy ground.

Once the skunk cabbage is well up, spring's wildflowers come along quickly. They open first in the places where the sun is the warmest. Right after the skunk cabbage the Hepaticas and ferns come. Then follow the Trilliums, the columbine and the Jack-in-the-pulpits. By the time the maple leaves are out, the wild geraniums and the wild azaleas are out, too. Then, as thick tree shade covers the places where the early spring flowers grow, the buttercups and wild strawberries begin to bloom in the sunny fields.

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Cinnamon fern is one of the earliest of the spring ferns. The many coil-like fronds above unroll to form feathery leaves.



Hepatica blooms in March and April. Some plants have purple blossoms as above. Others have pink or white flowers.



Foamflower grows in moist woodland. Flowers, which bloom in April and May, are held erect on stems 6 to 10 inches long. The cultivated varieties have purple, salmon or bronze blossoms. Foamflowers can be transplanted to the garden.



Skunk cabbage is one of the first wildflowers of spring. Its strong, skunklike odor attracts flies which pollinate plants.



Violets bloom in April and May. In summer plant blooms again, growing green flowers which are hidden under leaves.



Trillium, popularly called the wake-robin, always has three leaves and three-petaled flowers. Its color fades quickly.

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Spring Wildflowers (continued)



Wild Azalea opens its flowers and leaves at the same time. Bush grows in great masses on shaded hillsides in sections where the soil is acid. The delicate flowers are faintly fragrant.



Fringed milkwort looks like a small orchid and is sometimes raised in greenhouses for its attractive flowers. They grow in very moist, shaded spots. Flowers appear in May and June.



Buttercups are sometimes called crowfoot because leaves resemble a bird's claw. This is a spring-blooming buttercup.



Wild columbine is often found growing in poor soil on stony banks in cracks between rocks. It blooms in May and June.



Wild strawberries bloom in pasturelands. Their scarlet fruit is sweet and tasty but it is small and difficult to gather.



Pink lady's-slipper is a native wild orchid which grows in shade of oak and evergreen trees, blooms in May and June.



Wild geranium is no relation to the window-box variety. It is a prolific grower and spreads rapidly in moist woodland.



Jack-in-the-pulpits appear in April. Later leaves unfold and show striped hood over the pulpit, which contains the seeds.

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Finish the Fight—with War Bonds

Wing strength for a Superfortress

That gleaming mass of metal, rugged and thick as a railroad rail, is a lower rear spar chord, one of the vital structural members of a Boeing Superfortress wing. When the photograph was taken it was being shaped on a huge milling machine in Boeing's Wichita plant. Today it's flying over Tokyo.

The design and construction of the wing — utilizing the Boeing "117" airfoil — is one of the factors that make B-29 performance possible. Without it, those long-range missions, at fighter-plane speed, with immense bomb-loads, would still be in the realm of wishful thinking.

Engineers of the Boeing Aerodynamics Unit developed the wing and proved the remarkable qualities of its airfoil in wind tunnel tests. Building the necessary tremendous strength into the wing structure was the next step, and heavy chords were designed for the main spars. Weighing 255 pounds when machined, this chord of aluminum alloy, pictured above, is the largest extruded part ever used in a production airplane.

In the systematic bombing of Japan, the B-29's superior aerodynamic design and sturdy construction have helped the stout-hearted men of the 20th Air Force to bring many a crippled Superfortress back to base, even though severely damaged over the target by flak or fighter opposition.

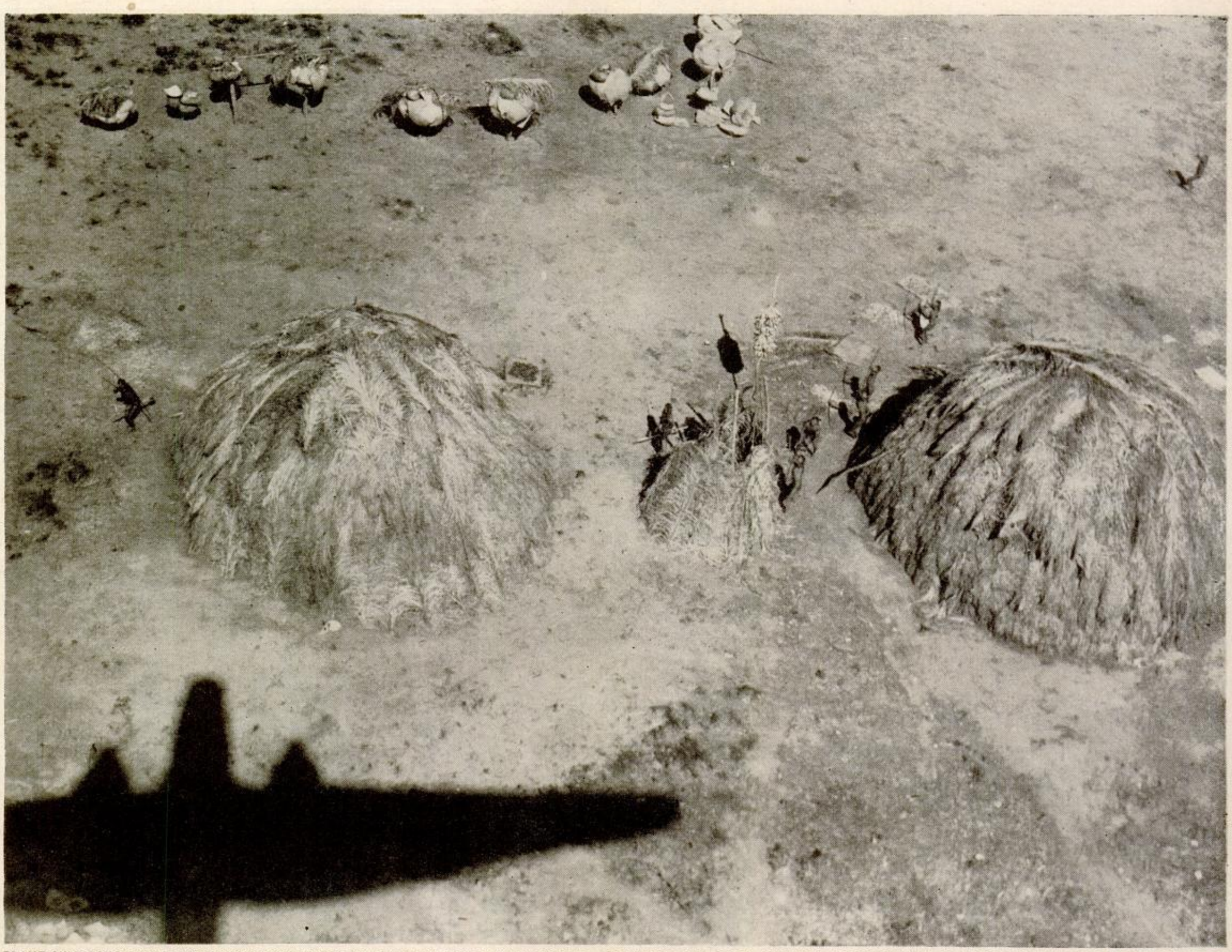
To the task of building warplanes worthy of the skill and high courage of American airmen, all Boeing's abilities are dedicated today.

In a future time of peace, Boeing products will continue to be soundly and honestly designed, engineered and manufactured. Tomorrow, as today, you can know of any airplane . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it's built to lead.

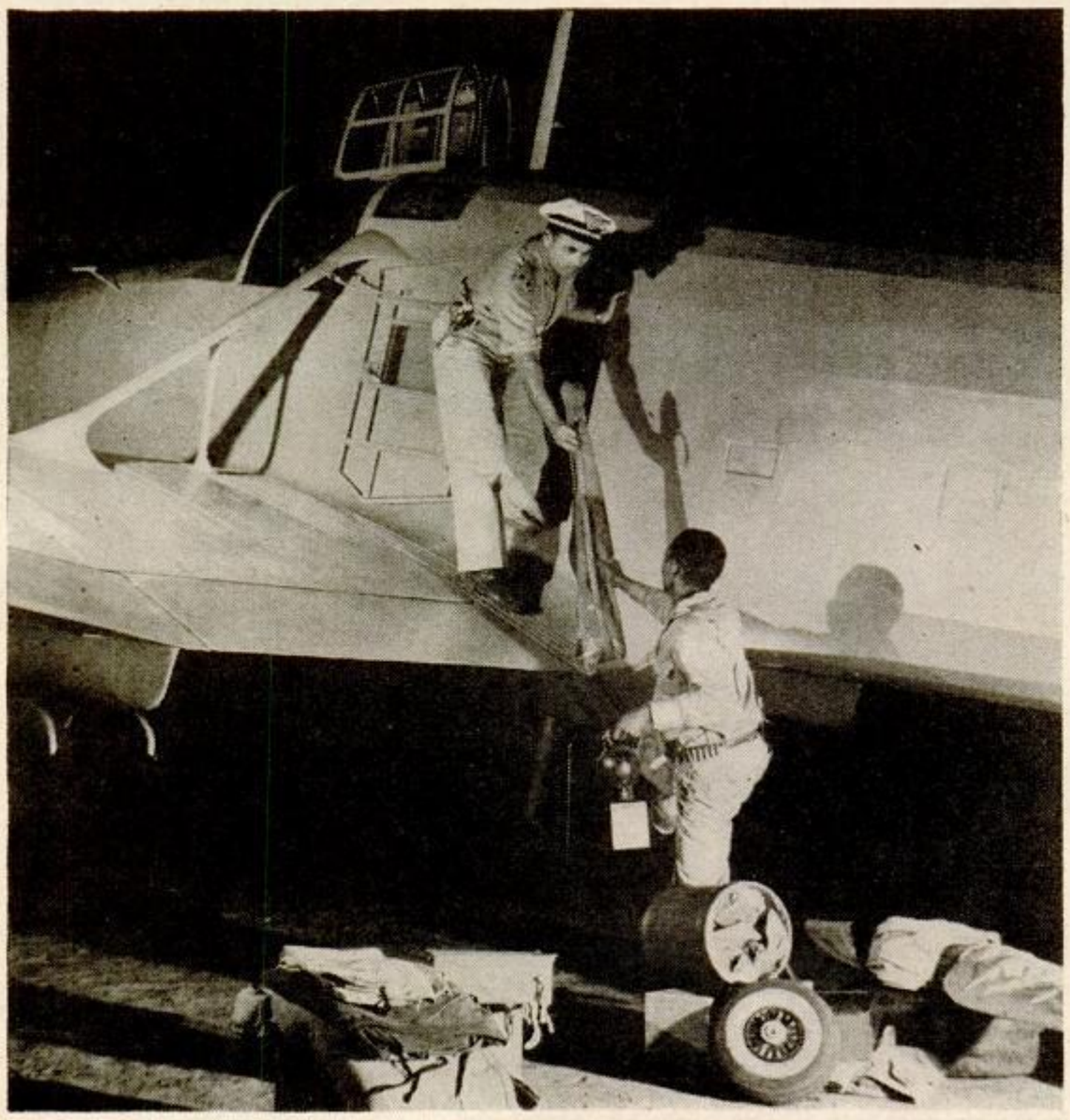
DESIGNERS OF THE B-29 SUPERFORTRESS • THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE NEW STRATOCRUISER
THE KAYDET TRAINER • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

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PLANE SWOOPING LOW OVER NATIVE HUTS CASTS AN OMINOUS SHADOW ON GROUND. CHAVANTE WARRIORS (CENTER) ARE SHOWN IN ENLARGED CLOSE-UP ON OPPOSITE PAGE



Brazilian air force plane is flown by Captain Antonio Basilio. Here he unloads excess weight from his Junkers before setting off on expedition over uncharted Chavante Indian territory.

INDIANS SHOOT AT PLANE

Tribe of fierce Brazilian savages war against a friendly flier with ancient bows and arrows

In the fertile Matto Grosso province of Brazil lives a small, independent tribe of aboriginal isolationists called Chavantes. For centuries these savage Indians have resisted the inroads of civilization. Today their existence is more primitive than that of North American Indians when Columbus landed in this hemisphere. But the region where the Chavantes still grow their wild corn and hunt with bow and arrow is extremely rich and the Brazilian government wants to settle it.

The Chavantes are against any colonization by the palefaces and have fiercely opposed any encroachment. The Brazilian army could easily wipe them out, but thus far the government has preferred to use peaceful methods. The pictures on these pages were taken from an airplane piloted by a Brazilian air force captain, Antonio Basilio (*left*), who has been making attempts to win the friendship of the tribe by dropping gifts. But the Chavantes, frightened by the plane when it flew over one of the villages, shot arrows at the ship and actually succeeded in piercing the wing fabric. Then they burned the gifts.

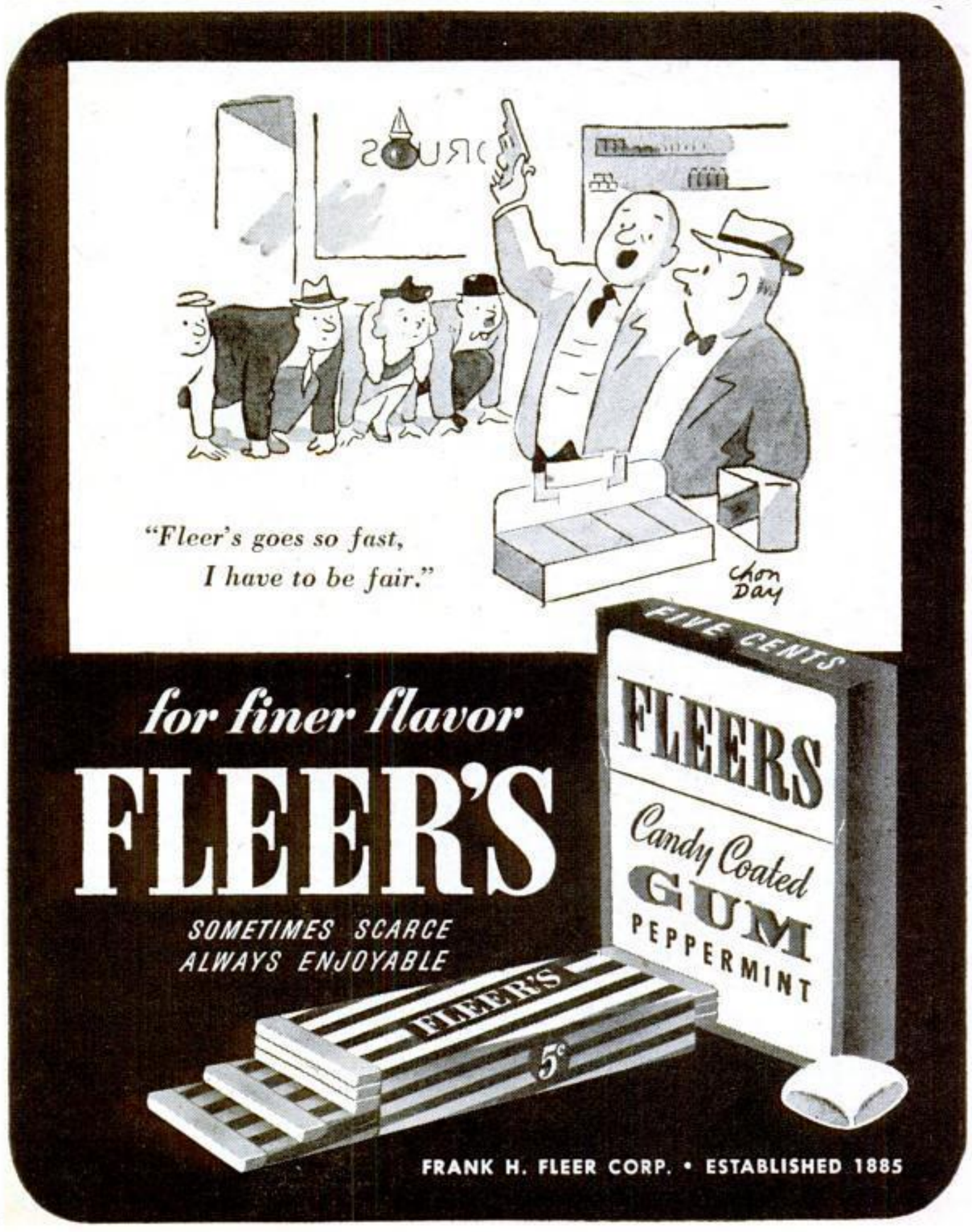
The Chavantes are big, athletic and dark brown. Both sexes disdain garments, even loin cloths. They paint their bodies and hair with a red dye called "urucum." Their hair is worn long with bangs. Once a party of Catholic priests entered Chavante territory as missionaries. They marched into a village waving crosses and chanting in Latin. The Chavantes proceeded to crush the priests' skulls with heavy triangular clubs of hardwood. Since then any attempts to convert these Indians or to win them over has been done from the air at a relatively safe distance.

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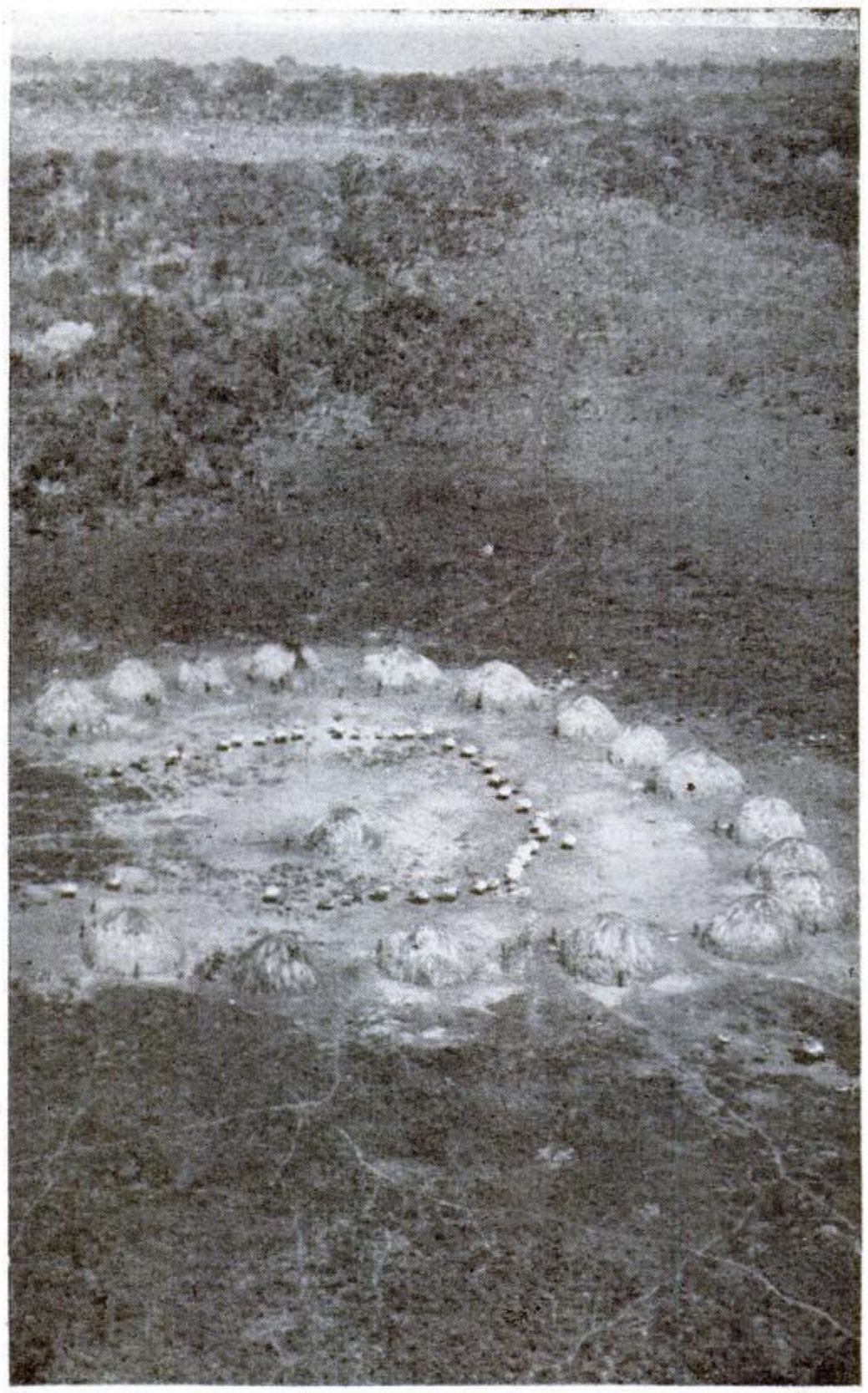
SAVAGE BRAZILIAN INDIAN WARRIORS ATTACK PLANE WITH BOWS AND ARROWS

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Indians Shoot at Plane (continued)



Chavante village, or *aldeia,* has an outer ring of thatched huts and an inner circle of tiny mushroomlike food-storage platforms which are covered with broad leaves.



Chavante archer fires an arrow (*upper left*) toward low-flying plane. The Chavantes hew rough six-foot arrows from hardwood and tip them with sharp heads of stones.

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The flavor of V-8* Cocktail is universally liked because it is deliciously superior. The individual flavors of the "tastier" fresh vegetables blended in V-8's own combination create that tingling, distinctive zest. So, for that delicious flavor and wealth of fresh-vegetable goodness, let children, as well as grown-ups, enjoy V-8 as fully as they wish. Remember—it's fresh vegetables—the tasty way.

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Juices of LETTUCE • BEETS • CARROTS • TOMATOES • SPINACH • CELERY • PARSLEY • WATERCRESS *Deliciously Combined*

Contains vitamins A, B_1, C, calcium and iron

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Don't ever doubt me

I KNOW you didn't ask for any promises, Phil.

You're not the sort of person who ever would. But lately, there's been something in your letters...maybe because of the months, maybe because of the miles... that makes me want to put into words the promise that's always been in my heart.

Yes, Phil, I'm waiting for you. I'll always be here waiting. And though the days seem to stand still, they aren't really lonely... because you're in them all.

When I see two people laughing together, I think: someday, *we'll* laugh like that. The hats I buy are to make your eyes light up... the War Bonds, to bring you back to me sooner. My window shopping is for the house we've planned... this green, deep chair... those organdie curtains...that beautiful, shining sterling silver.

I'm going to tell you something I was saving for a surprise... tell you because it's part of the *forever* feeling I have about us. Darling, I've started *our* set of International Sterling!

This waiting has made us know for all time what home will mean...so it's somehow right to have solid silver for our first lifetime possession... something to be proud of, to live up to, to enjoy.

Tuck that thought away, Phil...and know that when I sit down at a table for two, it will be with you.

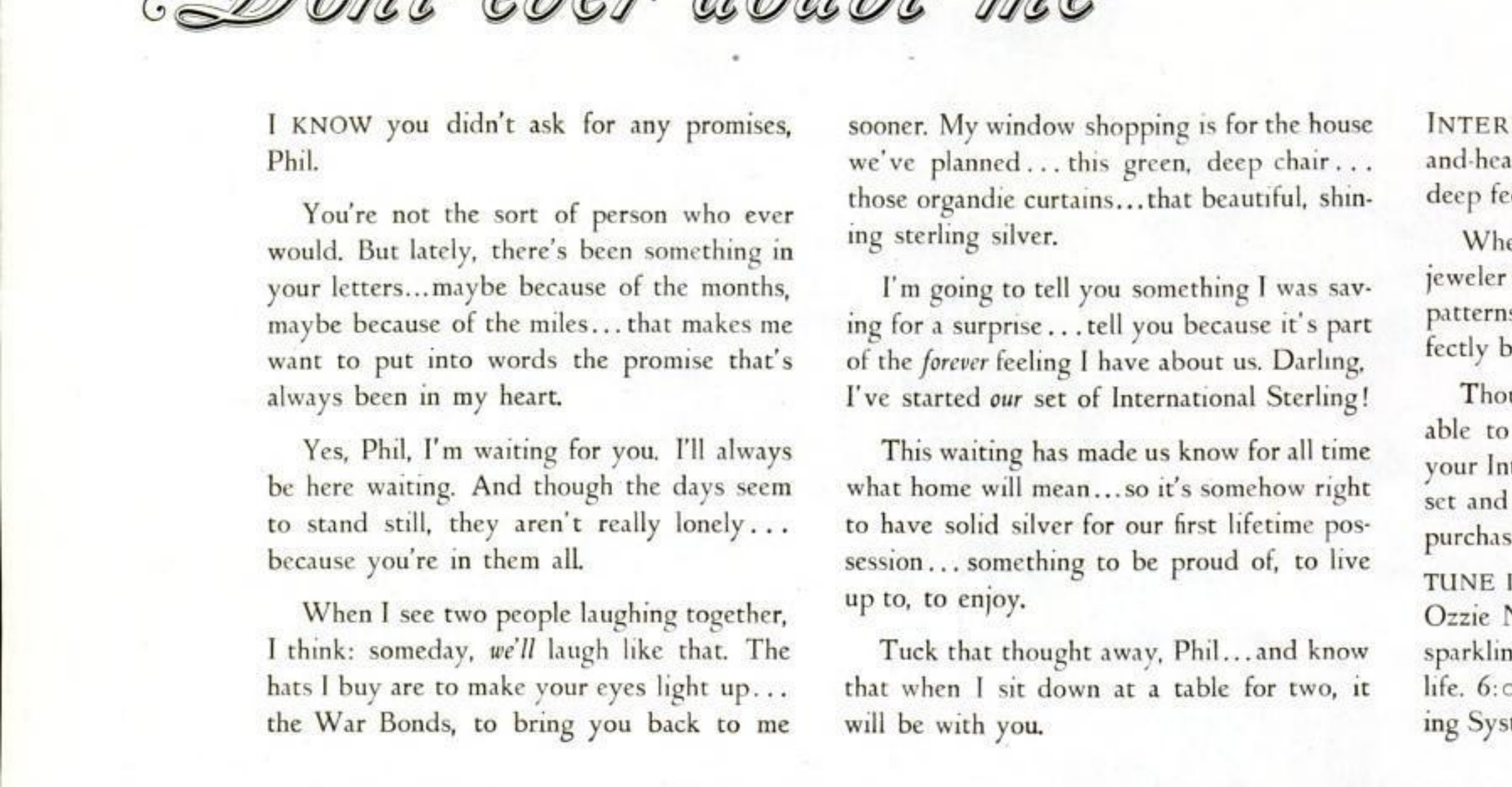
INTERNATIONAL STERLING is the head-and-heart choice of women who have a true, deep feeling for their homes.

When you plan to buy your silver, let your jeweler show you the beautiful International patterns. Each piece is hand-fashioned... perfectly balanced... exquisitely detailed.

Though right now your jeweler may not be able to supply all the pieces you want in your International pattern, you can start your set and complete it later. For in this lifetime purchase, the best is worth the wait.

TUNE IN to OZZIE AND HARRIET, starring Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard in a gay, sparkling, comedy-drama of young married life. 6:00 p.m. E.W.T., Columbia Broadcasting System.

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AT LOW TIDE THE HUYSMANS OF WALCHEREN COME OUT FOR AIR ON CATWALK OVER THEIR FLOODED FRONT YARD

FLOODED DUTCH ISLAND

Old and prosperous farmlands of Walcheren vanish under salt tides

High among the disasters of this war is what happened to Walcheren Island off the western end of the Netherlands coast. The destruction was wrought not by bombing or burning or the transit of armies but by Holland's old enemy, the sea.

Walcheren Island lies at the entrance to the port of Antwerp. The Nazi guns placed on it thus stymied the whole British offensive last summer. First, to keep the Allies out, the German occupation army began breaching the dikes which held the sea back from Walcheren's green farmland. Then, to flood the Germans out, the RAF bombed a hole in a main dike. In November British Commandos landed and took the island. By then a three-foot-deep salt lake lay over almost all of Walcheren.

When the dikes were broken, the sea came in, not in overpowering flood, but in a brown snake of water searching out the lowest places, then the higher and higher. The first wave, after the bombing, drowned a thousand Germans, 500 in the pillboxes of Flushing alone. The Dutch had been warned out of the area beforehand by leaflets dropped by RAF planes.

Dutchmen on Walcheren have been fighting the sea since the First Century, and for the past 700 years the island has been above water. In the early Renaissance it became one of the most civilized places in north Europe, was a coproprietor of Dutch Guiana and one of the first Dutch areas to revolt against Spain in the 16th Century. Once the sea had been walled out, the island proved to be an exceedingly fertile and productive place.

Now, when the wind blows from west or south, it piles the water up over Walcheren to a depth in some places of six feet. All the trees and hedges are doomed, killed by the salt water. Yet, for many months, the Walcheren Islanders refused to be evacuated. The burgomasters went from house to house telling the villagers that though there might be food at the moment, there would be no crops sown in the spring, no harvest in the fall, no sowing the following spring: for the moment, Walcheren was dead. At last good sense prevailed and 20,000 were evacuated to the high town of Middelburg and later to the mainland.

But the Dutch have already begun to rebuild the dikes in the northern corner of the big island. They recently ordered 200 American pumps, capable of spewing 3,500,000 gallons of water a minute back into the sea or into drainage canals. A year after the Netherlands has been liberated, this job should be done. Then must come three to five years of washing the salt off the soil. Water with lime will be flushed into small ditches, then pumped out. Rain will help. The earth must then be fertilized, chiefly with chemicals, for the Germans seized most of the source of manure, cattle. The first crops that can be planted in the brackish soil will be caraway, barley and oats. But that might not be until the end of this decade.

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THE EVACUATION of the Walcheren Islanders goes slowly. Some prefer to stay, rowing down the street to visit the neighbors in homemade boats, rafts or German rubber boats. The chief danger is at shallow points where the boat may run on a German minefield. Mines have decimated the Walcheren cattle. Hedges here have been dead since the salt reached their roots.



CONVOY OF EVACUEES in British naval lifeboats is tugged by a shallow-draught assault boat, manned by Royal Engineers. It is passing through pleasant wooded suburb of Middelburg. Trees are dead. Route had to be surveyed first, to avoid garden walls, gateposts, underwater bridges and the like. Fog made navigation difficult and some of the convoys got lost.

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AT MIDDELBURG, capital of Zeeland, boats tie up on high, dry ground. The official in the bow is postmaster of Koudekerke. Some of these elderly people had never before spent a night away from home. They will not see their homes again for at least a year. Though the authorities allowed only personal baggage, some of islanders tried to evacuate pianos and livestock.

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THE FLOOD DROWNS THE TRIM SUBURB OF 'T ZAND (DUTCH FOR SAND), A TOWN OUTSIDE MIDDELBURG. THE HOUSE WITH THE

A WHOLE VILLAGE GOES UNDERWATER

The lagoon that had once been the Middelburg suburb of 't Zand is shown above as LIFE Photographer George Rodger saw it from a windmill. The town had been built of spruce brick houses around a rectangle of sports fields, had taken some damage in the fighting last November. The flood emptied it of human life, drove the rats to the upper stories and trapped flotsam in the back yards at left. Before flooding, Middelburg was connected by a ship canal with the sea, 20 miles away. When the Germans were here, a military band would form on the street in left foreground and play for the garrison commander, General Daser, who later

SOUTHWEST WALCHEREN WAS FLOODED BY THIS BREACH AT THE PORT OF FLUSHING

BOMBING CAUSED THIS DESTRUCTION AT





FLAGPOLE AT THE EXTREME LEFT WAS OCCUPIED BY GERMAN GENERAL DASER, THE GARRISON COMMANDER ON WALCHEREN ISLAND

surrendered after inflicting 40,000 casualties on British and Canadians.

The dikes were cut in four places, two of which are shown below. German demolition engineers ruined the port of Flushing and blew up its sluice gates. Allied bombing did the damage seen below, center. But the Walcheren Islanders hold no resentment against the Allies. The sea, they seem to think, is a definite improvement over the Germans, who did a remarkable job on Walcheren of getting themselves hated.

Walcheren is the chief of the six alluvial islands forming the Dutch province of Zeeland. Nearly all of Zeeland is below sea level and has been won from the sea since the 13th Century. The dike at Westkapelle (*see lower right*) is the largest in the world. It is 25 ft. high, 524 ft. thick at base and is built of basalt anchored in the sand by gigantic piles. The British dropped huge block-buster bombs on it, opening a hole 500 feet wide.

WESTKAPELLE WHERE THE BRITISH LANDED



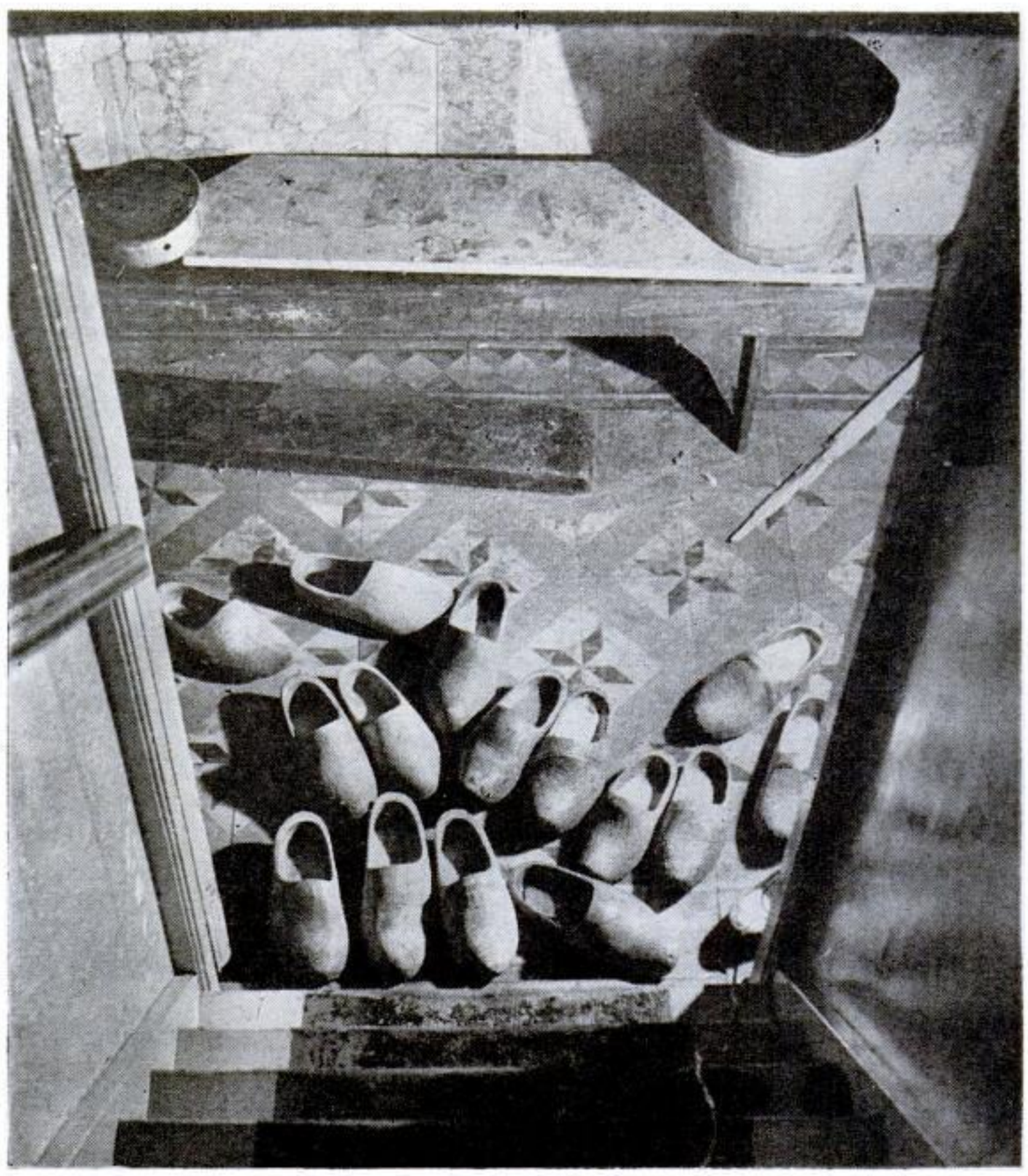
AT BREACH IN THE DIKE AT WESTKAPELLE THE BRITISH SUFFERED TERRIBLE CASUALTIES



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MARIA AND CORNELIA CHURN BUTTER AND BALE OUT THE STOVE



HUYSMANS' MUDDY CLOGS ARE LEFT AT BOTTOM OF THE STAIRWAY

A WALCHEREN FARMER'S FAMILY SURVIVES THE DELUGE

How the family of Huysman (*see cover and page 75*) makes out in the drowned Walcheren village of Brigdamme is shown here. The sea is below their doorstep at low tide, but at high tide it is two feet deep in their living room and kitchen. Hence their mealtimes are synchronized with low tide. One day the rabbits of son Bram were drowned, so the Huysmans had rabbit for a while. Then Bram's goats were drowned, so they butchered the goats. The family's one remaining cow, survivor of a considerable herd of Frisians, has been provided with a platform on which it teeters above the flood. Beyond this, the family lives on stored potatoes, carrots and sugar beets, the remainders of what was once a highly productive root-crop farm. Since Walcheren's artesian wells are flooded and salted, the Huysmans catch rain water from their roof, piping it from the gutters into tubs on the second floor and into a German army *Trinkwasser* vat.

The family move from house to barn on rickety catwalks built over the flood. At high tide, they paddle their boats into the front hall and tie up to the newel.

The plight of the Huysmans and of their neighbors, the Den Boeft's (*opposite page*), has its counterpart all over the Netherlands. Already almost a fifth of the whole country has been flooded and the Germans are threatening to flood the remaining parts they still hold, purely as a matter of spite. The Dutch have formally notified the United Nations that after the war they propose to ask for sufficient German land to compensate for the Dutch land the Germans have destroyed.



POPPY SEEDS are shelled and ground for cooking oil. The gold spirals worn at the temples are local peasant insignia.



MARIA HUYSMAN, whose picture appears on cover, cuts fuel in living room. Logs were part of antiparatroop defenses.



IRONS, indispensable for ironing Walcheren lace caps every Monday, are cleaned of flood dirt by Mrs. Huysman and Sien.

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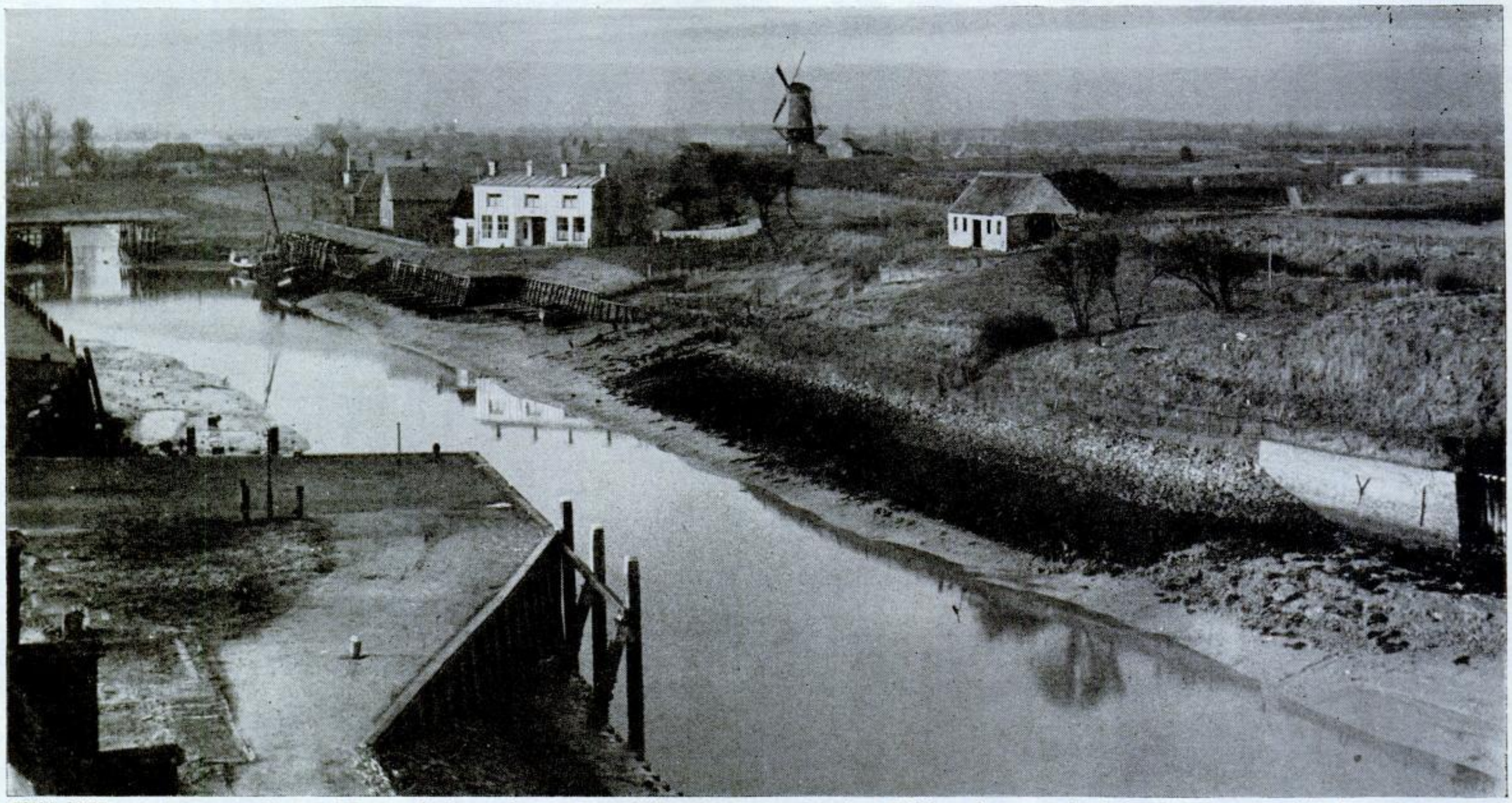


A WELL-TO-DO NEIGHBOR of the Huysmans is Mynheer Den Boeft, 75, at left, watching his daughter boil potatoes. In the rear is his granddaughter, holding his small great-granddaughter. The Den Boefts have held their farm for 300 years. Walcheren supports both root crops and dairy farms. The people are big, strong, conscientious, intensely religious Calvinists.

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FLOODED DUTCH ISLAND (continued)



STILL DRY is the long-decayed harbor of Veere on high ground on east coast. Galleons from the Indies used to unload silks and spices at these quays, but now the port is sanded up. In modern times Walcheren has exported fruit jam, opium poppies, tulips, beer and ships. Windmill is called *De Koe* (the cow). Windmills are used to grind grain and pump irrigation water.



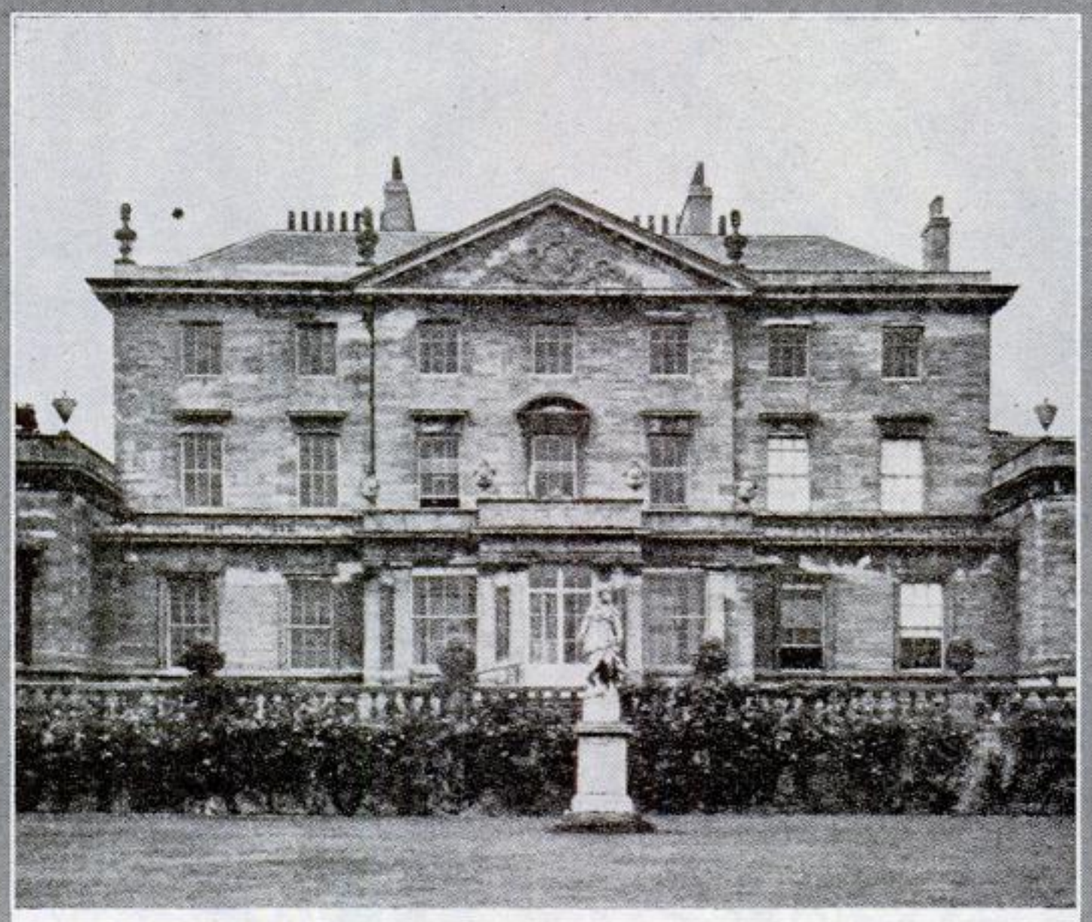
STUDDED WITH MINES is the famous beach of Domburg, on northwest corner of Walcheren. Water tower and resort hotel are pitted by shellfire. Tourists used to divide sections of Domburg beach by nationalities: Dutch, French, Belgian, German, British, American, each group keeping to itself. Nobody will bathe here again until the mines have been cleared out.

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VANES SHATTERED BY SHELLFIRE, A WINDMILL
NAMED "HOPE" STANDS IDLE OVER THE FLOOD



1ST VISCOUNT HALIFAX gave India start in self-rule under Queen Victoria.



HICKLETON HALL, now rest home for soldiers, is formal Yorkshire country seat of Halifax family. Lord Halifax prefers simpler life of his farm at near-by Garrowby.



2ND VISCOUNT HALIFAX worked to unite the Roman and Anglican churches.



HALIFAX'S MOTHER, a daughter of the 11th Earl of Devon, here holds the future earl.



EDWARD FREDERICK LINDLEY WOOD at the age of 9 became heir apparent to his father's title after the death of his three older brothers.



HALIFAX'S WIFE, Earl of Onslow's daughter, married him in 1909 as predicted by palmist.



AS VICEROY OF INDIA, he prayed with Gandhi to solve the problems of India.



MASTER OF THE MIDDLETON HUNT, Halifax has said, "I would rather be Master of Foxhounds than Prime Minister." Here he hunts with his father and son.

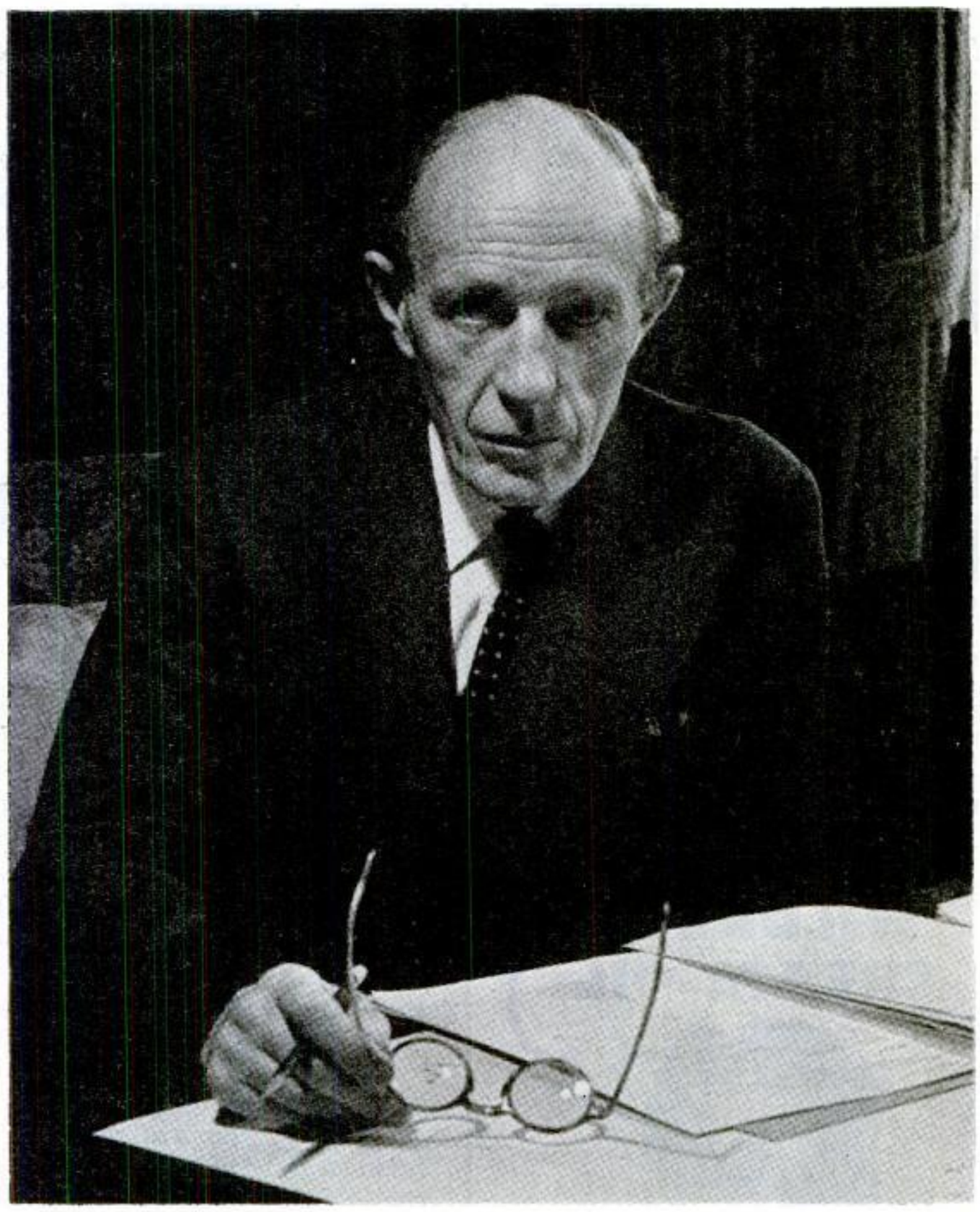


LORD HALIFAX'S FATHER lived to be 94, was an ardent horseman to the last.

The Earl of Halifax

Britain's Ambassador to the U. S. is a high-minded peer who gets along well with plain Americans

by JOHN CHAMBERLAIN



THE 3RD VISCOUNT HALIFAX WAS MADE AN EARL LAST SUMMER

Back in 1942 a long, lean Englishman with a hint of pink in his long, sad face was returning to Washington from a Governors' conference in Asheville, N.C. As he tried to drape his 6 ft. 4 in. form over the uncomfortable angularity of a train seat, a news butcher marked him down for his prey. The newsboy started his spiel, "Magazines . . . ?" The Englishman smiled faintly, shook his head from side to side, lifted a book from his lap and politely explained that since he had so little time for reading he wanted very much to finish the book before reaching Washington. Whereupon the newsboy, his eyes sparkling at the sight of a book, sat down beside the Englishman and got ready for a long chat.

The Englishman was deferential and cordial as the boy outlined his college hopes, his own tastes in reading. And the train raced on, eating up the miles of red Carolina earth and the Englishman's reading time with oblivious impartiality. Finally the newsboy got up. "Here," he said, "let me give you something." And he took a MacArthur-for-President button from his own lapel and pinned it ostentatiously to the Englishman's coat.

It was a ticklish moment for international relations, for the Englishman was Viscount Halifax, the British Ambassador to the U.S. What if someone were to see him sporting a MacArthur button? Possibly his mind flickered back to 1888, when a supercilious British Minister, Lord Sackville, had to be ordered home for offering some free advice to a voter during a presidential campaign. Possibly he could see the eight-column streamer in the Chicago *Tribune*, "HALIFAX FOR MACARTHUR," and the shocked incredulity of Willkieites, Deweyites and New Dealers. Yet if he were to remove the MacArthur button he might hurt the newsboy's feelings.

Lord Halifax finally resolved his ethical dilemma in a characteristic way: he wore the button all the way to Washington.

The story would be apt if it merely illustrated Halifax's gentleness and his peculiar vulnerability as Britain's wartime Ambassador to an ebulliently contentious republic that is loath to relinquish the ancient sport of twisting the lion's tail. But there is more to it than that. Part of Halifax's ambassadorial job is to report the U.S., and in listening to the lad he was demonstrating that he had the humbleness that is needed if one is to gather undistorted news. But the true bent of the man is religious in a sense that has been largely forgotten in the modern world. Although he is High Anglican, he has the old medieval Catholic feeling for the unique and infinite value of the individual human soul. Innate respect for the human personality is less uncommon in the Anglo-Saxon world than elsewhere on this screaming planet, but in Lord Halifax's case it is colossally magnified. Although he doesn't quibble about taking the life of a fox, his associates call him a Tolstoyan mystic, one who believes that violence against human beings, including the violence of war, is justified only when the alternative is annihilation.

With his overly intensified concern for the individual, it is not surprising that Halifax has less feeling for the mass as mass than any contemporary statesman of comparable stature. And it was quite characteristic that Halifax should have balanced a newsboy's sensibilities against the two statistical averages known as the U.S.A. and the United Kingdom and returned his emotional verdict for the boy.

"Stooge? Stooge?" queried Lord Halifax in innocent and incredulous wonderment on another occasion. "Do you really mean to tell me that is a term by which one human being refers to another?" Naturally a person who could ask such a question would have a hard time believing that a Hitler could exist. But, once having been convinced of Hitler's reality, he would almost certainly carry through against him to the end.

The mystical strain in Halifax is somehow intertwined with an extraordinary toughness. Again, it is a toughness that is magnified beyond the admittedly very tough requirements of English ruling-class tradition. Halifax's imperturbability is physical: during his sojourn in India as Viceroy he calmly finished his breakfast while his companions were trying to tell him that a bomb which had ripped and twisted the forward coaches of his train had narrowly missed killing them all. But the toughness is spiritual even more than it is physical.

Ever since boyhood Halifax—or Edward Frederick Lindley Wood, as he was originally christened—has lived intimately with personal tragedy. He was born with a withered left hand, a misfortune which has had no deleterious effect on either his horsemanship, his tennis or his psyche. His three older brothers all died in youth from mysteriously sudden onsets of lung trouble, one of his two daughters failed to survive birth, his second son Peter was killed in Egypt and his third son Richard lost two legs when a dud bomb struck him in a Libyan shellhole and crushed them. Yet Halifax has always gone on with his job with no diminution of his somewhat wistful smile.

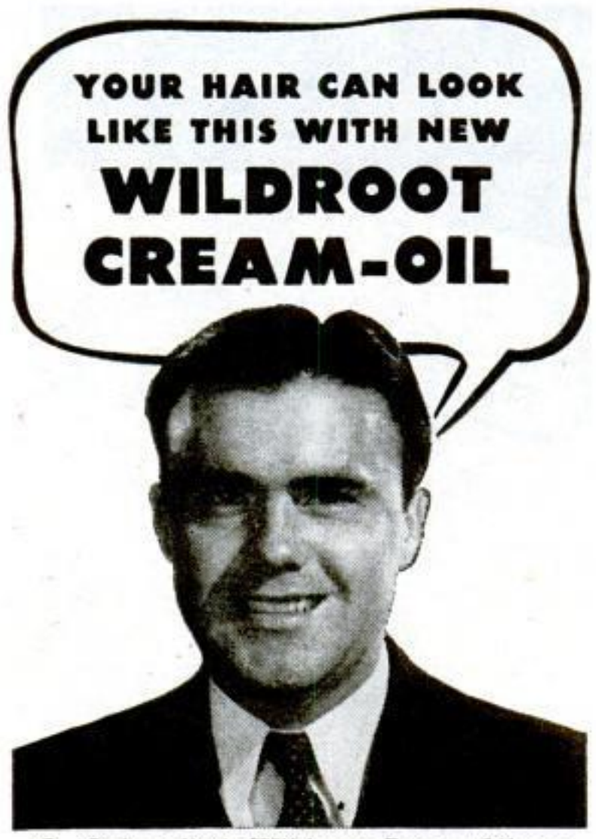
This iron superiority to nerves extends to his family. Lady Halifax, who looks rather plain until you have noticed the extremely beautiful bone modeling of her face, continued on with a routine charity job the day after she learned of Peter's death and she speaks quite casually of having stayed on in Yorkshire "while Richard was learning to walk again." As for Richard himself, he now works at the embassy and spends a good deal of his

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2. Only a little Wildroot Cream-Oil can do a big job for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long without a trace of that greasy, plastered down look! Your hair looks good and feels good!

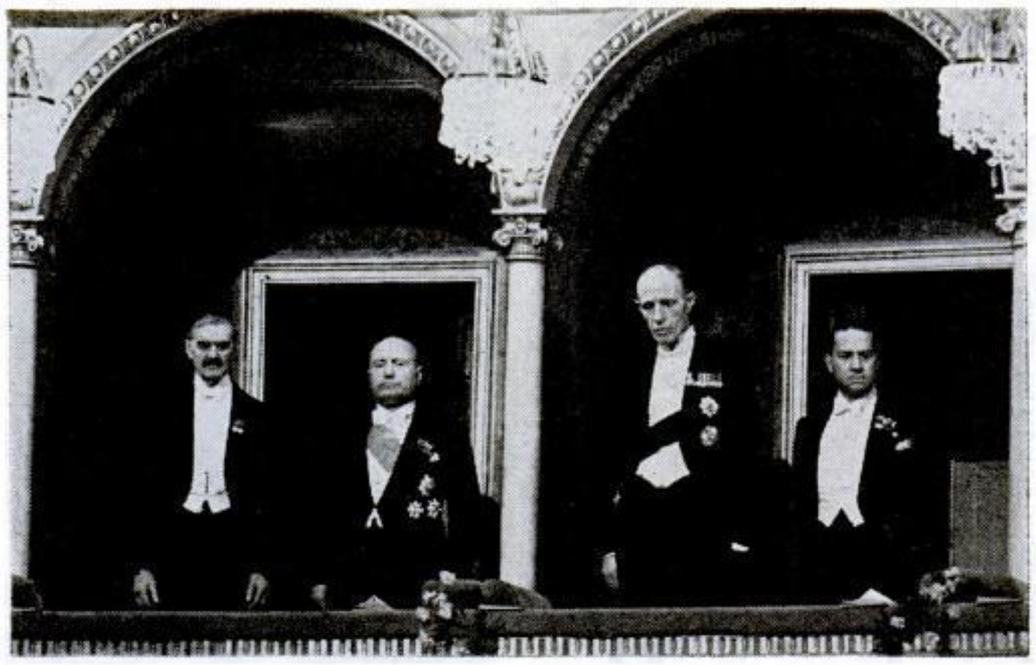


3. Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it closely resembles the oil of the human skin. No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nation-wide test prefer it to the preparations formerly used. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil goes a long, long way. Get it today from your barber or druggist.

SPECIAL NOTE TO WOMEN...

Thousands of women use Wildroot Cream-Oil to remove loose dandruff, relieve dryness, and help beautify the hair. Try it before a shampoo . . . also after a permanent wave to relieve dryness. Excellent for training children's hair.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!



FUTILE APPEASEMENT MISSION was made by Prime Minister Chamberlain and Foreign Minister, Lord Halifax, to Mussolini and Ciano (*right*) in January 1939.

THE EARL OF HALIFAX (continued)

free time visiting hospitals to cheer other leg casualties by the almost miraculous fact of his own cane-assisted movement.

If one were not aware of Halifax's extreme solicitousness for human beings in general and his family in particular, and if one did not know of his daily visit to either a Roman Catholic or an Episcopal church for prayer, one would put him down as a cold fish. But it is not coldness that enables him to go on under the most trying personal circumstances; it is his mystical view that regards individual tragedy as part of the long processes of life under a purposeful God who will make it up to dutiful and decent folk in the end. That the dutiful and decent folk will include a large number of Englishmen goes without saying.

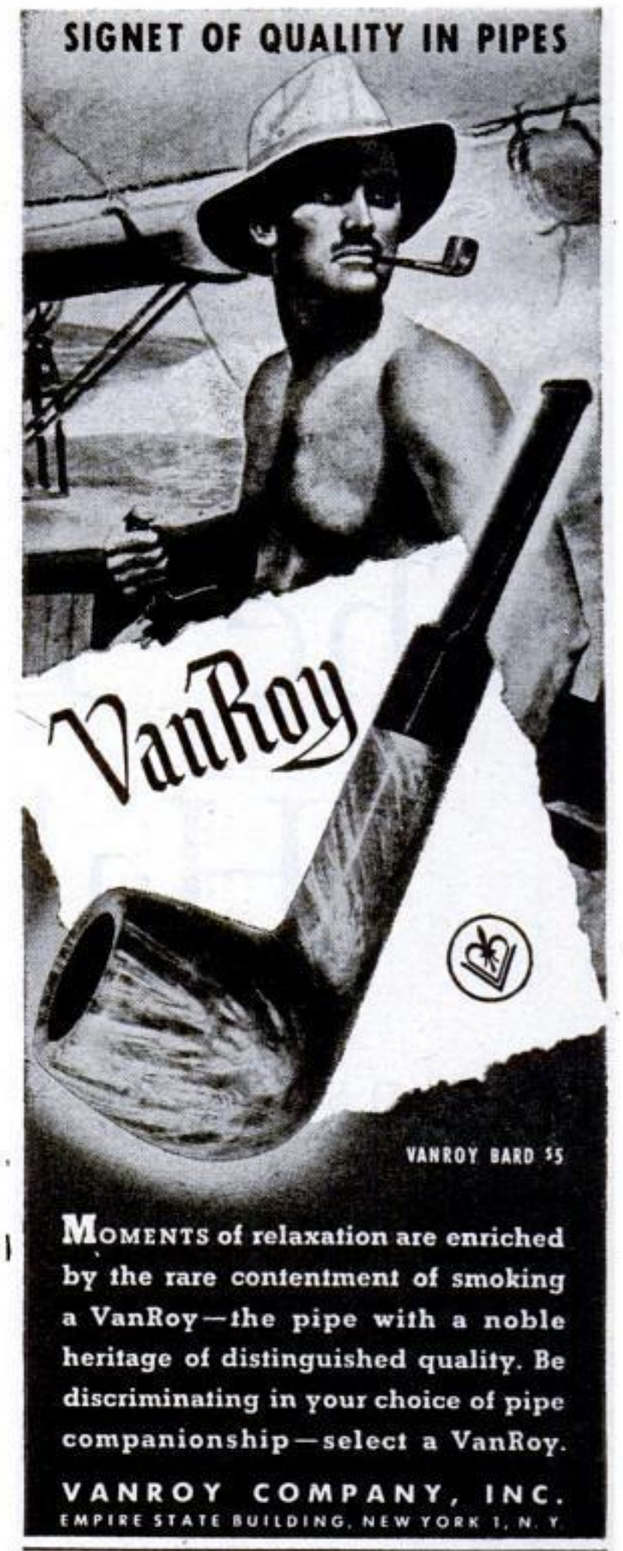
The same stoic fortitude that has enabled Halifax to rise above personal tragedy also permits him to digest failures. His mission in the U. S. has been constantly bedeviled by the fact that Churchill and Roosevelt have had many disagreements since Teheran, yet in keeping with his personal rule of conduct ("It is as vain to deprecate oneself as to exalt oneself") he has never complained about his rather obvious predicament. As Viceroy of India from 1926 to 1931 he found himself caught between the hammer of his own Tory party and the anvil of Mahatma Gandhi, and his promise of eventual Dominion status for India satisfied nobody. Munich was accounted by the world to be another failure and Halifax, as Chamberlain's Foreign Minister, had to shoulder his own share of responsibility for it. Yet in each case Halifax has given all for a conception of duty that regards service to party, state and God as an indivisible matter.

The last Englishman

Last summer Lord Halifax hiked his family up another notch in the peerage when he became the Earl of Halifax. No doubt he took pleasure in feeling that even a viscount could still find room for expansion at the top. But Halifax's satisfaction in his career is so far from being the controlling motive in his behavior that it is almost superfluous to mention it. While it is supposedly the custom in England for a member of the aristocracy to serve his people without undue thought for himself, the rise of the social-service state has resulted in a good deal of functional unemployment among dukes and earls. The more frivolous lords, lacking the customary channels for the discharge of their energies, have sometimes turned to various forms of class hara-kiri. But Halifax carries on like his forebears: he would do so even if he were the last titled Englishman.

The gentle, mystical, tough and dutiful Halifax has been called a "praying mantis with an umbrella" and "Lord Holy Fox," but the fact is that he is a worldly man who pursues his mild pleasures unabashedly. Churchill has complimented him on his ability to combine the more salutary features of the fox hunter and the religious man. At the red brick, Queen Anne British embassy on Massachusetts Avenue his ordinary bedtime is 11 o'clock, but if the guests are playing "murder" he will return from his room for fear of missing something. He loves picnics, even to cooking his own eggs and bacon. His food habits are set and hard to change and it is hard to see how he can get perpetual enjoyment out of the boiled egg he prefers every morning for breakfast. But his culinary tastes are somehow tied up with an almost sensuous appreciation of tradition: when he eats fermity (a mess concocted of oatmeal and raisins) or laver (a North Sea seaweed good for salads) in Yorkshire, he is also eating English history.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88





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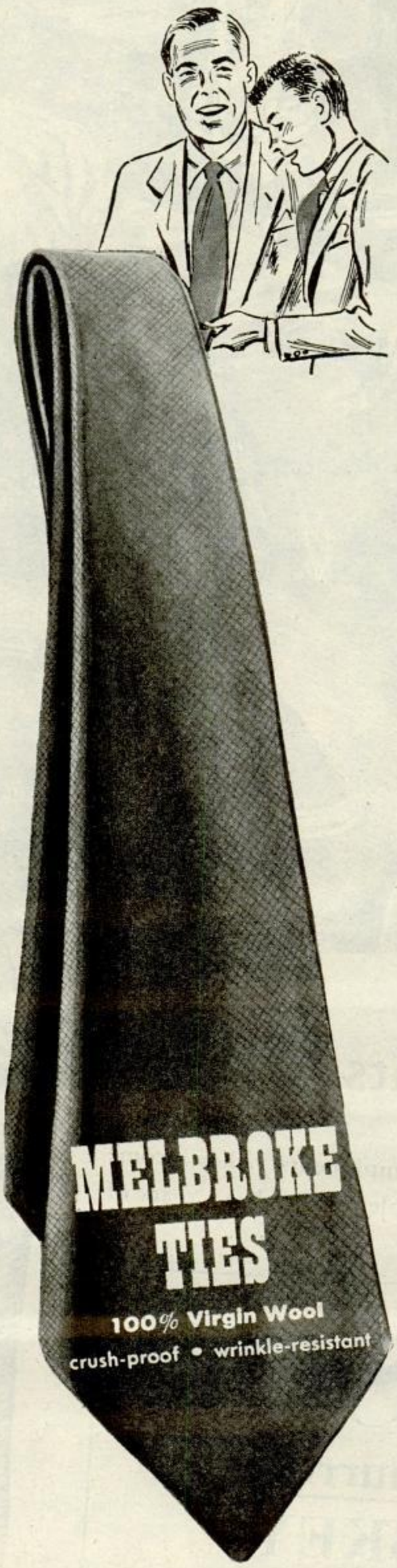
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HALIFAX'S U.S. RECEPTION by war-hating Americans in 1941 was not cordial. He tips hat politely to Los Angeles pickets on way to thank workers for aid to Britain.

THE EARL OF HALIFAX (continued)

Halifax's idea of a pleasant social gathering is not that of his ambassadorial predecessor, Lord Lothian, who liked to bubble about in a roomful of 60 people. Ten or 12 is Halifax's idea of a congenial crowd, but within his modest orbit he has a good time. He chuckled heartily when someone told him the story of Nicholas Murray Butler's refusal to die before a vacancy had occurred in the Holy Trinity. "Blasphemous, yes," said the High Anglican Halifax. "Blasphemous, but funny."

When Halifax was chosen by Churchill late in 1940 to carry on for England as Ambassador to the U. S. with a continuing war cabinet portfolio, both the British and the U. S. reaction ranged from tepid to downright unfavorable. The chorus of dismay was hardly muted when Halifax, soon after his arrival on a British battleship, chose to go fox-hunting on American terrain. The act was just as harmless as an Oklahoma wolf hunt, but somehow it definitely annoyed Carl Sandburg, who wrote a piece about the poor propaganda value of dashing over hedges in a red coat after a frightened animal. However, Churchill definitely knew what he was up to when he chose Halifax to succeed the dead Lord Lothian. In his initial appearances in front of the mass as mass, Halifax bumbled and bungled, and his supposed retort to the Detroit America First egg-throwers who tried to spatter him ("Fortunate people to be able to use eggs for such a purpose") is apocryphal. But when he ceased going after the mass and turned to cultivating the particular individuals who compose it, the curve of his popularity ascended.

Shrewd and seasoned in their judgments in foreign affairs, the British know their strength and limitations in operating their Washington embassy. In the late '30s, at a time when practically all of the U.S. feared the war lures of "British propaganda," Ambassador Sir Ronald Lindsay kept mum in public and said to his friends in private, "Why should I try to get Americans to change the neutrality act when they are changing it themselves?" Later, when a more active conduit for sympathy was needed, the personable Lothian took Lindsay's place. As secretary for the Rhodes Scholarship Trust, Lothian had visited practically every university in America. On his first visit to the White House as Ambassador he picked up a stray black cat, lifted it to his shoulder and won the U.S. reportorial heart. Throughout the whole pre-Lend-Lease period Lothian talked Union Now and he stated England's case and needs vigorously.

A time for change

Lothian's unexpected death in late 1940 was a tragedy, but by the time of his going the U.S. had ranged itself pretty solidly behind a "give England the tools" policy. The conduit for sympathy and the special spokesman were no longer needed. The time had come for someone who could work specifically with (and on) individuals, both inside the government and out and, as Churchill discerned, Halifax was the man. His own Eton-Oxford-Yorkshire background could be expected to blend with Roosevelt's Groton-Harvard-Hudson Valley flavor and his religious convictions were a diplomatic asset at a time when the values of the Christian West were in mortal peril.

In the case of Halifax the making of an ambassador is the story of the making of an Englishman. It took centuries to produce the full, rounded, unmistakable creature. First, there is the influence of the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90



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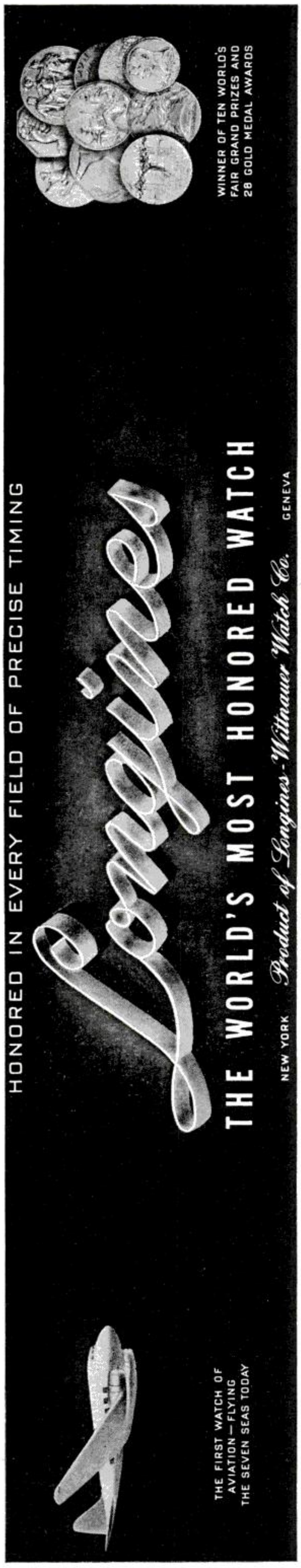
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land. Yorkshire, where the Halifaxes have country seats at Hickleton Hall in the grimy West Riding coal country and at Garrowby in the cleaner air of the East Riding, has been called the Texas of England and the description fits if "Texas" connotes a certain rural self-possession. Behind the Halifax estate at Garrowby the wolds dip and rise toward the Pennine hills, which are the backbone of North Country England. The moors beyond Garrowby are open, a heather- and harebell-covered invitation to the horseman; in winter the drifts pile high on them as the wind sweeps in from the North Sea.

The Danes settled Yorkshire, which meant that it was "Norman" before William the Conqueror who, indeed, never quite managed to consolidate Yorkshire into his realm. During the interminable Wars of the Roses, in which the Yorkshire aristocrats fought the great Lancashire families for the control of the throne, the breed became tougher than ever and many Yorkshire families remained defiantly Roman Catholic all through the Tudor period. In 1537 one of the Woods, Robert, the prior of Bridlington, a collateral ancestor of Halifax, was attainted for high treason and executed for sticking to his Catholic faith. Even today there is a high percentage of Roman Catholics in Yorkshire and it was not without traditional reason that the second Viscount Halifax, the present Lord Halifax's father, spent a lifetime trying to jockey his Anglican Church back into the fold of Rome.

The 19th Century struck the West Riding of Yorkshire when its coal was needed, and the pits on the Halifax lands did much to save Hickleton and Garrowby from encumbrances. But country Yorkshire has refused to retreat before the industrial revolution, and on the Halifax lands the shepherds and tenant farmers continue in the ways of their ancestors. Hickleton Hall was taken over by the British army for a rest home after Dunkirk and Garrowby is periodically filled with refugees from the bombed-out North Sea port of Hull, but Halifax has no doubt that he will some day return to Yorkshire to trim the hedges, talk about pigs and sheep and the chase, spread moor honey on his scones at tea, dance the ribbon dance with the cottagers, drink the homemade Hickleton beer and in general go on in the immemorial way.

The making of a lord

If the land explains something about Halifax, his ancestry explains more. The Woods became landed gentry in the 16th Century and reached the peerage when Charles Wood, Halifax's grandfather, was made the first Viscount Halifax. Charles married Mary Grey, daughter of the Whig Lord Grey who put through the Reform Bill of 1830, and went on to become the liberal Viceroy who gave India its first beginnings in self-government. He also produced a son, Charles Lindley Wood, who became one of the great English eccentrics as well as a lay churchman of considerable importance. Charles Lindley Wood married a Courtenay, of a Crusader family that had once ruled the Eastern Roman Empire in Constantinople. But to the second Viscount Halifax, who lived to be 94, the pomp of this world was not of much concern.

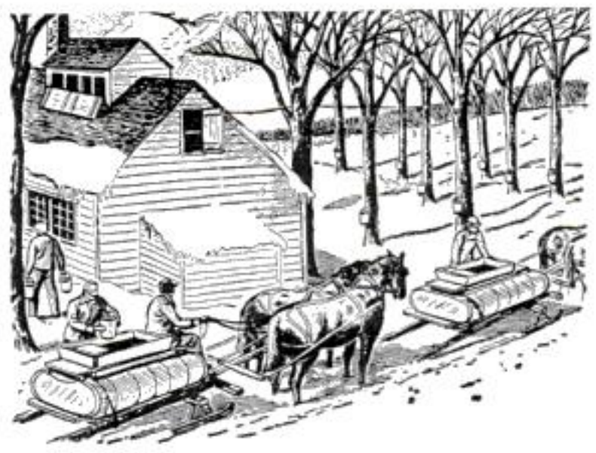
The influence of Charles Lindley Wood on his son, the present—and third—Lord Halifax, can hardly be overestimated. Although the son regarded the old man's project of uniting the Roman and Anglican churches as unrealistic and even terrifying, he inherited his father's lay saintliness. The main bent of the boy's character, however, was formed in definite reaction to a regimen that might have made a neurotic of a weaker personality, particularly a fourth son who was to see all his older brothers die before he himself had reached the age of 10.

The old Lord Halifax bought kangaroos and other exotic animals for his Garrowby park, collected masks and skulls, built secret rooms and passageways in the Garrowby house and cherished a passion to see a ghost. To his children he would read his own collection of ghost stories. A favorite trick was to read about Gagool, the witch in Rider Haggard's *King Solomon's Mines*, which would send Edward screaming up to his room. Whereupon the old man would dart up the back stairs—and Gagool would greet Edward in the dark.

The present Lord Halifax allowed his father's favorite ghost stories to be published in book form, but ghosts are not his passion; indeed, when two of his own sons rigged up a bolster and a skull in a bed at Garrowby to frighten a visiting priest, he was only distantly interested. The chief effect of the ghost stories on his own nature was to school him in endurance. The fag system of the old British public schools, which operated as a forcing house to train young aristocrats to survive buffets and rise again to rule, has been justified by those who think it takes a special kind of toughness to run an empire. But Edward Wood got his toughening at home.

The lay psychiatrist, looking for the conventional responses,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 93



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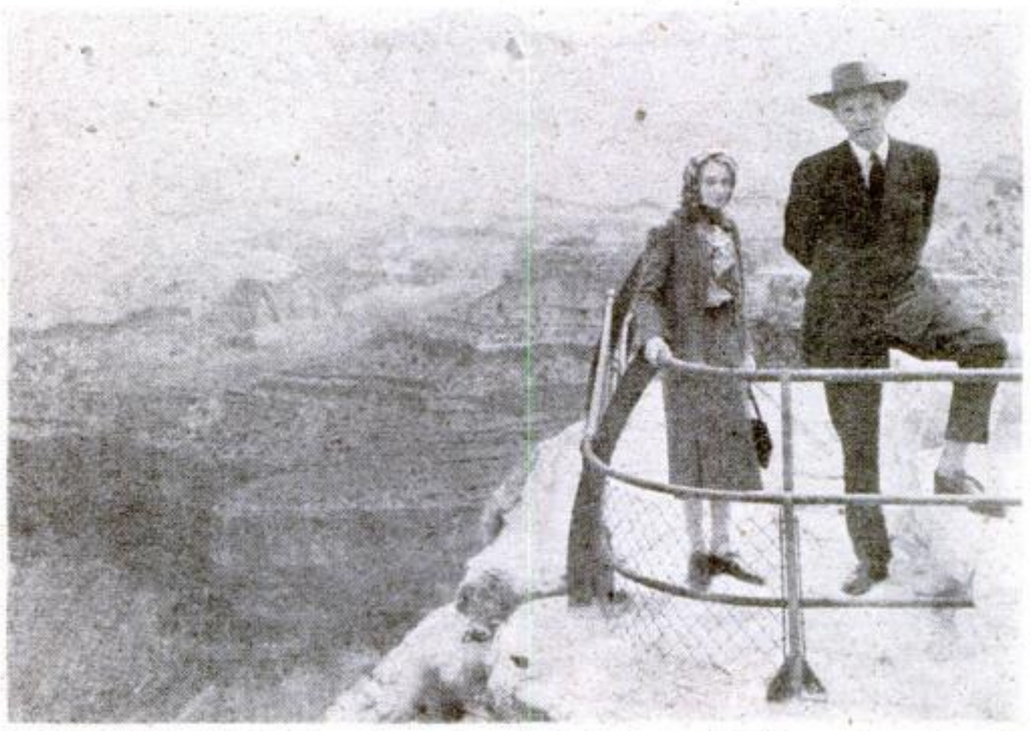
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TOURING THE U.S. is major ambassadorial project of Halifaxes, shown here in Grand Canyon Park. Lord Halifax has visited 39 states, hopes soon to cover the rest.

THE EARL OF HALIFAX (continued)

might have predicted a measure of continuing father-resentment in Edward Wood as he went off to school. And the lay psychiatrist might also have seen the making of an inferiority complex in the withered left hand. But with the maturing Edward Wood none of the conventional things happened. Although his father frightened him with ghostly nonsense in the dim hallways of Garrowby, the son always had a rare combination of affection and respect for the old man. The father lived eagerly in his boy's successes; though he was 86 when his son went off to rule as Viceroy in India the old Lord Halifax made a vow to live to see the son's return. And the son wrote to his father from India every day for five years.

Halifax's formal schooling merely served to accentuate the traits of character derived from the Yorkshire land and ancestry. The legend persists that Halifax was a dull boy, but the facts are otherwise; he was merely slow and tenacious in the Yorkshire way. He did well enough at Eton; and at Christ Church, the largest of the Oxford colleges, he took a first in modern history, which inspired him to take—and pass—the extremely stiff examination for a fellowship at All Souls.

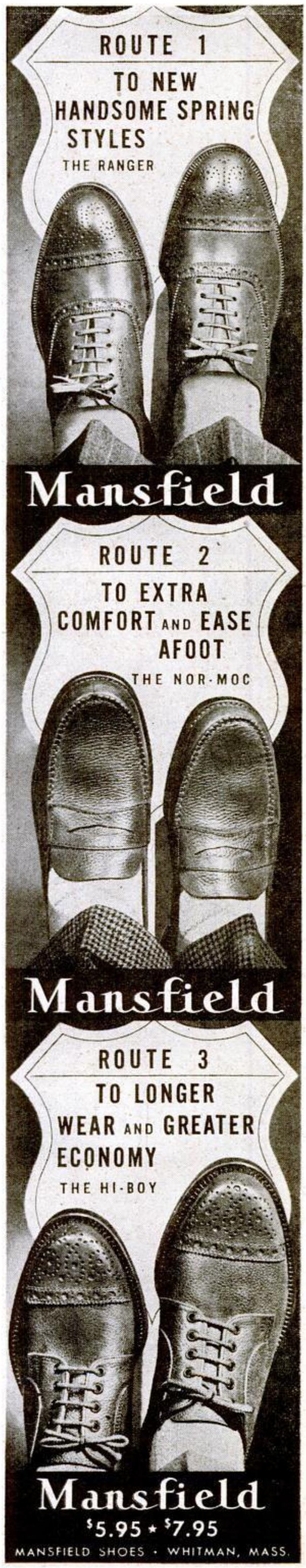
Election to All Souls set the seal on Halifax's distinction. This All Souls is a curious place, the quintessence of Englishism in the quiet indirection of its operations. An All Souls Fellow is supposed to make a name for himself in the world and to return at intervals for weekend communing with his intellectual peers. Although Fellows of All Souls usually produce books, an outsider might come to suspect from their records that the real mission of the All Souls membership is to serve as part of the cement of empire. Halifax dutifully produced his book, a rather plodding biography of the Oxford Movement churchman, John Keble, and he was also thick in the business of learning about the cement of empire before his fellowship was even a year old. He visited Australia and India and in South Africa he talked with Philip Kerr (later Lord Lothian) and with other brilliant young men in the group of Commonwealth builders known as Lord Milner's Kindergarten. When Halifax married in 1909, he chose for his bride the Lady Dorothy Onslow, daughter of a governor of New Zealand.

Halifax and the Empire

World War I, in which Halifax served at the front as a militant major, interrupted the growing interest in Kipling's "other England," the England beyond the seas, but after 1919 Halifax renewed his Empire studies by setting off to visit the West Indies as Under Secretary of State for the Colonies. Although he was later to serve in Baldwin cabinets as president of the Board of Education, Minister of Agriculture and Secretary for War, and though he counts each day lost that is not spent in his native Yorkshire, it is the Empire abroad that has absorbed practically all of Halifax's official energies from the very beginning of his career. Stanley Baldwin knew exactly what he was doing when he picked the tall, stooped Yorkshireman to be Viceroy of India in 1925.

The Indian interlude began in mysticism: 12 years before Edward Wood was born a Hindu seer had said to his grandfather, the old Viceroy, "One of your grandsons will one day rule in India." No doubt the second Lord Halifax had this in mind when he and Edward

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knelt in prayer before accepting Baldwin's offer. The prayer completed, the old lord said to Edward, "I think you ought to go." "So do I," said Edward. He took the temporary title of Baron Irwin of Kirbyunderdale in order to function as the King's representative at New Delhi.

Halifax appealed to the mystic in Gandhi because of the sincerity of his Christian faith, but the most that he could do in India was to postpone the day of trouble. Back in England after 1931, Halifax joined with the appeasers who hoped to postpone or avoid the day of reckoning with Germany. The story of his visit to Göring at Karinhall and to Hitler at Berchtesgaden has been told and retold by the historians of appeasement, including Carl J. Friedrich (LIFE, Feb. 10, 1941). But what is not so well known is the fact that Halifax did not put any trust in the Munich settlement or the closing of the Burma Road, even though as Foreign Secretary he followed his Prime Minister. He had seen too much at Berchtesgaden and he shivered when Chamberlain spoke of "peace in our time." While Churchill attacked the Munich policy openly, Halifax worked behind the scenes for rearmament.

Knowing Halifax's faith and quiet determination to make an end of Hitler, Churchill was pretty certain that the mud of Munich would not stick very long to his new Ambassador to the U.S. And Churchill has been justified: with Americans Halifax has gone over big.

Ambassadors are reporters

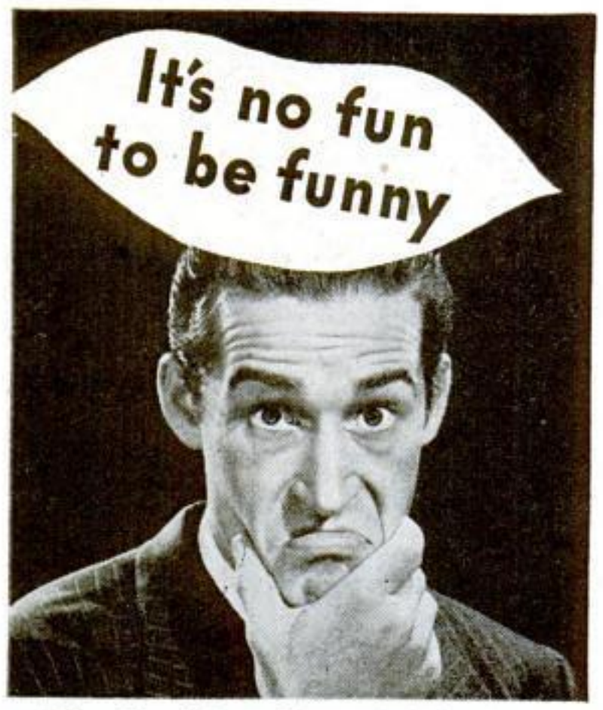
The embassy's role is not immediately apparent to those who think of a diplomat's life as a round of entertainment between the filing of papers and the presentation of *démarches*. Since the joint chiefs of staff and the great British supply organizations sit in Washington, the embassy on Massachusetts Avenue must act to some degree like a little Downing Street, with Halifax serving as alter ego for Churchill. But the great, enduring job of an ambassador is to combine the functions of a good managing editor and first-rate coordinator and director of publicists. On the intake the ambassador, his ministers, his special advisers, his first secretaries and his second secretaries must be adept at getting the news about the U.S. and packaging it for Churchill. On the outgo they must present the news of Britain, both the news of its position and its desires, in as attractive a guise as can be devised.

To accomplish both aims the British shrewdly work on the theory of the "opposite number." For example, Sir Ronald Campbell, a full fledged Minister, might make it his special task to look after so important a columnist as Walter Lippmann. On the other hand, Isaiah Berlin, a brilliant and amiable fellow from the Baltic states who is now more English than the English and serves as Churchill's own special reporter, listens to the more advanced New Dealers. Like Halifax, Berlin is a Fellow of All Souls, as is H. B. Butler, the Minister who is officially in charge of the British Information Services in America. In running their embassy the British do not skimp on men who have had special training in modern history or in public law. And in one instance, in the selection of Balliol-trained Michael Wright as head of chancery, the British have paid America the compliment of sending to Washington one of the great amateur authorities on Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn*.

Many of the good men in the embassy were in Washington under Lothian. But Halifax, more than his predecessors, realized that if England and the U.S. were properly to understand each other, new men must be brought to the dual job of reporter-publicist. England is not only a state that is headed by that great conservative, Mr. Winston Churchill, it is also a labor state in which the Bevins and the Morrisons and the Atlees sit high in council. To help him interpret Britain to the U.S. Halifax brought with him Archibald MacDonald Gordon to act as labor attaché. A civil servant with a deep knowledge of manpower problems and labor trends, Gordon now travels with Halifax about the country, arranging meetings with labor unions and plant executives, supplying Halifax with material for speeches and standing ready to help his boss with necessary detail in the question-and-answer periods.

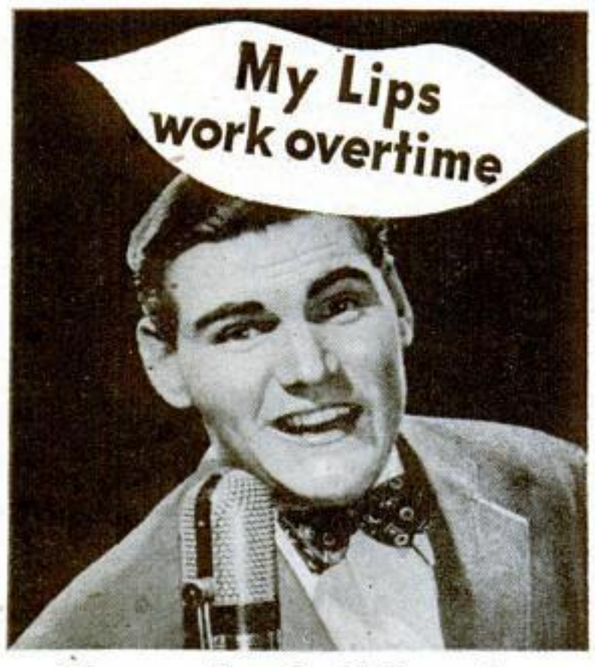
Halifax loves to make train trips, and he boasts of knowing 39 American states with a fair degree of intimacy. (He doesn't count the ones he has merely passed through.) To arrange his trips there is a Halifax cousin, Angus McDonnell, a North of Ireland man who once built railroads throughout the American South and the Far West. McDonnell is inevitably the comic relief of any Halifax trip: he falls asleep and snores when Halifax is being awarded an honorary degree, he puts police chiefs up to arresting Mr. Gordon for his habit of jaywalking and once, when Lord Halifax asked him for help in addressing 60 mayors in Minnesota, he said, "If I were you,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96



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POWERFUL LIQUID promptly soothes torture of SKIN RASHES

'Invisible' —Doesn't Show On Skin—



To quickly relieve itching, burning of simple skin rashes, eczema, ringworm symptoms and similar skin irritations due to external cause—apply wonderful medicated *liquid* Zemo—a Doctor's formula backed by 35 years' success. Zemo also aids healing!

Apply *invisible* Zemo any time—it won't show on skin. In 3 different sizes.

ZEMO

in every battle... doing vital jobs... unfailingly...



that's why there are just a few left for essential jobs at home

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"Wal, I declare—this Dr. Grabow pipe's busted in better'n me old lady could do it"

DR. GRABOW
THE *Pre-Smoked* PIPE

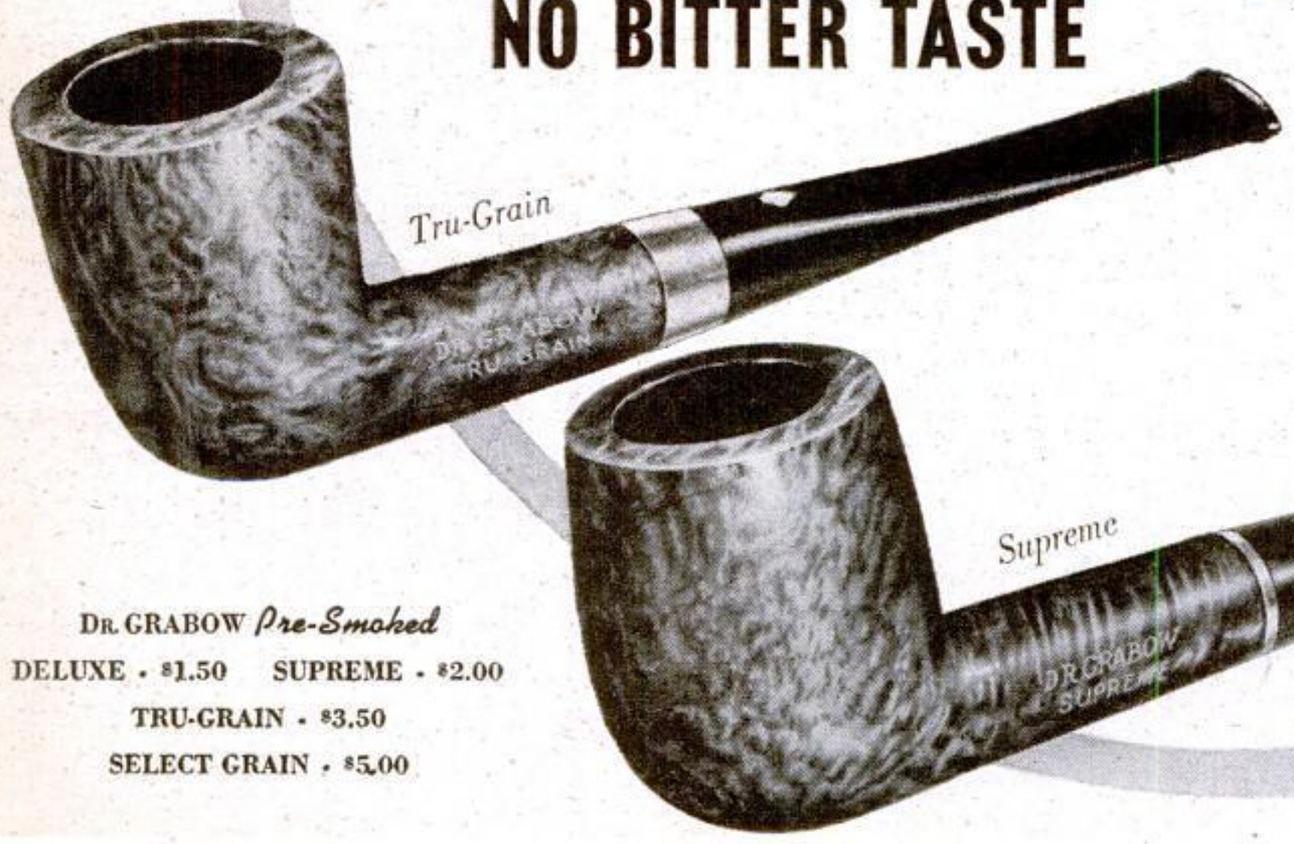
America's Famous

Pre-Smoked PIPE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

NO BREAKING IN
NO BITE
NO BITTER TASTE

There is only one correct way to break in a pipe and that is to smoke it with fine tobacco. Every DR. GRABOW is *Pre-Smoked* with fine tobacco (Edgeworth) on Linkman's exclusive pipe-smoking machine. That's why you never suffer the bite and bitterness of a "new" pipe with a *Pre-Smoked* DR. GRABOW. DR. GRABOW Pipes are scarce now . . . so many go to fighting men . . . but you'll wisely ask your dealer to reserve one for you.



DR. GRABOW *Pre-Smoked*
DELUXE - $1.50 SUPREME - $2.00
TRU-GRAIN - $3.50
SELECT GRAIN - $5.00

Fashioned by Linkman

DR. GRABOW PIPE CO. INC., CHICAGO 14, ILL.

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my Lord, I'd whinny." Halifax, who roared with laughter when Mr. Gordon got caught upside down in the oil-bespattered belly turret of a plane, lets McDonnell carry on in the true British tradition of the dormouse scene in *Alice in Wonderland*.

The most difficult questions are acceptable to Halifax, who doesn't particularly mind being taxed with the full list of the British Empire's alleged iniquities. When a group of U.S. labor leaders came to the embassy from Baltimore to object to the employment of Americans in making tanks and guns for use by the British against the ELAS in Greece, Halifax talked to them for an hour and a half while important officials cooled their heels outside. The labor men left, convinced of Halifax's probity and not at all certain that their own views about Greece were right.

An Englishman's dilemma

If anything within human reason can be done by an ambassador in Washington to make Anglo-American relations run smooth, Halifax is the man to do it. But an ambassador is frequently on a spot that may not be of his own choosing. Since the U.S. is a collection of nationalities from all over Europe, it is political dynamite for a U.S. administration to guarantee any specific settlement of Old World boundaries that might offend any single local foreign-language group. What suits the Buffalo Poles doesn't necessarily please the Cleveland Czechs, and a pro-British policy on Sforza or the Greeks may enrage the New York Italians or the American communist fellow-traveling fringe. Yet the U. S. must take an absorbing interest in a European settlement. The effort to reconcile two psychological incompatibles creates a political uproar in Congress that is calculated to drive American statesmen into the upper air of rootless idealism while a British ambassador goes crazy. And in addition to our own weather-vane propensities the British embassy must contend with the peculiar position of Britain in the contemporary world.

With the Russians impinging on British interests all around the globe from the north of Norway to the Near East and from the Near East to China, and with the U.S. possessing the major part of the world's economic strength, the Britishers no longer have the blue chips that are needed to dominate the diplomatic game. Yet they still have great resources of experience, skill and manner. Just how far they can use experience and skill to make up for the absence of basic strength is a nice question and Lord Halifax is one of those who will ultimately be called upon to settle it.

Meanwhile he carries on with a deftness that suggests his own horsemanship. If the British fail to consult our State Department before announcing their policy on Italy, Halifax smooths it over. His faith in the long future is so firmly based that he can easily rise superior to the more topical type of trouble. He has a hope that somehow the "large, enduring entities"—Russia, China, the British Commonwealth of Nations, the U. S. A.—will somehow stick together. If they fail—well, Edward Frederick Lindley Wood, 1st Earl of Halifax, 3rd Viscount Halifax, 1st Baron Irwin of Kirbyunderdale, 5th Baronet, Knight of the Garter, Privy Counsellor, Grand Commander of the Star of India, Grand Commander of the Indian Empire, Fellow of All Souls College, Chancellor of Oxford and Master of Middleton Hunt, has digested failure throughout his life. Since none of the failures has been fatal, it is scarcely to be wondered at that Lord Halifax knows in his long bones that there'll always be an England.



FEEDING FRANKIE is breakfast fun for Lord and Lady Halifax and son Richard. Frankie is named for his own grandfather, and not, as many suspect, for the President.

Even faces tender as his



feel wonderful as his



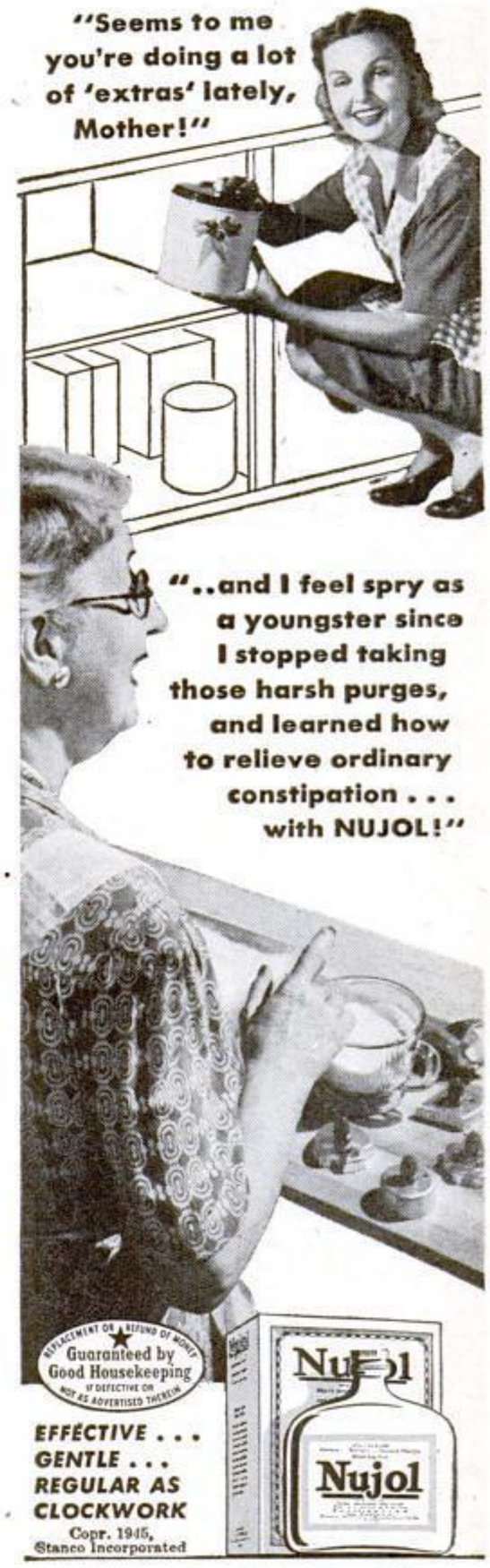
after a cool, cool Ingram shave...



● Brother, try Ingram—the shaving cream that coddles your skin while it wilts your whiskers! Helps condition your skin for shaving, softens the steeliest whiskers and acts like a cooling balm on burning razor scrapes. And that soothing coolness lingers after you've shaved! Get yourself some Ingram Shaving Cream today.



INGRAM
SHAVING CREAM
Product of Bristol-Myers



IT'S YOUR DUTY TO KEEP FIT... AND TO KEEP BUYING WAR BONDS



Precious Nail File

Precision made, peerless in performance, this La Cross implement is precious. If you own one, treasure it. For the time being it may be difficult to replace; production is curtailed. Give it the care it deserves.

La Cross

La Cross...For more than 4 decades America's Finest Manicure Implements

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Relieve Pinch And Torture Of Tight Shoes

When burning feet cry out with agony from all-day standing—when shoes that pinch nearly drive you crazy—try this wonderful, soothing powder that works like magic to bring blissful foot relief. Just sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease in your shoes and sing with joy when tired, burning feet lose their sting and pain. For over 50 years, millions of people have found happy relief and real foot comfort with Allen's Foot-Ease. Don't wait! Get a package today. Try this easy, simple way to all-day standing and walking comfort. At all druggists.

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Some bright, miraculous morning they'll be back in your dresser drawer!



Faultless Nobelt Pajamas

and Nobelt Super Shorts

Don't look for the miracle to happen immediately, or even soon . . . it'll be a while yet before Wilson Brothers can again get supplies of the *live sheet rubber* that makes Faultless Nobelt the *one real improvement* in pajamas.

But . . . these history-making Pajamas and Super Shorts, exclusive to Wilson Brothers, will be available again, with new, more luxurious styling.

As you know, there is nothing comparable to Faultless Nobelt Pajamas. The same holds good for Nobelt Super Shorts. That's because Nobelt is not like elastic webbing. Nobelt is a broad, flat band of live rubber *at rest*, under no tension except when the garment is being worn. Nobelt rubber is encased in a knitted band . . . is treated to stop oxidization. It's *unconditionally guaranteed.*

Meanwhile . . . we are supplying to the best of our ability, and within the strict limits of wartime shortages, Faultless Pajamas, lacking only the Nobelt feature. Also Super Shorts, with the patented Seamless Super Seat which eliminates clutching and binding.

Nobelt got rid of the "rope" that ruined sleep



Buy MORE War Bonds
—hold what you have!

Wilson Wear

by Wilson Brothers

Chicago • New York • San Francisco

Wilson Wear INCLUDES V-SHAPED SHIRTS • FAULTLESS PAJAMAS • SUPER SHORTS • SKIPPER SPORTSWEAR • WILCREST TIES • BUFFER SOCKS

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For Men of Attainment... LORD CALVERT

ESPECIALLY "Custom" Blended for the enjoyment of those who can afford the finest, Lord Calvert is so *rare*... so *smooth*... so *mellow*... that it has never been produced except in limited quantities. It has been for years the most expensive whiskey blended in America ... with each bottle individually numbered and registered at the distillery by Calvert.

LORD CALVERT IS A "CUSTOM" BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY.

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AS DORIAN GRAY (HURD HATFIELD) POSES FOR HIS PORTRAIT, HIS FRIEND LORD HENRY (GEORGE SANDERS) TELLS HIM THAT YOUTH IS THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN LIFE

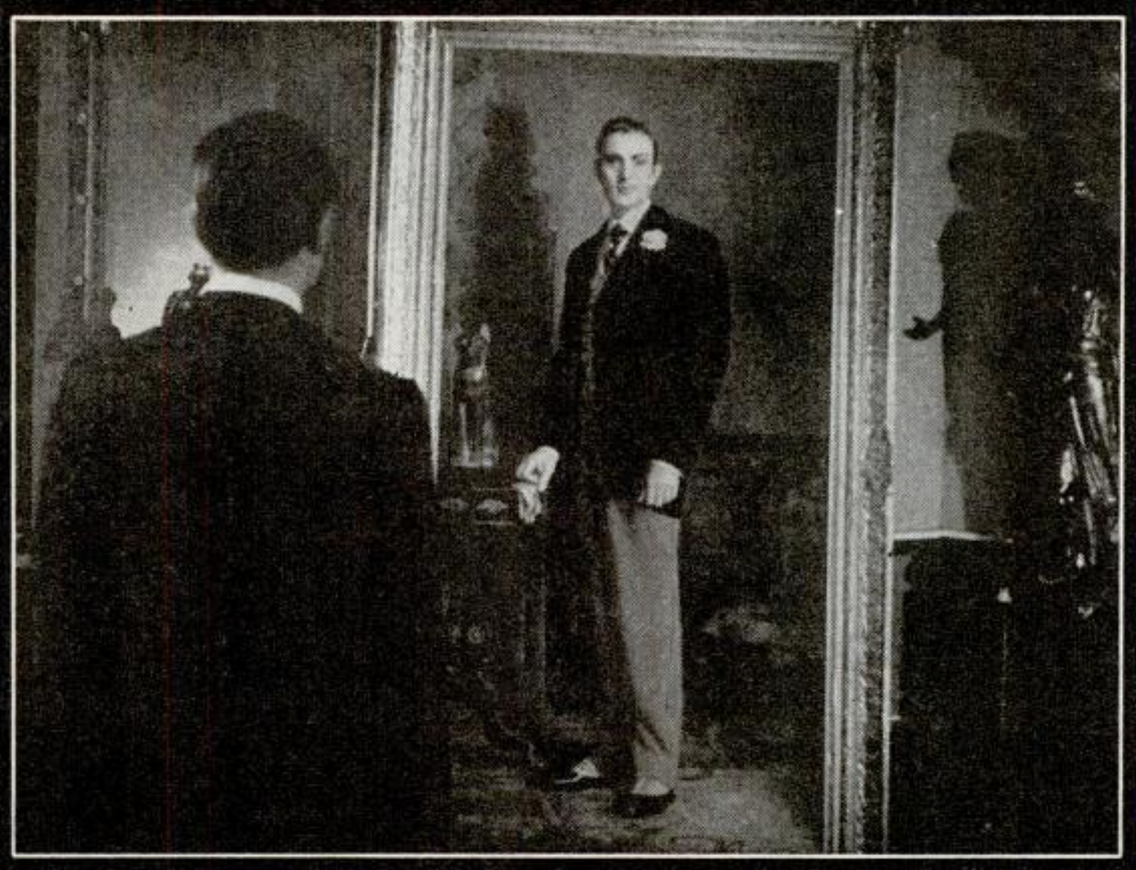
MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

The Picture of Dorian Gray

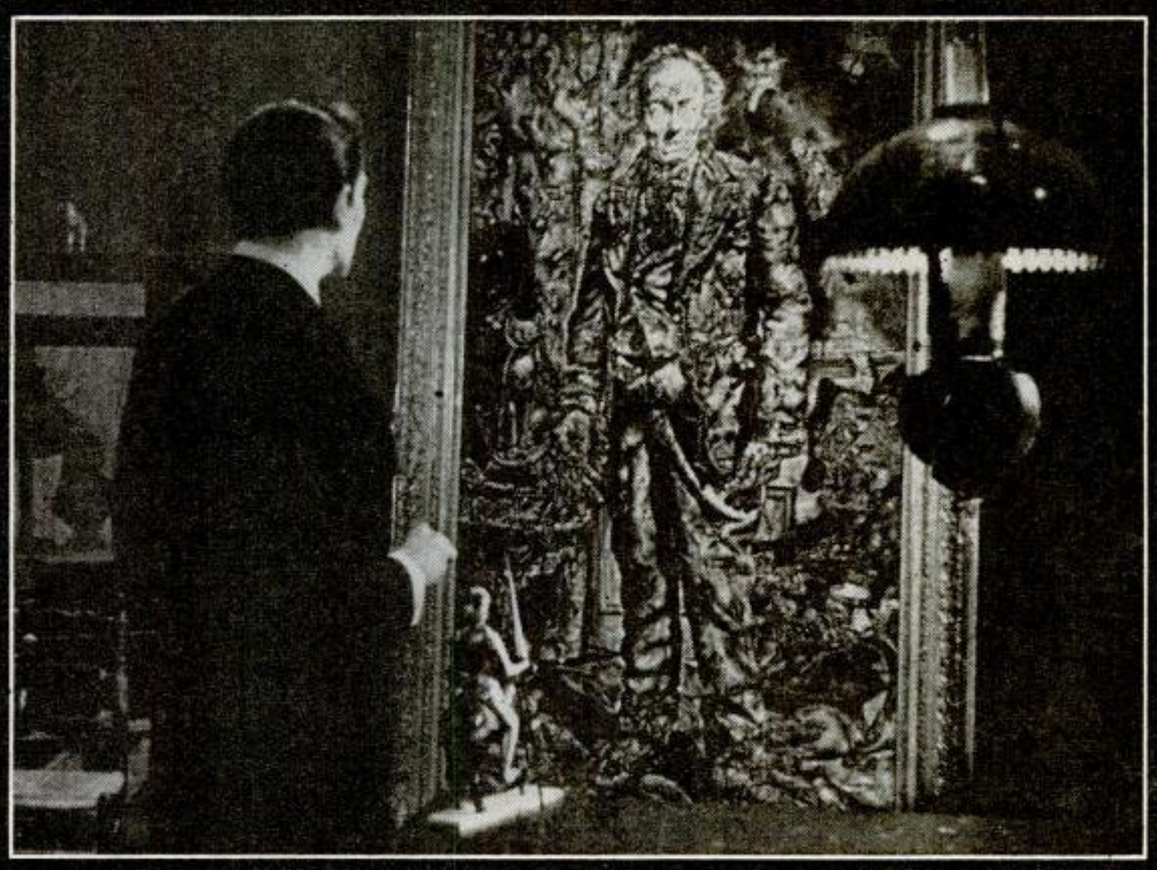
Oscar Wilde's famous parable makes a morbid, unusual film

Oscar Wilde's famous novel, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, is one of the great moral parables of 19th Century literature. In filming it Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer tackled an unusual problem, that of making believable on the screen a story whose hero is not a human being but the embodiment of a philosophical idea. The result is faithful to the spirit of the original novel. Its moral, like that of *The Informer*, is that a man cannot forever escape a reckoning with the scruples of his own conscience.

Its hero, Dorian Gray, a rather morbidly beautiful young Englishman, has his portrait painted by his best friend. (For the film, the gruesome portraits were painted by Ivan Albright of the Albright twins, LIFE, March 27, 1944.) Entranced by the beauty of the portrait, he expresses the impossible wish that he could remain the handsome youth that it depicts, while the portrait grows old in his stead. The wish is granted. Absolved from the fear of age and physical decay, Dorian Gray embarks on a studied career of debauchery and crime which culminates in the murder of his artist friend. But the portrait has become Dorian's conscience. With every evil deed he commits, the portrait alters until it becomes the gruesome picture of a diseased and depraved old man. Unable to face its ghastly commentary, Dorian finally attempts to destroy it, but in doing so he destroys himself.



AT PICTURE'S START DORIAN'S PORTRAIT SHOWS HIM AS A HANDSOME 20-YEAR-OLD



AS PLOT UNFOLDS, DORIAN STAYS YOUNG WHILE PORTRAIT GROWS OLD AND CORRUPT

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"PERSONNAlly Speaking" by WILLIAM BENDIX

Starring in "THE LIFE OF RILEY"
Sun. Eve., Blue Network



1—I'm walkin' along the streets of Flatbush, and this lug ups to me and sez, "Bill, your kisser's too rough. Whyn't you smoothen it up?"



2—I gets the pernt. He means I should use Personna blades, on account of they give the *closest, smoothest* shaves you ever seen.



3—And fast, too! Looka dat... Already, I'm a regular *Personna*lity Kid—a Glamour Boy Personna-fied. Yessiree, guys: Use a blade that's got the *edge*.

HERE'S WHY Personna has the edge—it's made from finest *premium grade steel* . . . it's *diamond-tested* for extra hardness . . . it's *hollow-ground* for *longer-lasting* keenness. Try Personna today—for real shaving luxury! Personna, 599 Mad. Ave., N. Y. C. 22.

PERSONNA
Precision Blades
10 FOR $1



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AGENCY PAPER CO., New York 13, N.Y.

Keep Your
RED CROSS
at His Side
GIVE

MEDICATED FOR
CLOTHESPIN NOSE



Cold make breathing difficult? Nose feel "clamped in a clothespin?" Put a Luden's in your mouth. As it dissolves it releases cool menthol vapor—which, with every breath, helps relieve clogged nasal passages, unclamp "clothespin nose!"



NEW LUDEN'S HONEY-LICORICE COUGH DROPS!
Here's a new flavor in cough relief by the makers of Luden's Menthol Cough Drops. Both are medicated. Both 5¢.

PLASTIC COATED
Duratone
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. PLAYING CARDS



Easy to Clean
JUST WIPE WITH A DAMP CLOTH

Duratone cards are longer lasting, better shuffling, better dealing and better playing

ARRCO PLAYING CARD CO.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Makers of Club Reno, Carlyle and Blackstone *playing cards*



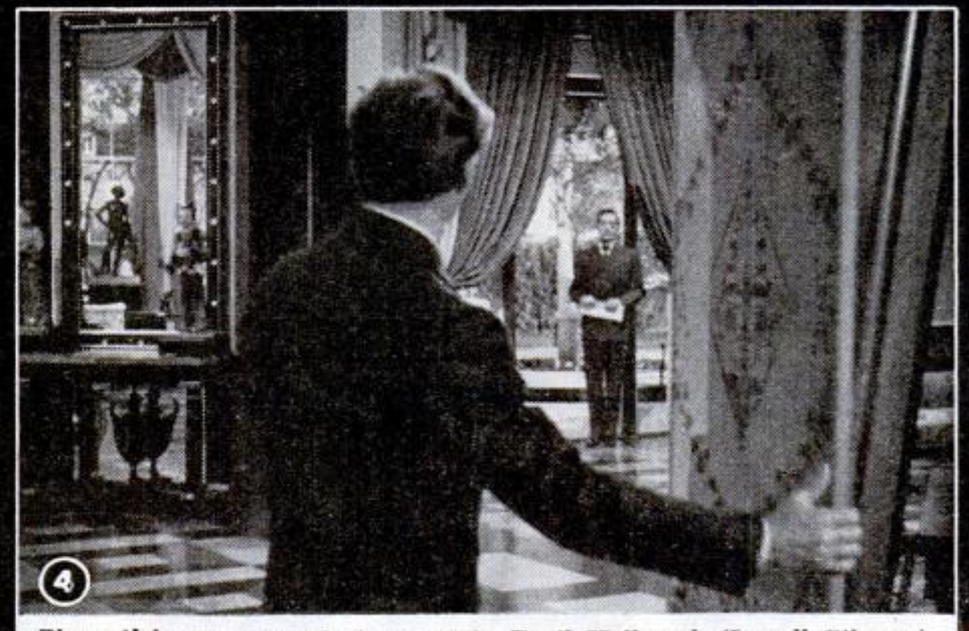
In London's lower depths, where he looks for new experiences, Dorian is won by beauty and innocence of Singer Sibyl Vane (Angela Lansbury).



Sibyl falls in love with Dorian. But after compromising her he perversely refuses to marry her. When he sends her money Sibyl commits suicide.



Dorian's portrait starts to change. After Sibyl Vane's suicide Dorian notices with horror that lines indicating cruelty have formed about its mouth.



The artist who painted the portrait, Basil Hallward (Lowell Gilmore), asks to see it. But Dorian refuses for fear that secret will be discovered.

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Many years later the artist's niece Gladys (Donna Reed) falls in love with Dorian. She has known him ever since she was a child in uncle's studio.



Artist Hallward reproaches Dorian for evil reputation, asks him to explain why he leads life of vice. Dorian decides to show him the portrait.



The portrait is uncovered and its horrified painter realizes that it is true picture of the real Dorian. He worries about Dorian's interest in niece.



Grasping a knife, Dorian kills Hallward because he has discovered his frightful secret. After the murder the portrait's gnarled hands drip blood.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

SOUND YOUR Z



with PENNZOIL

Wouldn't it be a big help if there were some special, easy way to keep your tires, battery—all the vital parts of your car—from wearing out too soon?

There *is* when it comes to taking care of the most important of them all—your engine. It's Pennzoil, the Pennsylvania oil especially refined to resist sludge and other engine deposits. Pennzoil helps keep your engine clean, trouble-free and alive.

Next time, sound your Z at the yellow oval sign—and expect something special!

SOUND YOUR Z
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication

Better dealers from coast to coast display this sign

KEEP YOUR BONDS NOW—
THEY'LL KEEP YOU LATER!

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PENNZOIL* GIVES ALL ENGINES AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY

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LIGHTER MOMENTS with

fresh Eveready Batteries

Dated



"See, Fido! Like this!"

"Keep your eye on the Infantry—the doughboy does it!" Work for victory and spend your earnings on War Bonds.



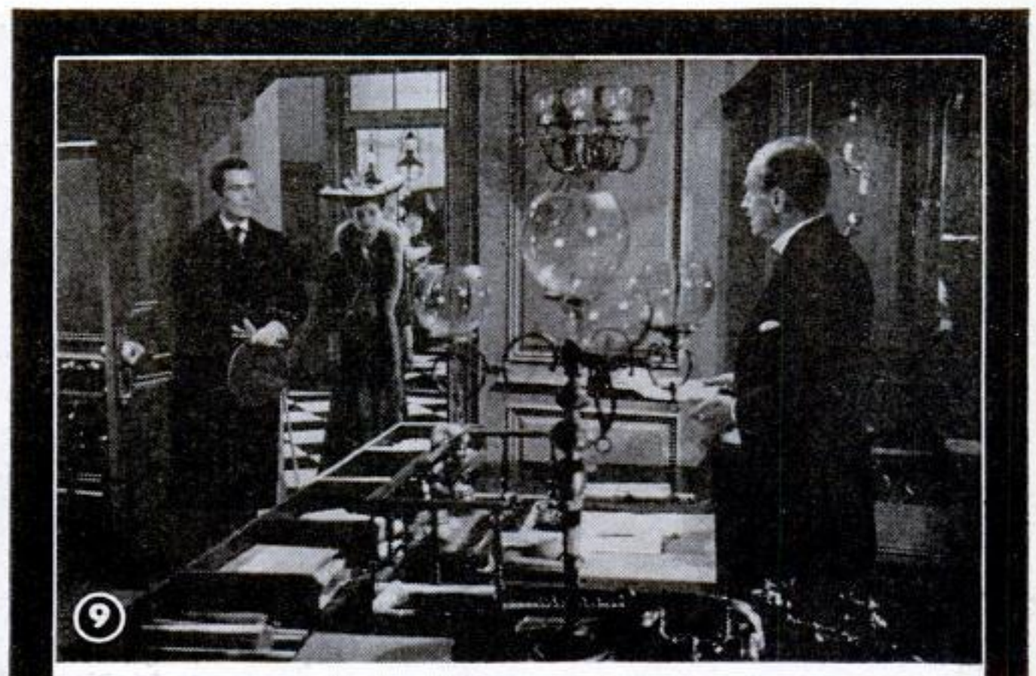
"EVEREADY" flashlight batteries are playing a vital role in this global war. The Army, Navy, Marines and essential war industries require nearly our entire production of these dependable, long life batteries. Obviously, that leaves a very limited supply for civilians.

But you can count on "Eveready" batteries in quantity after the war. And you can count on their being even more efficient, built to give longer service.

EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK

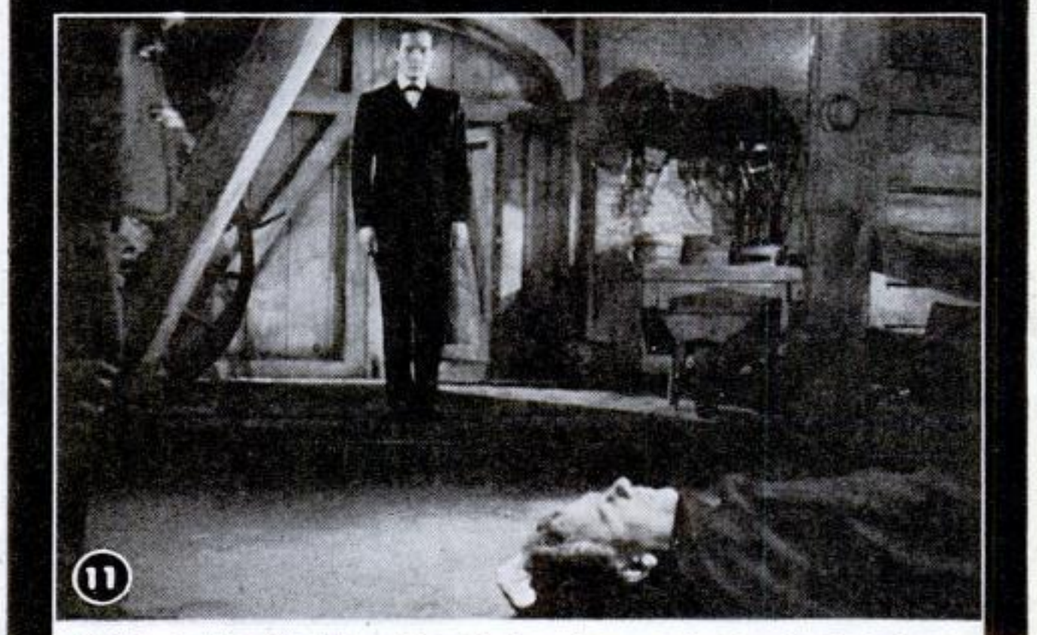
The registered trade-mark "Eveready" distinguishes products of National Carbon Co., Inc.



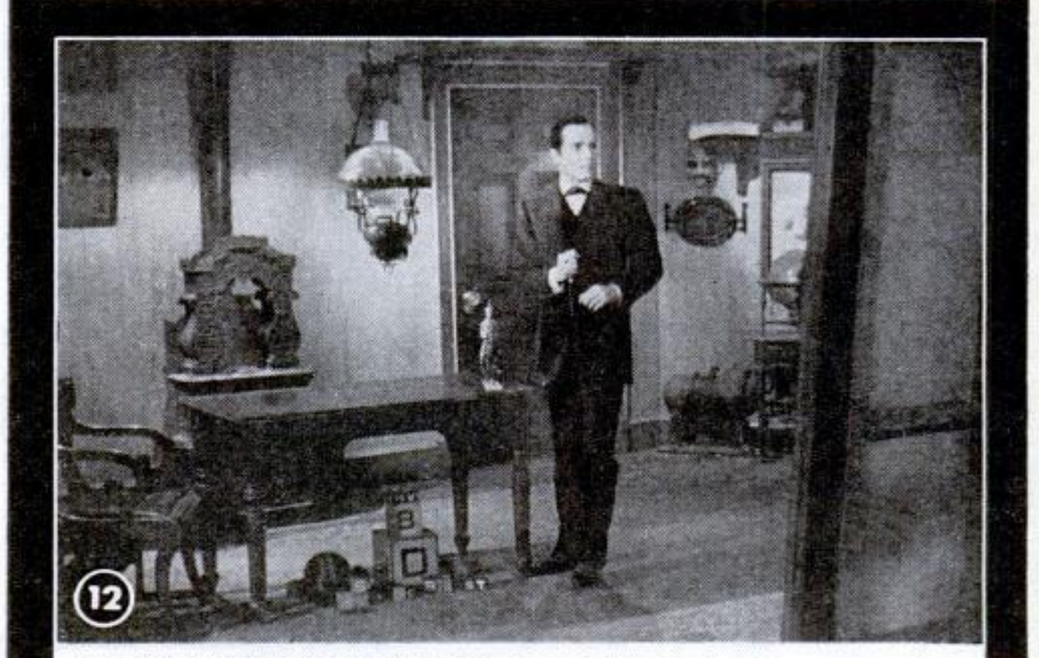
At Scotland Yard Dorian and Gladys are asked about Hallward's disappearance. Evidence has been destroyed. Police can find no trace of Hallward.



In a London brothel Dorian meets Sibyl's brother (*seated*) who has trailed him for 18 years. But Dorian looks too young to be man brother wants.



Sibyl's brother is shot accidentally by a hunter. The brother had almost caught up with Dorian who here views body with mixed horror and relief.



In a final mood of repentance Dorian decides to break engagement to Gladys Hallward and destroy the portrait that has haunted his existence.

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Highways WILL BE *Happy ways* AGAIN

—*if* we keep faith with our fighting men

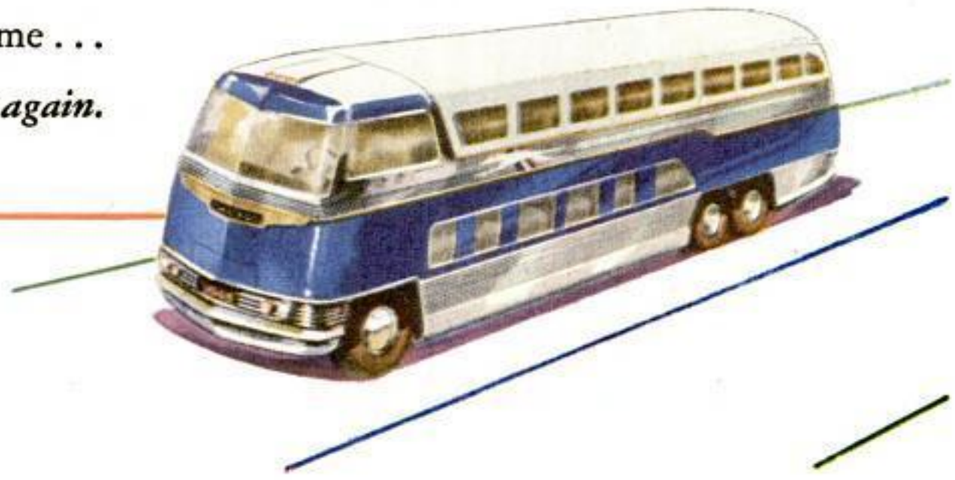
Only if we back our fighting men with War Bond purchases far beyond cold quotas . . .

Only if we use full measure of time and skill to keep the weapons of war in their hands . . .

Only if we give of our blood again and again to bring our wounded home . . .

Only then can we look ahead to the days when ***Highways will be Happy Ways again.***

"*Serve* America Now, so you can *See* America Later," has been Greyhound's message to America since Pearl Harbor. One day, after the greatest homecoming of all time, you can look to Greyhound for highway travel such as this old world has never seen—in brand new luxury coaches much like this one.



GREYHOUND

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Who said "imported"? *This is* AMERICAN

Are you one who thinks G&D Vermouth was originally imported? The Norseman, Leif Ericsson, in the year 1000 A.D. landed near Rhode Island and was delighted with American grapes . . . No one knows for sure whether he was the first to sample G&D "on the vine", but returning home he named his discovery Vineland . . . Two clues alone remain, "The Skeleton in Armour" celebrated in Longfellow's poem and a wine horn bearing the curious inscription, "G&D" . . . As you mix a modern Manhattan with G&D Vermouth, even as you down that delicious G&D Martini, you may, if you listen carefully, faintly hear, "Skoal to Vineland, Skoal to Gambarelli and Davitto."



G&D

AMERICAN VERMOUTH

ESTABLISHED 1927

GAMBARELLI & DAVITTO • NEW YORK • DIVISION OF ITALIAN SWISS COLONY

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The queen and Bill dawdle over their ice cream. Joanne and Bill have been going steady for three months. "I had to eliminate a couple of other guys first," says Bill.



130 cadets in the battalion revealed that half of them would rather join the Navy than the Army. Their reasons included more travel, better living, faster promotion.

be Smart and Sound when rain's around!



choose ALLIGATOR

Your dashing Alligator does you double duty day after day—whether it's damp or dry! For Alligator Rainwear is not only smart as all outdoors, it's dependably processed to guard your health and clothes from rainy weather! Always in traditional good taste. Superbly styled. Impeccably tailored. Truly versatile. Yours at popular prices, at better dealers everywhere. The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

ALLIGATOR Rainwear

because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

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"Will YOU HELP PAVE THEIR WAY TO JOB OPPORTUNITIES?"



ASKS Bob Bowes

★ Let's not wait until returning service men are coming down the gangplanks . . . Let's plan NOW to create job opportunities for them. Let's not wait for a Bonus March. Let's head it off by planning ahead. Your business, and mine, large or small, NEEDS these men. They're fighting for America . . . for US. NOW it's our turn to join in the fight to make American Enterprise work . . . to prove to these "Fighters" that we appreciate what they are doing for us.

THESE MEN MUST BE OFFERED REAL OPPORTUNITIES

We have a plan which gives returning veterans the opportunity they want . . . a chance to build a business of their own. We're paving the way back for them with job opportunities, not just "jobs."

We have found that returning service men are keenly interested in our plan . . . a plan which puts them on their own . . . RIGHT NOW. If YOU are interested in the future of our country . . . and . . . Free Enterprise . . . write and we'll send you an outline of this plan.

BOWES "SEAL FAST" CORPORATION, INDIANAPOLIS 7, INDIANA

BOWES

SEAL FAST

REG. U.S. PATENT OFFICE

Dependable

TIRE REPAIR SYSTEM

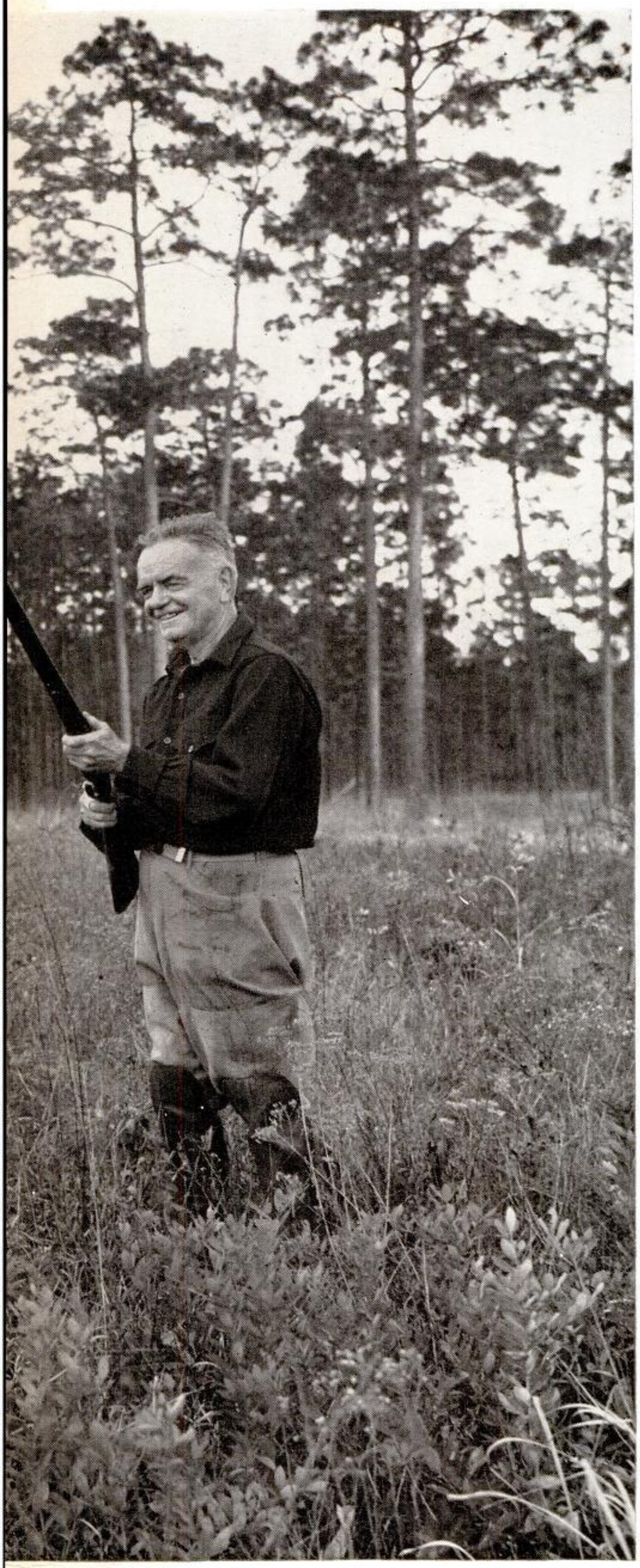


STANDING KNEE-DEEP IN FIELD GRASS, HALSEY WAITS FOR A COVEY OF BIRDS.

HALSEY GOES HUNTING

The pugnacious admiral of the U.S. Third Fleet finds quail are a more elusive game than Japs

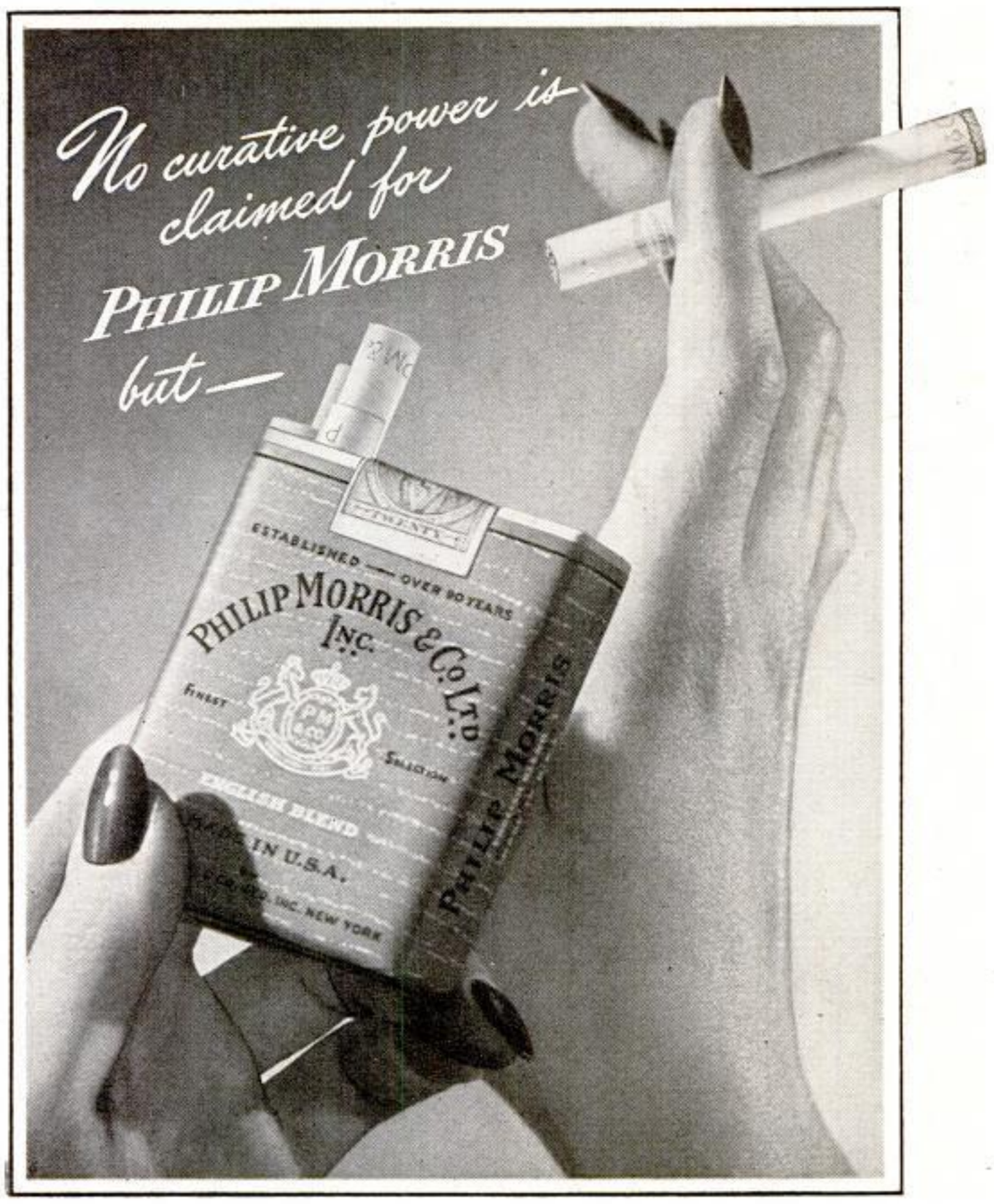
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NOTE EXTRA-LENGTH HUNTING BOOTS. HE HANDLES SHOTGUN UNFAMILIARLY

Briefly home from the Pacific war last month, Admiral William F. Halsey of the Third Fleet paused in Washington long enough to discuss strategy, see his old Navy pals and roar unkind sentiments about the Japanese to the press. Then he headed south to Greenwood, Colonel John Hay Whitney's 20,000-acre plantation near Thomasville, Ga. More accustomed to 16-inch guns than to a double-barreled shooting iron, belligerent "Bull" Halsey proved no Nimrod. But he valiantly pursued the elusive quail and, in boots and a flannel shirt, looked like a real hunter. Clothes and intent were not enough, however. The admiral admitted his bag had been small.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



An Ounce of Prevention

is Worth a Pound of Cure!

PHILIP MORRIS *are scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat.*

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, substantially every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—cleared up completely or definitely improved!

—findings reported in an authoritative medical journal.



CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

FAR FINER FLAVOR PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION

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CHANGE YOUR OIL FILTER ELEMENT

Changing oil regularly is very important to keeping your car running in good condition. But it is not enough to merely change the oil—if you don't change the oil filter element. If you don't change the oil filter element at regular intervals it becomes clogged and saturated with abrasives, motor-damaging scum and sludge. It ceases to function. You then lose the vital protection of your oil filter, and abrasives which find their way into the lubricating oil remain unchecked. The result is excessive wear to moving parts and eventually—a stiff repair bill. Purolator Products, Inc., Newark 5, New Jersey. Founder and leader of the oil filter industry.

KEEP IT CLEAN WITH

PUROLATOR

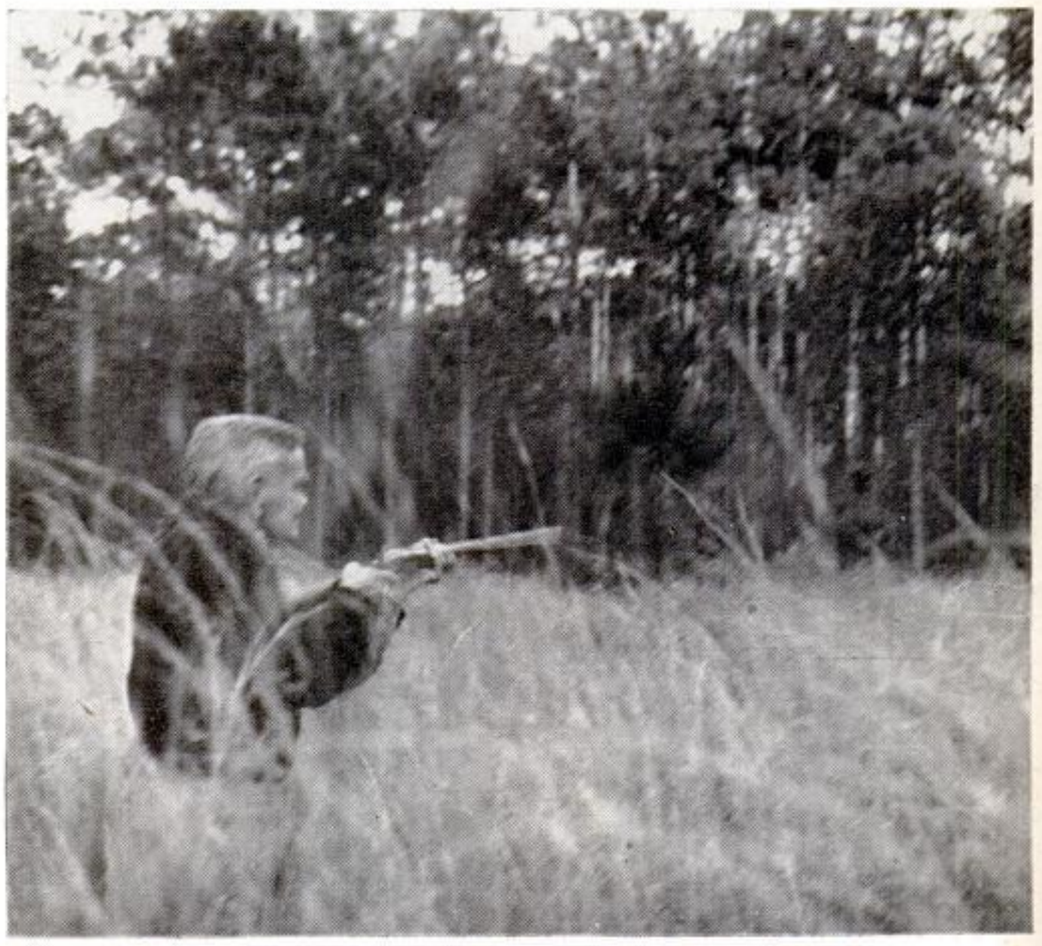
THE OIL FILTER



Off to hunt, Halsey and other guests are driven in buckboard. Rear Admiral R. B. Carney sits beside the driver. Host Whitney was off on duty during Halsey's stay.



In the field Admirals Halsey (*left*), Carney (*right*) move quietly among dead cornstalks in search of quail. Handlers of two pointers (*center*) also carry ammunition.



Halsey waits expectantly for a shot. He remarked to friends: "I'm learning to do this kind of hunting for the first time." Party hunted both quail and wild turkey.

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SKILL

One taste of Old Grand-Dad and the most experienced judge of good bourbon knows he's in the presence of artistic achievement. Here is the honored work of skilled hands—here is delight to the eye and pleasure to the palate. Be the occasion a notable one of white linen and gleaming silver — or just a friendly hour by an open fire—let Old Grand-Dad join in the welcome you extend your guests.

OLD GRAND-DAD

BOTTLED IN BOND

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey • 100 Proof • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

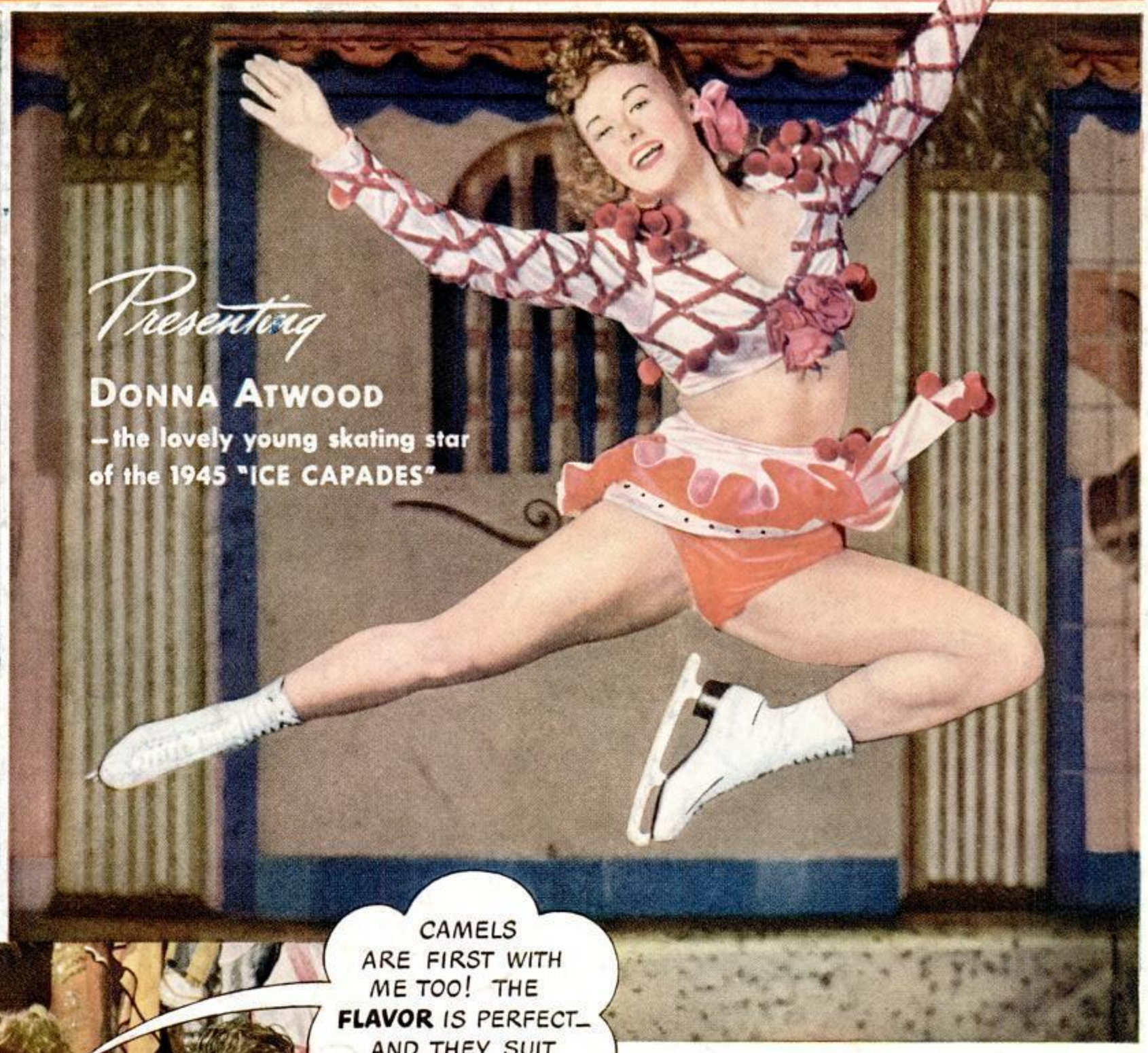


Head of the Bourbon Family

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WHIRLWIND on ICE...





Presenting

DONNA ATWOOD

—the lovely young skating star of the 1945 "ICE CAPADES"

FROM BALLET TO BROADWAY! This former student of the ballet made the big jump—*on ice*—with split jumps and spins that leave you breathless.

105 REVOLUTIONS PER MINUTE!

She starts off slowly enough, but once Donna Atwood comes up on the toe of that left skate and throws herself into her famous one-foot scratch spin, it takes the fastest of cameras to "stop" her *cold!* This is her favorite routine! Her favorite smoking routine—"A cool, flavorful Camel," she says.



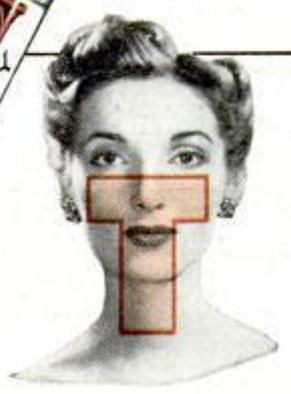
RIGHT, DONNA ATWOOD! Camels are the favorite, too, with smokers in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard, according to actual sales records.

"THE HOTTEST feet on ice!" Donna Atwood can really make those skates talk. When Donna herself talks... about cigarettes, for example . . . it's to say, "Camels for me. I can't always get them as easily as I did, but when I do get them it's a red-letter day. For Camels are still Camels—I appreciate them more than ever."

Yes, your dealer may be temporarily short of Camels, but when you do get them you're still getting *Camels* . . . costlier tobaccos, properly aged, and expertly blended to a high standard of quality. That's why Camels are worth asking for again—and *again!*

Camels

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina



THE "T-ZONE"—T for taste and T for throat—is the proving ground for any cigarette. Only your taste can decide which cigarette tastes best to you...how it affects your throat. When you get Camels, smoke them critically. See if they don't suit *your* "T-Zone" to a "T."

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